OLD WEST

Fall, 1968

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THE PULL OF THE MINOMETER By J. Frank Dobie

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"UNCLE DAN" DRUMHELLER TELLS THRILLS OF WESTERN TRAILS IN 1854

Shorty Harris and the Bullfrog • Plus: Features by Milt Hinkle and Charles McAdams

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FALL, 1968

VOL. 5, NO. 1
WHOLE NO. 17

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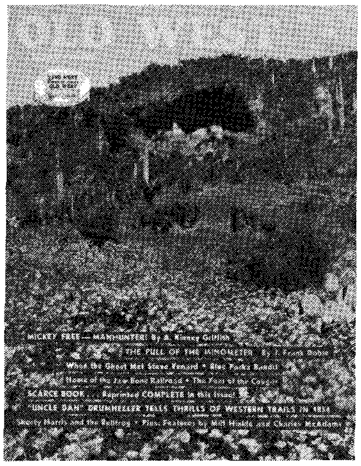
"UNCLE DAN" DRUMHELLER TELLS THRILLS OF WESTERN TRAILS IN 1854

. . . Begins on Page 75

SPECIAL FEATURE!

MICKEY FREE —MANHUNTER!



"Poppy Gold"
By
Darwin Van Campen

"Clum and his party set forth on foot for Silver City, 200 miles across the wilderness. They arrived on April 9—the white men trail-worn, the scouts and Apache police as fresh as the dew on the golden poppies now in bloom."—from Part One of our feature, "Mickey Free—Manhunter!"

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Publisher—Joe Austell Small

Editor—Pat Wagner
Advertising—Robert Small

Circulation—Marilyn White
Art—Lester U. Beitz

Editorial and Production
Elizabeth Small
Florence Bettis
Karen Moore
Susie Martinez
Joe A. Small, Jr.
Joan Roberson
Mary Sanders
Shelby Brooks

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By
A. KINNEY GRIFFITH

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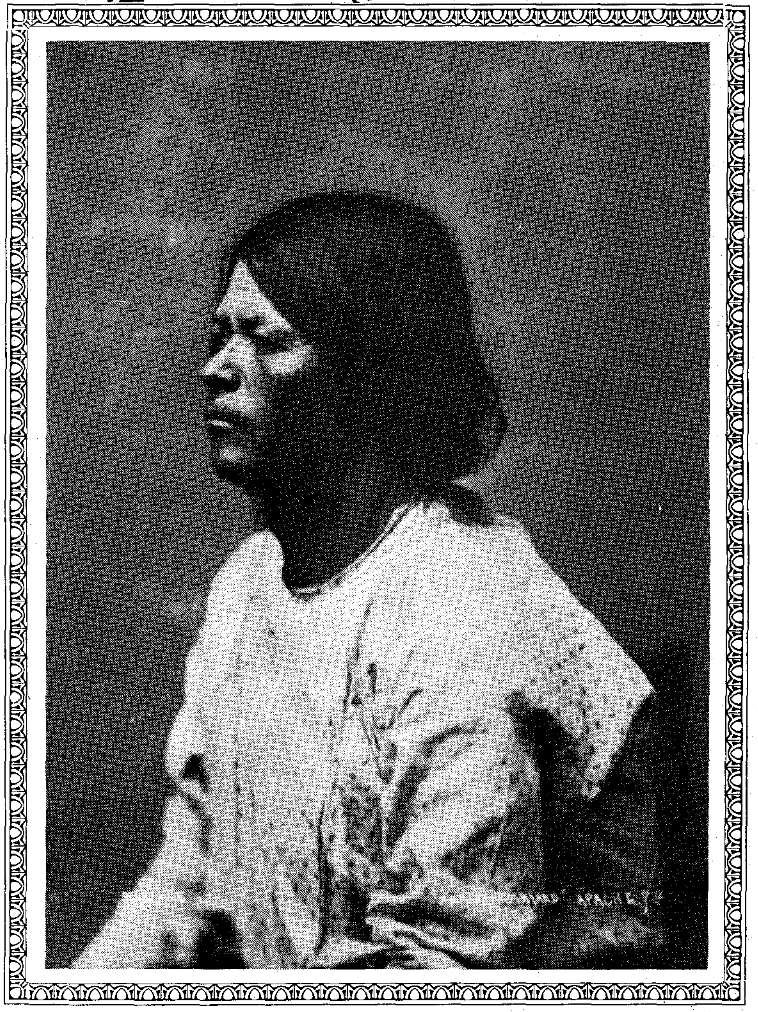
Mickey Free--



CONCLUSION

What's gone before: Mickey Free, the son of a *bien nacida* captive Mexican girl and a Pinal chieftain, had earned the hatred and fear of Geronimo, General Crook, and most of the Indians, Mexicans and Americans in Arizona Territory by the time he was thirty-five. Orphaned young, the "cock-eyed half-ass Apache kid" learned to live as the wolf does—picking up scraps where they fall and killing if necessary. His alienation eventually led him into the service of the U. S. military, where he became one of the Army's cleverest—and most deadly—scouts.

Al Sieber disliked the young half-blood until Mickey saved the old Dutchman's life twice in the same day. Sieber—and later Tom Horn—understood that kind of bravery and learned to respect, and trust, young Free.

Geronimo, however, cursed the scout as "*yu-dastcin* with the snake-eye and forked tongue" and vowed to see Mickey dead. Despite the ineptness of Agent John Clum, Mickey lured the dreaded Apache into a trap and forced him, with almost 100 braves, to surrender to agency authority. Later, when Geronimo escaped and spread a swath of destruction through the Southwest, Mickey led the cavalry along his trail into Mexico and was on hand when the Indian agreed to submit to the custody demanded by General Crook.

Geronimo was not his only quarry. Mickey Free bloodhounded, caught, and killed on occasion, some of the Southwest's fiercest lone wolf or "bronco" Indians. The Green River knife given him by a trader, Willy Freeman, whose name Mickey had taken while a boy, came into use often, and usually with just cause. To prove he'd caught his man, he once brought Al Sieber, then his "boss", the neatly-carved face of a *Netdahe* killer he'd tracked into the wild country south of Guadalupe Pass.

***Kaah-Tenny*, another renegade and friend of Geronimo, was brought into the agent's office in Fort Thomas at the end of Mickey's rawhide riata.**

Despite the scouts' efforts, however, Geronimo and his band—drunk on a smuggler's rotgut—broke away from Crook's custody and fled again into Mexico. Crook either resigned or was replaced as a result of this incident and Brigadier General Nelson A. Miles was ordered into Arizona to take command. Feeling was running high against the Apaches, and Mickey Free knew he again would be involved in the pursuit of the murderous Wild Ones. At this point, the second half of MICKEY FREE, MAN-HUNTER, begins.

A MONTH LATER, General Miles arrived at Fort Bowie. He was brimming with plans to lead several veteran cavalry regiments and capture Geronimo and all Apaches at large wherever they might be. There were approximately 5,000 soldiers stationed in Arizona Territory, plus about 400 Indian and white scouts. Miles' plans, however, did not include scouts. He was a cavalry officer and, as such, there were few if any civilians or Indians fit to ride with him. He ordered all scout companies disbanded, the members paid off, discharged and sent back to their reservations.

The order was issued from the sanctuary of his office. In that he was smart, as such veteran Apache fighters as Mickey Free, Al Sieber, Tom Horn, Dan O'Leary, Sam Bowman, Ed Clark, Tom Jeffords, Cory Cooley and many others would have been incensed at hearing themselves downgraded. Some of them were still out on the trails and ranging all of Arizona; some were deep in the mountains of Sonora and Chihuahua, Mexico. Nor was Lieutenant Charles Gatewood present; Miles had seen to that! The one good order which Miles issued—and it made him famous—was the erecting by the Signal Corps of forty-four heliograph stations in southern Arizona and the Sierra Madre.

When his order to fire all scouts was put into effect, Tom Horn, Mickey Free, Ed Clark and some Apache scouts were still on the trail of the forty escapees, and it was over a week before

MANHUNTER!

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they knew about Miles' absurd dictum. When the general said they were fired that ended it as far as he was concerned. All scouts on hand at the various forts were paid off and told to go back to the reservation. Those still out in the field were just out of luck when they tried to collect for the time it took them to come in. Miles refused to pay any scout past the cut-off date, and later bragged to a Tucson *Star* reporter that he had saved the taxpayers several thousand dollars!

First Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood, held in high regard by the scouts, reported for duty at Fort Bowie as ordered, but took one look around and asked, "Where are the scouts? We can't get anywhere without the scouts!"

"No more Indian scouts!" Miles replied. "From now on the regular army will do the scouting and do it right!"

Gatewood went on to praise the accomplishments of Al Sieber, Tom Horn, Mickey Free and others; he pointed out that the scouts had slain hundreds of warriors and captured hundreds more and were the prime reason why thousands of hostiles were on the reservations. And how many had the regular troopers captured? Hah!

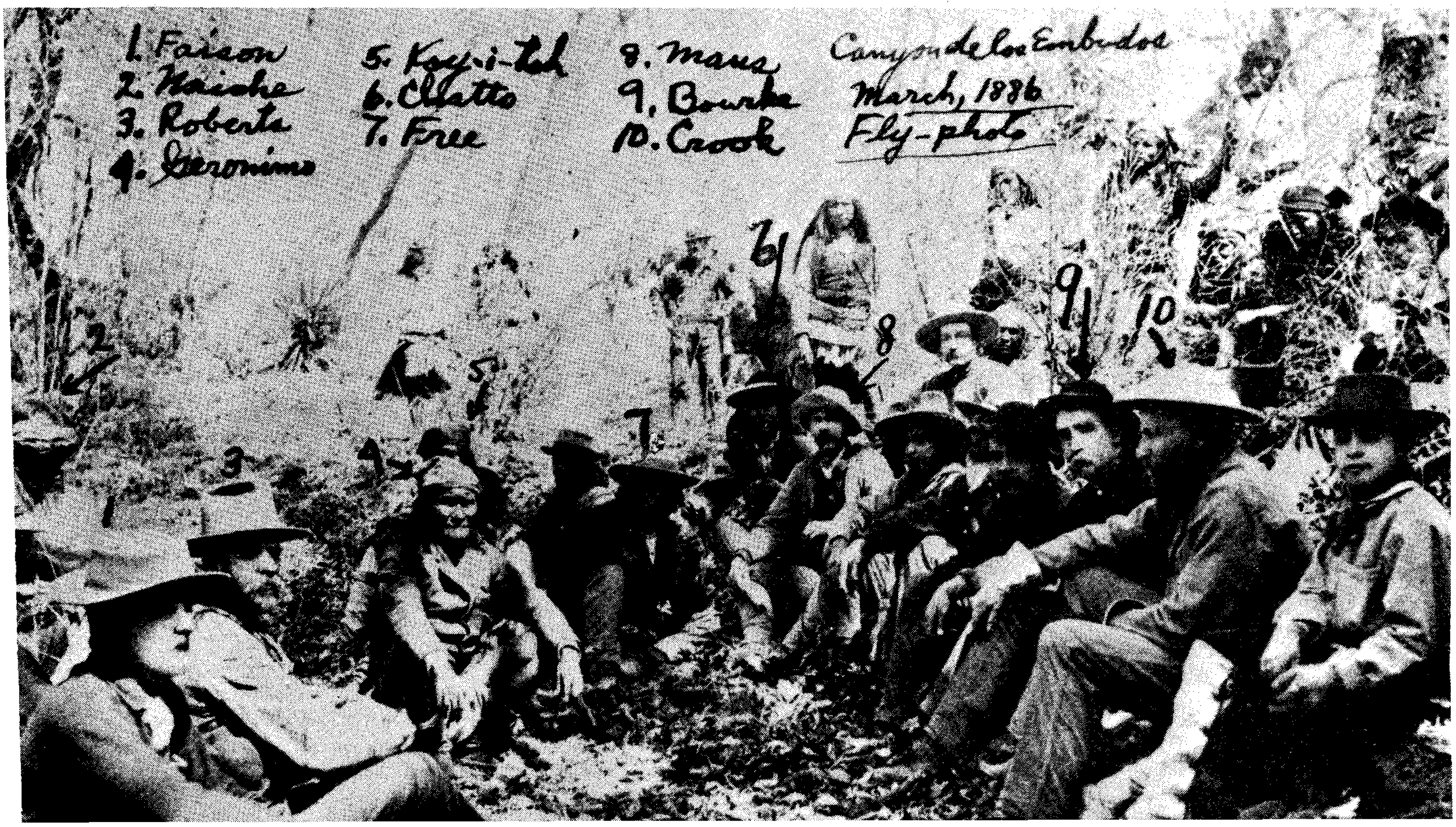
When the pros and cons were heard, Miles reluctantly restored the status of scouts and recalled them, but referred to them as mercenaries and had them mustered in as "field auxiliaries"—listing them as packers. It took several weeks for the former scouts to report back to duty. All those who accepted, white and Indian, were started from scratch regardless of previous service.

Tom Horn swore he would not sign up until he had been given his back pay and restored to his previous rank of Chief of Scouts. After a stormy session between the blunt, trail-begrimed scout and the spit-and-polish general, Talking Boy won and was paid to date, but did not reenlist. Knowing the army's buck-passing method of getting organized, Horn then rode off to visit his friend John Slaughter, rather in the mood to quit scouting and go treasure hunting in the Sierra Madre. Several other veteran white scouts made similar decisions. Mickey Free also demanded and received his back pay but, temporarily weary of manhunting, returned to San Carlos to see how his wife and family were making out.

The following day an urgent dispatch arrived from Washington via western headquarters at Fort Leavenworth; Miles then recalled Free and Horn, but they were long gone, and no one at Fort Bowie knew where. Miles then made a far-reaching decision; he called for two Apache scouts to take a message to Geronimo.

Kay-I-Tah, still not disillusioned with scouting, held up a hand. His close friend, Martiné, volunteered with him. Both were Chiricahui and well known to Geronimo. Peaches held up his hand and said, "Me go." Miles stared, then pointed to Kay-I-Tah and Martiné, ignoring Peaches who

Kay-I-tah, Apache scout.



General Crook's conference, in Chi-hua-hua's *rancheria,* March 1886.

was a Tonto but was suspected of being a spy for the *Netdahe*.

Miles gave the Chiricahui the message which they were to carry in their heads. He then instructed Gatewood to organize a twenty-five-man escort of troopers and packers to support the couriers.

MICKEY had been home only one day when Al Sieber called him into his office and announced, "Get dolled up in th' best outfit your squaw can make for you. Wear your fancy beaver hat, and them yeller boots. Take a good bath and get your hair cut. You're slated t' go with a bunch to Washington, D.C., t' see th' Great White Father—all expenses paid."

"I go to Washingtondeesee, Sibi?" Mickey asked, and for once looked surprised. "Hotdamn!"

In short order a delegation of eighteen typical Apaches (warriors restored to peaceful standing) were called into the agency headquarters. They were headed by Chieftains Alchesay, Chatto and Loco. Mickey Free was appointed senior interpreter; Peaches, Sam Bowman and Concepcion were named his assistants and optional guards. General Miles named Captain Joseph H. Dorst to be overall commander; a lieutenant and two sergeants were military assistants. The party of twenty-six was escorted to Holbrook and put aboard a passenger train for the nation's capital. The Indians arrived in Washington on June 20, 1886.

Dressed in their finest regalia, the Apache delegation was received by President Grover Cleveland (1837-1908); Mr. George Endicott, Secretary of War; Mr. L. C. LaMar, Secretary of Interior; Mr. Herbert Welch, Bureau of Indian Affairs, and General Oliver O. Howard, Chief of Staff. Chieftains Alchesay, Chatto and Loco were each presented with a large gold-plated peace medal and an inscribed certificate. The four interpreters received gold-bordered commendation certificates. When they left the President's office they were individually and collectively photographed by the Underwood & Underwood people. The delegation then was officially banqueted at the Willard Hotel. Charles D. Poston, Mickey Free's friend and benefactor, was master of ceremonies.

The following morning they were escorted to the BIA building and in a closed-door session a high-pressure attempt was made by civilan agents to persuade the chieftains into acting as emissaries to go into Mexico and trick Geronimo into surrendering and returning to the reservation.

Mickey Free, who had overheard some remarks made covertly by the agents prior to the meeting, realized that this was why they had been brought to Washington. He forthwith took personal charge of all ensuing interpretations and worded his translation to fit the mood of the Apaches as well as his own feelings. His pithy, rapid-fire remarks in Apache soon brought out that stoical expression indicative of Indian men in deep thought. His counsel against accepting the government's bald proposition for the chieftains to deceive their own people brought hot results. There followed a series of growls, then sullen silence. The civilian officials saw they had failed, and covered their feelings with bland smiles. The meeting ended.

Outside, the Honorable Charles Poston congratulated Mickey Free. A group of reporters had gathered, and began firing questions. Mickey Free began with some remarks about what had happened in the closed room. The reporters—who heretofore had considered him just another Indian who could speak English—hastily changed their minds.

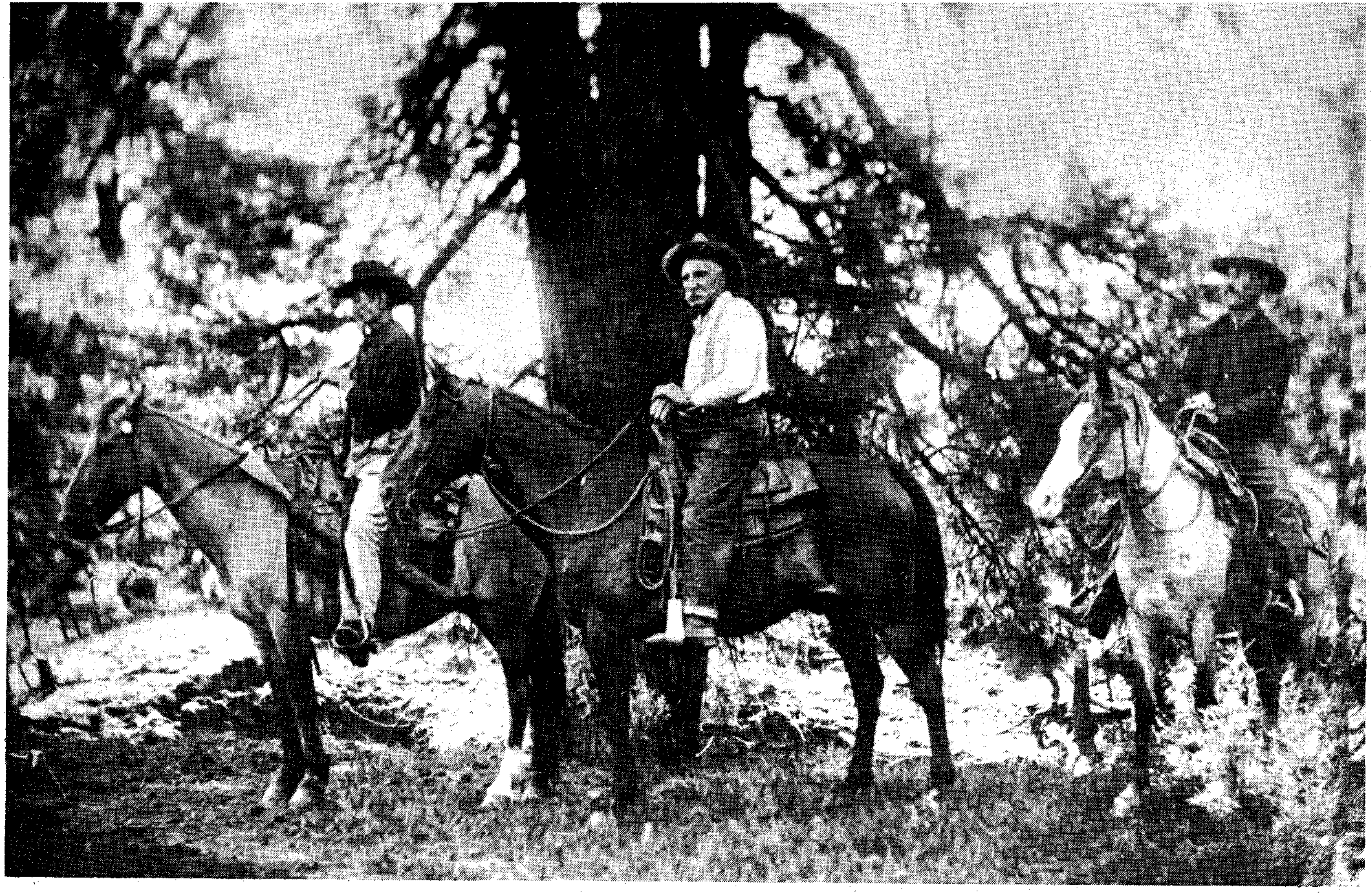
The personal interview lasted all the way to the Union Station and even into the passenger coach, before Captain Dorst and his aides were finally able to stop it.

From that moment on the image of Mickey Free grew; and the right and the left in white men became clearly defined in his mind. Some feature writers dwelt on "a pathetic, desert-spawned orphan who became the most feared man in Apacheria"; others advanced the theme of "the most versatile and trustworthy Indian Scout on the frontier." One pictured him as "a gentle father and family man." Another portrayed him as "a monstrous manhunter and a savage executioner doing the dirty work for the military while the captains and the colonels were out playing polo."

The delegation detrained at Carlisle Indian School in Pennsylvania and visited there several days. Meanwhile, telegrams were flashed back and forth across the country. When the party arrived at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, the Apaches were —without explanation—placed under technical arrest and held incommunicado in a transient barracks.

The undercover telegrams continued crackling between the War Department, Lieutenant-General Philip Henry Sheridan (1831-1888) at Fort Leavenworth, and Brigadier-General Nelson Appleton Miles (1839-1925) in Arizona Territory. Mickey Free, alert and suspicious, managed to send a telegram of his own to Charles Poston back in Washington. Whatever Poston's response was will probably never be known, but it is known that his canny protege did not end up in ignominy and imprisonment. The end re-

Photo taken about 1902 shows Al Sieber, center; Jesse W. Ellison, left, and "Tink" Owens.



Apache children at Carlisle, about 1886.

sult was that Chatto and Loco and their Chiricahua tribesmen were railroaded to Fort Marion, Florida, and imprisoned there. Alchesay was exempted; he and the interpreters, still headed by Mickey, were given tickets to Holbrook on the Atlantic & Pacific (now Santa Fe) Railroad. The entire affair, or trip, had caused so much embarrassment for officialdom that it was hushed up, or certainly toned down, wherever possible.

This unfortunate delegation was the second group of Chiricahui to be deported to Florida. The first group had been railroaded from Fort Apache to Fort Marion a week before, and was headed by old Chief Chi-hua-hua and 90 of his people; a month later the third group of about 540, including Nanay, Zele Benito, Batsinas, Massai, and all their clanspeople, were rounded up. This group included some Indians from other tribes who had been peaceful farmers for several years at Fort Apache. All had been tricked into coming in to the agency warehouses under the pretext of receiving extra rations, then they were treacherously surrounded and driven to Holbrook. Miles and Sheridan were determined to get rid of all the Chiricahui in the Southwest.

Back at San Carlos the Eastern reporters were on hand when Mickey arrived. They now recognized what they called "the awesome career of Mickey Free." Heretofore, as he was on the side of law and order regardless of an unsavory reputation, he had not rated too much wordage—just a few lines were occasionally written into the histories of the times. Now he was suddenly newsworthy. The slurs came fast and frequent; praise was slow and scanty. Mickey rarely did anything to stop the practice; when he did something, it was violent. He lived by a set of primitive rules the world had almost forgotten—and being a living legend made his life easier.

ON MAY 5, 1886, General Miles put Captain Henry W. Lawton (1843-1899) in command of an expeditionary force of thirty-five men of Troop B, 4th Cavalry and twenty men of Company D. 8th Infantry, with Lieutenant Leonard Wood, assistant surgeon, next in command. Chosen from the 5,000 soldiers then in the Arizona Department, Lawton's force was augmented by 20 Apache scouts, 20 packers, 100 packmules and 69 horses. This remarkable force would make short shrift of the last forty Apache runaways. Two other, smaller detachments under Captains Lebo and Hatfield, had already been on their trail for a month, but had not made any headway toward capturing them.

On May 6, Lawton's "flying column," with a blare of bugles and flying guidons, marched out of Fort Huachuca as the post band played "Gary Owen." A week later the long column crossed the border, straggled into San Bernardino Springs, and made camp. After several days of recuperation the force moved south. It took two more days to make the upper reaches of the Bavispe Bend. The cavalry horses were limping on bloody hoofs; the feet of the infantrymen showed through their boots.

"The first hundred miles are th' hardest," Tom Horn, Chief of Scouts, remarked. He failed to mention that summer and the vast Cordillera loomed ahead, or that somewhere therein roamed a small band of unconquerable Apaches. Expert horseman Horn, however, understood the plight of the troopers and ordered his scouts to try and round up native horses to take the place of worn-out cavalry horses. The men were issued new footgear, depleting the supply packed along. In three days the scouts were back with thirty-two good horses—from whence no one seemed to know for none seemed able to read the brands the horses wore.

Captain Lawton and First Lieutenant Leonard Wood, average horsemen at best, proceeded to mount. Neither was able to stay in the saddle (the flat "English" posting type which had been adopted by cavalry officers of that era). After a second try they gave up in chagrin. Lawton ordered the horses turned loose: the men would walk and lead the packmules.

Horn said he'd ride, and anyone who didn't like it could go to hell. Lieutenant Charles Gatewood, newly arrived, solved the dilemma by setting up a picket-line for the scouts a mile from the bivouac of the troopers.

Geronimo and Naiche, in the meanwhile, had taken up residence in Chi-hua-hua's former *rancheria* inside the Bavispe Bend in the cool Sierra Madre. He and his people were not hurting; they were taking it easy, leaving the hot summer trails to be trod by the white men.

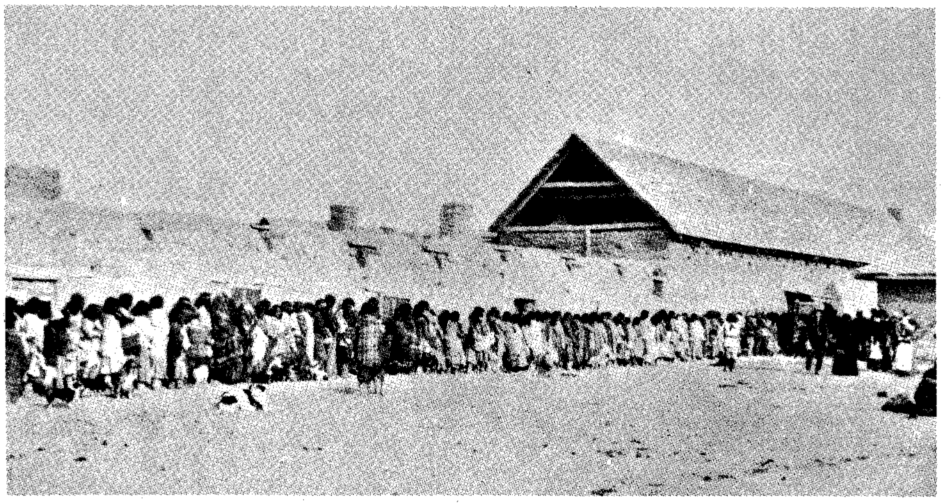
Kay-I-Tah and Martiné were taking it easy with him. Being good Chiricahui, they had been welcomed into the *Netdahe* camp upon their arrival with Miles' message. They would have remained there until the first snows flew if Mickey Free had not come into the *rancheria* unexpectedly.

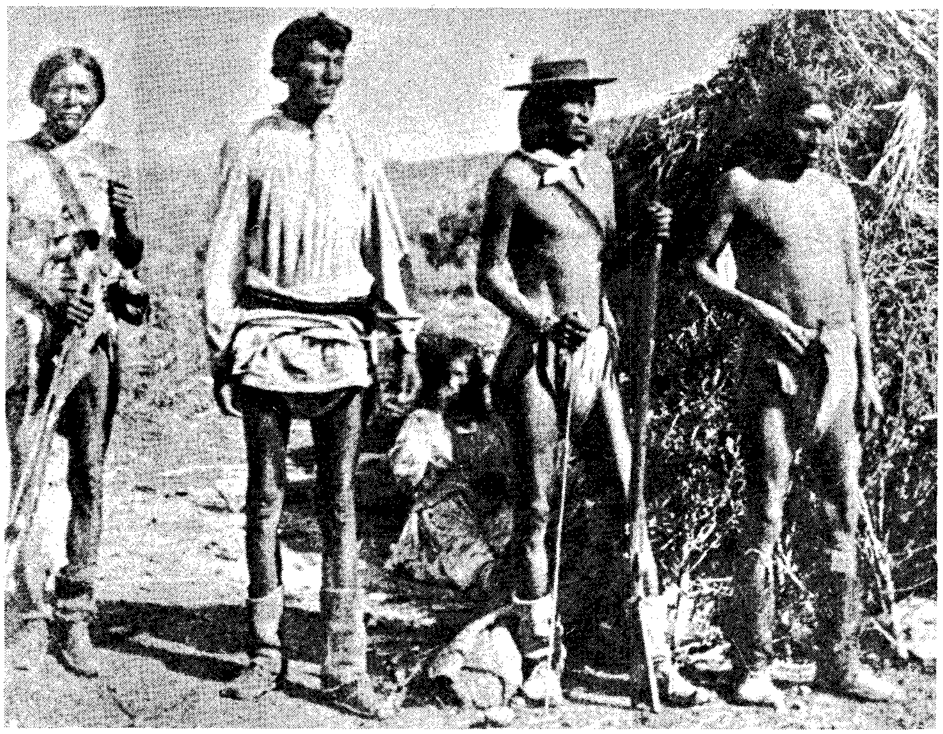
Upon his return to San Carlos after the disastrous trip to Washington, Mickey had reenlisted on July 16, 1886, and was sent south by Captain Pierce within hours after arriving. From San Carlos to Chi-hua-hua's old hideout was a distance of approximately 190 miles as the crow flies. Add at least half that much more for ups and downs and wind-arounds—much of it through untracked mountain wilderness—and it approximates a 300-mile ride which Mickey Free made in three days and three nights.

Mickey, weight 135 at reenlistment, like all Apaches could get far more out of a horse than any white man before running it to death. He arrived at Geronimo's camp on his fourth horse. The first was his own from San Carlos, the second a remount at Fort Bowie, the third from a herd at Slaughter's San Berdoo Rancho, the fourth from a *vaquero* whom he had to kill near El Campo.

J. Frank Dobie once said "an Apache can get more out of a horse than any other man. A white man will ride a horse until it is windblown and staggering; a Mexican then can mount that horse and spur another 20 miles out of it . . . an Apache can jerk the horse back on its feet and scare 10 more miles out of it."

Ration Day on San Carlos Reservation, 1881.





Apache braves, Fort Apache, 1873. Wickiup at right.

GERONIMO put his hostility toward Free aside in favor of getting current news of troop movements and The People still north of the border. Mickey refrained from revealing that many had been taken to Florida.

After delivering Pierce's message and getting food and drink, Free, as senior scout, ordered Kay-I-Tah and Martiné to return with him and report to Lawton. The trio, riding fresh mustangs provided by Geronimo, arrived in the military camp above the Bend and were the envy of all former cavalrymen.

The next day Mickey led the column down into the Bavispe Barranca and up sheer Juh's Pass to the backbone of the mighty *sierra* in which Chi-hua-hua's old *rancheria* was located. The trip, which a scout rode in two hours, was a day and a night of continuous struggle for the troops and once committed to Juh's Pass there was no turning back. Four packmules were lost off the precipitous switchbacks, a trail which Horn described as "a yard wide and a mile deep, and a 'Pache lurking on every side."

When the troops made it to the *rancheria* they found it deserted. Lawton, weary of it all, made camp. Lieutenant Gatewood, officially in charge of the scouts, made up a mounted party of Free, Horn, Kay-I-Tah, Martiné and Rowdy as scouts and interpreters; George Wratton, Tex Whaley and Frank Huston as packmasters; and two soldiers as signalmen. Ten days later this scout party contacted the hostiles far to the south along Scalphunter's Ledge, a grim red mesa within the great Cañon de Cobre Barranca. Gatewood held a conference, then sent Free, Kay-I-Tah and Martiné ahead to speak with Geronimo.

At the base of the 60 degree talus rock ledge, Kay-I-Tah called up, "I am Kay-I-Tah. Let me come up. I have a message for you."

Geronimo shouted back, "You and Martiné come up. I will listen to you. Leave the snake-eye behind." A rifle shot punctuated the remark and the bullet buzzed off a rock near Free's head. Mickey knew he was still on Geronimo's hate list.

The two fullblood Chiricahua scouts scrambled up to the first ledge. They saw Geronimo and his braves waiting for them with ready guns. The scouts were not sure whether they would be captured or killed but the *Netdahe* greeted them warmly, and after much friendly chatter the scouts delivered Gatewood's message, "'Heap Big Nose' wants you to come down and surrender without any guarantees."

For some minutes there was silence. The Indians seemed stunned. Finally Geronimo's half-brother, Perico, spoke out, "I am going to surrender. I want to be with my wives and children."

Kaah-Tenny said that if Perico surrendered, he would too. In a moment Chappo, Geronimo's son, nodded agreement. Chief Naiche stared sullenly at some distant object. Geronimo stood with his grim mouth tight—for once he was speechless. At last he said slowly, "I do not know what to do. I have been depending on you three men. You have been great fighters. If you are going to surrender, there is no use in my going on without you."

Geronimo told Martiné to stay while Kay-I-Tah delivered the decision. The latter labored down off the ledge to where Mickey Free was waiting. The two hurried back to camp and reported that Geronimo and his braves would give up.

Later, the last of the hostiles, led by Martiné, came down to turn themselves in. They surrendered to Lieutenant Gatewood, who accepted in the name of General Miles.

ON AUGUST 25, 1886, Gatewood brought the bronco Apaches in to Lawton's camp along the Bavispe. Lawton sent a courier with a message to be heliographed to Miles, requesting that the general meet them on the trail to Fort Bowie. When Miles received the good news he made haste slowly; he met Lawton's "flying column" in Skeleton Canyon on September 4. After a chase of four months, this meeting marked the occasion of Geronimo's final surrender.

The whole party then proceeded to Fort Bowie where Geronimo, Naiche and their warriors were quickly disarmed, shackled and locked in the guardhouse. The women and children were crowded into an adjoining cattle corral. Miles worded a telegram in such a way that President Cleveland and General Sheridan believed Geronimo had unconditionally surrendered to him.

On the night of September 7 the white officers tricked the Apache Indian scouts into attending a "war's over" celebration party. Kay-I-Tah, Martiné and a score of others attended. The result was that many loyal Indian scouts were locked up in the stockade along with the *Netdahe*. The erstwhile scouts, even though drunk, could not understand why they were being treated like beasts.

Mickey Free, Tom Horn and Sam Bowman were having their own kind of celebration in the Post Trader's Bar; it required something special to enable them to suppress their contempt for the white man's inhumanity to the red man.

On the morning of September 8, 1886, every Chiricahua Apache in sight, including scouts, was loaded into military wagons and, heavily guarded, hauled along twelve miles of rough roads to Bowie Station on the Southern Pacific. Here they were photographed, then crowded into three passenger cars. With a military escort the train moved eastward that evening. The first stop was Lordsburg, then El Paso, and so the Chiricahui rode out of their beloved native mountains for the last time.

Scores of magazines and newspapers from coast to coast published gruesome accounts of the highhanded banishment, and for once "the people back East" began to understand some of what was commonplace in the West during the Apache campaigns. But the press in general editorialized and summarized events back to Pattie and Weaver, pointing up outstanding individuals with fairness for those who merited it, and giving the back of the hand to those who had it coming.

The army now was being praised for its endeavor that ended fifty years of Apache wars; civilian authorities were castigated for their obstructive and dishonest tactics. Civilian heads at San Carlos, Whiteriver and Mescalero rolled; military shoulders perked up with merited promotions. President Cleveland came under attack, and since this was not an election year, he took an extended vacation.

In an accolade to Mickey Free—a military man since his first enlistment in the scouts in 1870—Pathfinder John C. Fremont (1813-1890), former Governor of Arizona Territory (1878-81) who wanted to build "a good State for all Apaches in Baja California," said in a speech at the Press Club in Washington, "Free is one of those oddly unlonesome loners who flourish in far places . . . a rugged individual who knows his own mind and goes his own way." Then the aging explorer waxed nostalgic, "Could he have been with me during my Western reconnaissance in 1842 the way would have been smoother."

Later, in Tucson, General Miles and his enterprising aides were writing his memoirs on how he won the West, and at a great banquet in the San Xavier ballroom he was presented with a "Golden Sword” by the citizens in appreciation of his gallant achievements in ridding the Territory of the hated Apaches. Charles Gatewood, Mickey Free and Al Sieber were neither present nor mentioned. Nor was anything said about the approximately 500 Chiricahui, mostly women and children, who were still hidden out in remote areas by friends in other Apache tribes, including Tahza’s clan of Mansos still in Pa-Gotzin-Kay.

MICKEY FREE, riding a spirited Barb stallion he’d picked up in Sonora and sporting a beaver hat he’d picked up in Chihuahua, returned to San Carlos. His family was glad to see him, and so were the newsmen. He gave them an earful. He then reported to his superior, “Sibi,” and was reassigned to his old post with the reservation police.

Mickey had had a predestined problem plopped into his lap when, three months earlier, the *Netdahe* Mimbreno named Massai had escaped from the third trainload of Apaches enroute to Florida. Official information indicated that Massai had made it back from Missouri to Arizona in about sixty days, and was believed to be hiding in the Sierra Blanca region of the Whiteriver Reservation. Other scouts—those few who were left after the last train to Florida—and white soldiers had searched for the bronco but failed to find any sign of him. Mickey Free took up the search.

He had been hunting for a week when he crept close to an isolated wikiup in the web of canyons east of Maverick Meadows. Watching from brushy cover surrounding the small clearing he saw two women and two little girls preparing their evening meal over the fire in front of the wikiup. He studied the four, then silently slipped deeper into the brush.

Mickey took a position from which he had a good view for at least 100 paces all around the wikiup. He crouched so silently that even a pinejay began a staccato pecking in the old tree just above. The scout’s inbred patience was rewarded when the woodpecker suddenly flew away, alarmed by three well-armed Apaches who appeared out of the rocks beyond the clearing and moved briskly toward the wikiup. Who they were Mickey did not know; what he did know was that obviously they were warriors who had escaped Miles’ roundup and were, therefore, outlaws. He leveled his Winchester carbine and fired three shots as fast as he could lever and aim.

The three warriors dropped, but when he got over to them he found only two bodies. Mickey only had time for one glance around before the two women rushed him with brandished butcher knives. He knocked them sprawling with deft butt-strokes, then saw the two children run into the brush.

He examined the bodies of the men and decided they were of the Copper Mine branch of Mimbrenos. He had seen them at some time and place, but Massai was not one of them. A moonless night was falling, and since Mickey felt no sense of urgency, he left on a direct line to where he had tied and muzzled his Barb a half mile away.

The next morning he began searching for the escaped man’s tracks and by noon found them leading south toward San Carlos, where they faded into the tracks of many other Indians.

At the San Carlos Agency Mickey made a full report to Captain John L. Bullis, and to Al Sieber. The Chief of Scouts—bothered with rheumatism—listened, nodded, asked a question now and then. His last was, “How come you set up a ambush there for him? We’d done combed that country a week back. We saw them squaws an‘ nits. Nary a sign of Ma-si or any other buck.”

“I saw s-something, Sibi, would miss white man,” Mickey replied. “Those women and younguns were eating from big pot of mule s-stew when I saw them. They had made heap too much for one meal. That told me they were looking their men to show up.”

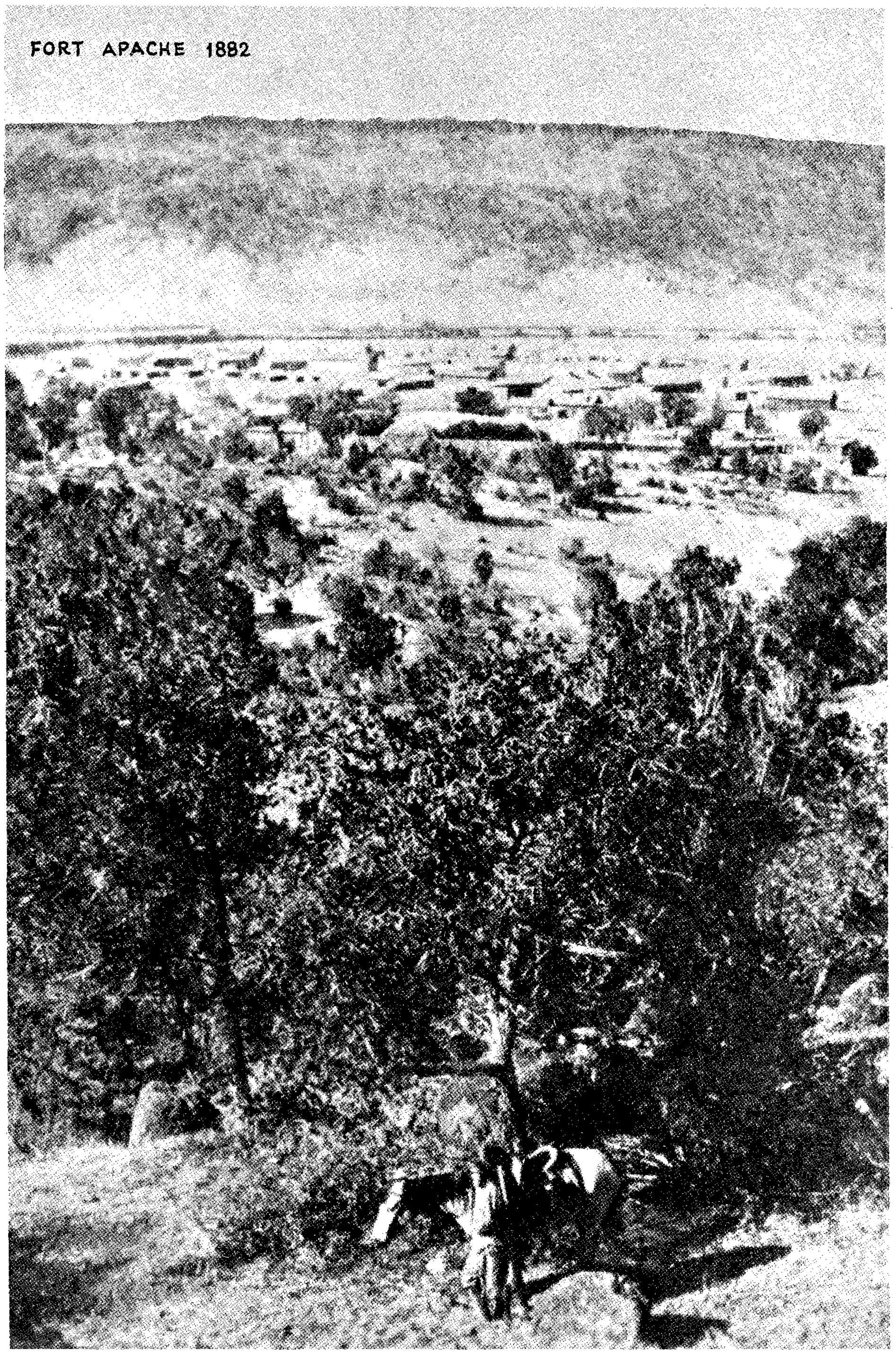
“Wal, you got to Ma-si’s clan, but not to him. But we’ll git him. I’ll be up an’ around in a couple days, then I’ll help you.”

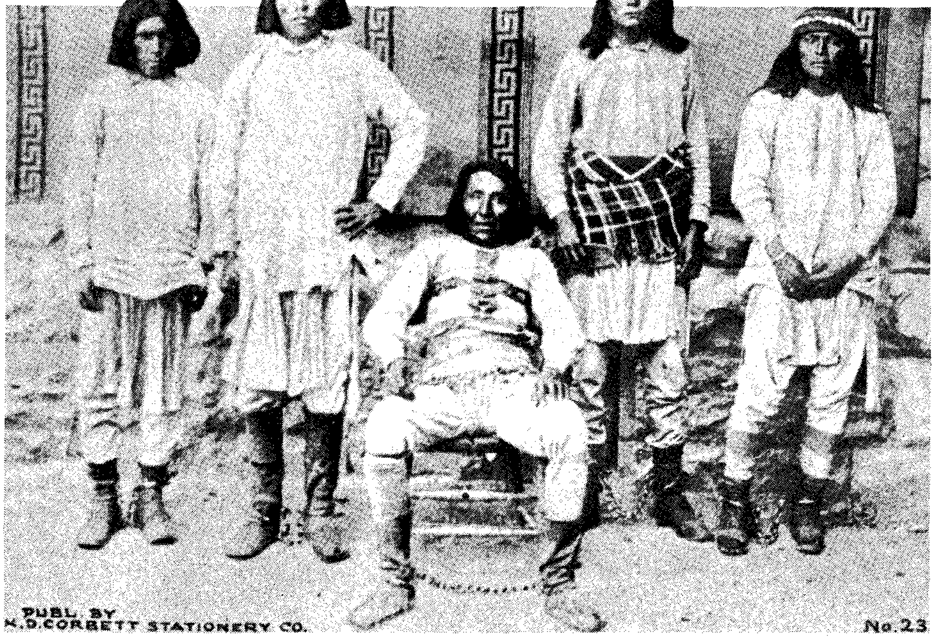
Months passed and by mid-winter of 1886-87 the scouts had made sure Massai was definitely not in Arizona or New Mexico, so the authorities guessed that the bronco had made good his escape, was now settled in Old Mexico, and that they were rid of him.

ON MARCH 10, 1887, Nah-deiz-az, a well regarded twenty-year-old Pinal who a short time before had been released from Carlisle Indian School so he could come home to San Carlos and help his widowed and sick mother, got into an argument with Frank Porter, the agency farm supervisor.

Porter complained to Captain Francis E. Pierce, who promptly detailed Lieutenant Seward Mott to return with Porter and resolve the problem with the young Apache. Nah-deiz-az saw them coming and noticed that both wore sidearms; this indicated trouble at two-to-one odds, so the Indian armed himself with an old six-shooter his mother had kept hidden. (All guns had to be authorized by the agency police.)

When Porter and Mott dismounted in front of the wikiup Nah-deiz-az took hasty aim at Porter, pulled the trigger and missed his intended target. As Mott fell, critically wounded, Porter remounted





Apache prisoners in leg irons. Captain Jack, seated; others unidentified.

and fled for his life. He reported the shooting at police-scout headquarters.

Captain Pierce ordered Al Sieber to bring Nah-deiz-az in; Sieber promptly detailed Mickey Free and Haskay-bay-nay-ntayl (Sergeant Kid) to the job. The scouts, expecting trouble, rode out to the scene of the shooting and were surprised when Nah-deiz-az came out with one hand up, the other holding the gun lightly by the barrel. They brought him in, along with the unconscious form of Lieutenant Mott. The Indian was lodged in jail and the lieutenant was given first aid by Doctor T. B. Davis, the post physician. But Mott died the following day.

Nah-deiz-az was brought before Judge W. W. Porter in the May term of court, 1887; Porter was a U. S. Federal Judge and as such could hold court under Territorial jurisdiction. There were some legal technicalities involved in this case, but when the Indian pleaded guilty as charged and asked the court for mercy, the court heeded the plea by sentencing him to life imprisonment in the Territorial Penitentiary at Yuma. The young Apache did not suffer long in the notorious prison before he was transferred to the Southern Illinois Penitentiary which, along with Ohio State Penitentiary, had a contract to incarcerate all Federal prisoners.

DURING THE SUMMER of 1887 life for the erstwhile scouts consisted mostly of the humdrum of maintaining order during and after tribal *tulepa* drinking orgies. Autumn turned into a hard winter with excessive snows and, consequently, with very little human endeavor.

When spring of 1888 arrived and the mountain roads became passable, the usual freight wagons began to bring in much needed supplies to the reservations. On April 10, Lee Nason, well-regarded freighter, was on the road from Casa Grande to Globe with a load of goods, including several cases of whiskey, when he was attacked and killed by a band of San Carlos Apaches. His wagon was burned, his horses and whiskey stolen.

Sergeant Kid, one of the young scouts Sieber had saved from being railroaded, was first on the scene of the crime. He found enough evidence to convince him that Gon-shay-ee, a middle-aged reprobate known as Captain Jack, was one of the killers. "The Kid," as many called him, reported his findings to the Chief of Scouts. With three policemen, including Mickey Free, they closed in on Captain Jack's shack and found him so drunk he could do little more than slobber and growl. Ordinarily he was a mild-mannered Indian but, like all Apaches, loved whiskey and did not have sense enough to leave it alone. He had the number SC1 tattooed on his forehead, indicating he was first to be so numbered under the identifying system introduced by John Clum but abandoned when General Crook took over the San Carlos and substituted the numbered tag system.

Jack admitted he was at the scene of the crime and helped drink the whiskey, but denied any part in the killing. He implicated El-Cahn, Has-tin-ti-jay and La-C-Hor as his accomplices. These men, also drunk, were soon arrested, taken to Globe for trial, and convicted. They were sentenced to the Ohio Penitentiary.

The following month Sieber and Free were ordered to accompany Captain Pierce on an inspection tour to Fort Apache. To stand by during their week's absence from San Carlos, Sieber called in his favorite scout, Sergeant Kid, and made him acting chief of police. This honor conferred on The Kid by his respected superior undoubtedly filled the ambitious brave with great pride. He let it be known that he was a chief, and a great one at that.

Evidence that some did not believe in his infallibility came when a clan of about fifty decided to put on a big *borracho*. Although Federal law prohibited Indians from buying alcohol, and it was an equally great crime to steal it, the law was an easy one to circumvent by merely making what could not be acquired any other way. This clan had quite a supply on hand and, with Sieber gone, what better time to enjoy it?

The drinking, with the usual boasting, feasting, gambling and dancing, began in the ceremonial cottonwood grove along the river bend. The party eventually got too wild, and fights broke out. This information was relayed to Lieutenant F. B. Fowler, officer in charge during Pierce's absence. He ordered Sergeant Kid and his police to the grove to quell the brawl. The lieutenant, though he acted in good faith, nevertheless made a mistake. He should not have sent The Kid, who with several of his men, happened to be members of the riotous clan. The Kid and four police rode in on the merrymakers. Some of them yelled at him to leave them alone; others offered him a drink. Maidens made inviting gestures. The Kid took one drink, then another; so did his men. Before long they were as drunk as anybody else.

THE ENSUING ORGY lasted into the following day and by then Sieber, Free and Pierce were back from Fort Apache. When Pierce heard about it he ordered a detail of eight cavalrymen out to the picnic grove. Sieber and Mickey led the way. Hoping to quell the disturbance with a little reasoning, Sieber spoke to the riotous leaders, including The Kid, but he got nowhere.

When Mickey began talking to them, they turned sullen. They respected Al Sieber, but they feared Mickey Free. Unfortunately, his persuasion could not be put to a test, because Captain Pierce lost patience—a failing many white men have shown when dealing with red men. Pierce ordered the five drunken scouts to line up in front of him and surrender their weapons.

Mickey Free interpreted the command and seemed well on his way toward getting compliance when suddenly he stopped speaking. Unlike Geronimo, Mickey did not possess a prescient mind, nevertheless something told him that destiny had already spun a web from which few if any would escape.

He turned to The People and spoke in Apache, "Be careful, cousins, for we are at a time when even right is wrong."

Someone in the crowd took a shot in his direction and the bullet hit Sieber in his lame leg near the ankle. A second bullet passed so close that both Free and Pierce heard its whistle as it passed between them. The soldiers swung into action and forcefully disarmed the Indian scouts. The Kid, four scouts, and six other drunks were taken in and locked in the agency's old guardhouse. No one knew for sure who fired the shots, but Sieber held The Kid responsible and charged him with assault with intent to kill. The erstwhile policemen—namely Say-es, Hale, Bob MacIntosh and Pash-tenny—were charged with aiding and abetting The Kid. The others were given a stern lecture and turned loose.

The former police-scouts went on trial in Globe, Gila County, before Judge W. W. Porter in the June term of court, 1888. Al Sieber, on crutches, appeared against them. They were convicted and sentenced to ten years in the Ohio Federal Penitentiary. This sentence was heartbreaking for The Apache Kid and he blamed Sieber for his downfall. He and eight other prisoners were taken to the Columbus prison where Captain Jack was already incarcerated. At the Eastern prison the former policemen soon teamed up with forlorn Captain Jack and the other Apaches who had previously been sent there from San Carlos.

The Eastern climate was bad for them and they suffered, so much so that the Indian Rights Association became interested in their plight. Captain Jack *vs.*

The United States came before the Supreme Court in April, 1889, and the High Tribunal issued a writ of habeas corpus. The Captain Jack decision was far-reaching, and in short order all the San Carlos Indians, including Nah-deiz-az in the Illinois prison, were released.

On May 25, 1889, the liberated Apaches arrived under escort at San Carlos. Back in the warm sunlight of their native Arizona, the Indians were so happy that they swore eternal friendship for everyone—the one exception was Apache Kid. His sharp, brooding black eyes, often called the sharpest eyes in the world, glowered at his former friend, Al Sieber. Sieber had made no secret of his resentment of the release of the former police-scouts, particularly The Kid.

The Supreme Court decision infuriated many citizens of the Territory. Lines were drawn between Indians and whites. When Sieber looked to tried-and-true Mickey Free he got a cold shoulder and a hint that Mickey too, was entangled in the web of neither right nor wrong.

The military people at the San Carlos post were openly infuriated by the release of Nah-deiz-az. They were in no mood to see the killer of Lieutenant Mott roam free. In their opinion the Captain Jack decision on the jurisdiction of courts, which had given Nah-deiz-az his freedom, need not have been interpreted as a pardon. Lieutenant Fowler, legal officer, went to Globe and appeared before Justice of the Peace Atkins and charged "Nah-deiz-az, Apache Indian, with the murder of Seward Mott, Lieutenant U. S. Army." On June 5, a warrant for his arrest was handed to Gila County Sheriff Glenn Reynolds.

Reynolds brought in his man without any trouble. Nah-deiz-az was given a preliminary hearing in Globe on the 21st, and ordered held for trial the following October. Whether this procedure by the white man against the Indian was justified or not may never be clear, but it went a long way toward influencing the destiny of The Apache Kid.

BY OCTOBER three more brutal murders had occurred. Sheriff Glenn Reynolds was in his office in Globe talking with his chief deputy, Jerry Ryan, when Al Sieber limped in, accompanied by Captain John Bullis and J. D. McCabe, county attorney.

The five worked out a plan that called for the arrest of eighteen Apaches, all of whom were guilty of everything from whiskey stealing to murder. The list was headed by Apache Kid, Massai, Captain Jack and on down to three-quarter Apache Bob MacIntosh, who at the time —they found out later—was in his shack, sick with the fever he had contracted in prison. The plot was to bring them to trial in the Territorial Court, Gila County, and not in Federal Court.

"I think they can all be brought in without too much trouble," said Reynolds, "all, that is, but Massai."

"Yeah, another murder laid to his wikiup door," added Deputy Ryan, "and he rode off with that young squaw."

"We'll have that bronco soon," replied Sieber. "I done sent Mickey Free after him."

"Thought you two weren't friends no more," chuckled Ryan.

"Wal," drawled the chief of scouts, "I hate his guts, but he does carry out orders."

Within a few days all the suspects were locked up in jail—all except Massai. Some of them had been brought in by force, some by trickery, but all were in the county jail, and Judge J. H. Kibbey (1853-1924) would see to it that they got a speedy trial. On the morning of October 23, 1889, the courtroom was crowded with spectators and guarded by a squad of U. S. troops. First on the agenda was *Case Number 157 "Kid (an Indian) versus Territory of Arizona."*

A jury was empaneled and Marijilda Grijalba was sworn in as interpreter. Sieber, star witness for the prosecution, was called to the stand. Other witnesses were Rowdy, and Dowdy, both scout-police. The Kid was found guilty as charged, and sentenced to seven years in the Territorial Penitentiary at Yuma. The W tattooed on the Apache Kid's forehead stood out like a writhing blacksnake as he glared at Sieber.

The next case was Nah-deiz-az, who was sentenced to hang; then Hos-cal-te, El-Cahn, Captain Jack and so on until all eighteen had accumulated sentences from five years in the Yuma prison to hanging. Only Captain Jack was found not guilty; Massai, in absentia, was sentenced to hang.

The Apache Kid and eight other convicts, all handcuffed, were loaded aboard a Concord stagecoach, owned and driven by Gene Middleton, and headed for Yuma on Friday morning, November 1, 1889. Sheriff Glenn Reynolds and Deputy W. A. (Hunkydory) Holmes rode along as guards. The coach made good time along the mountain roads and arrived at the Gila River ford in a rainstorm that evening, having covered over forty miles. The coach crossed over and stopped for the night at Riverside Station.

It was a restless night for all concerned and they were ready for breakfast at 4 a. m. At 5 o'clock the coach pulled out. The four horses were skittish, the dawn crisp and damp, the smell of Apache and danger was in the air.

They made fast time across the cactus-clad flats but slowed to a trot, then a walk, as the rig approached a steep slope. Here, Middleton ordered everybody out to lighten the load. Half way up the hill a blood-curdling Apache war cry spooked the horses and the white men.

During the confusion the prisoners, led by Apache Kid, craftily freed themselves of their shackles, overpowered their guards, killed Reynolds and Holmes and gravely wounded Middleton. The Indians robbed the bodies of coats and personal effects, then disappeared into the desert hills. Within hours a posse took up their trail but a few weeks passed before three were captured and sent to Yuma.

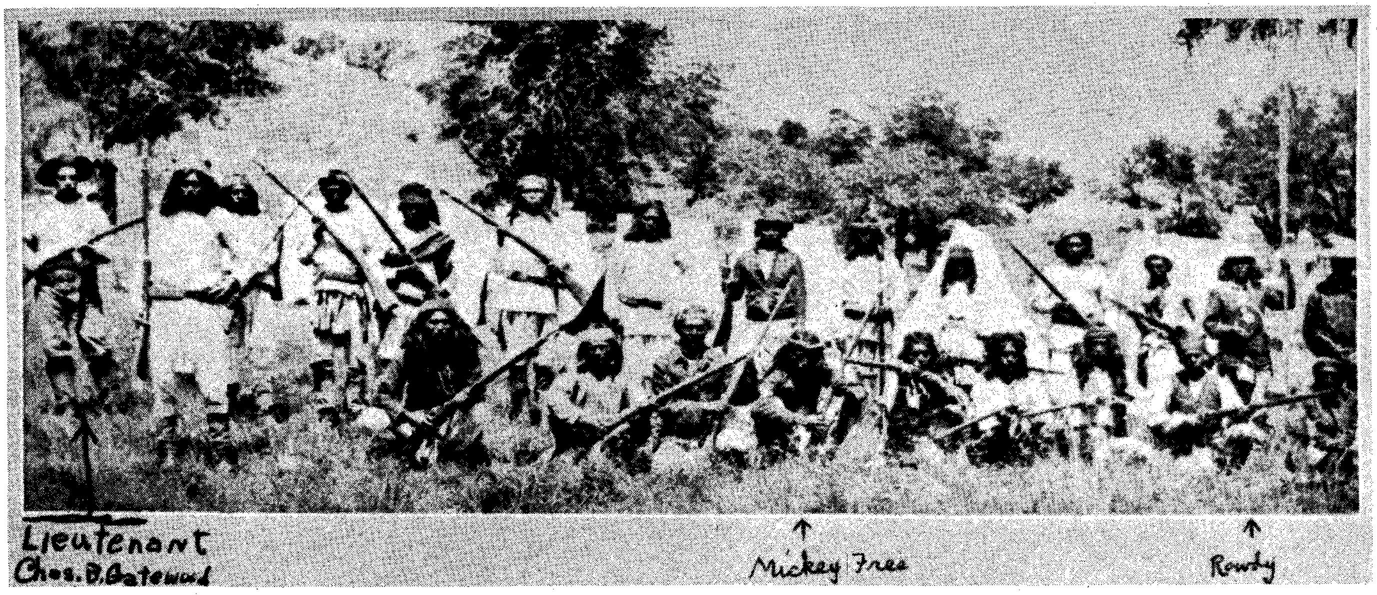
In May, the following year, four more were shot and killed by a cavalry squadron under Lieutenant J. W. Watson, Sergeant Rowdy and eight other scouts, in a running battle across the wild Ash Flats. The fight ended at the Haunted Corral in Aravaipa Canyon.

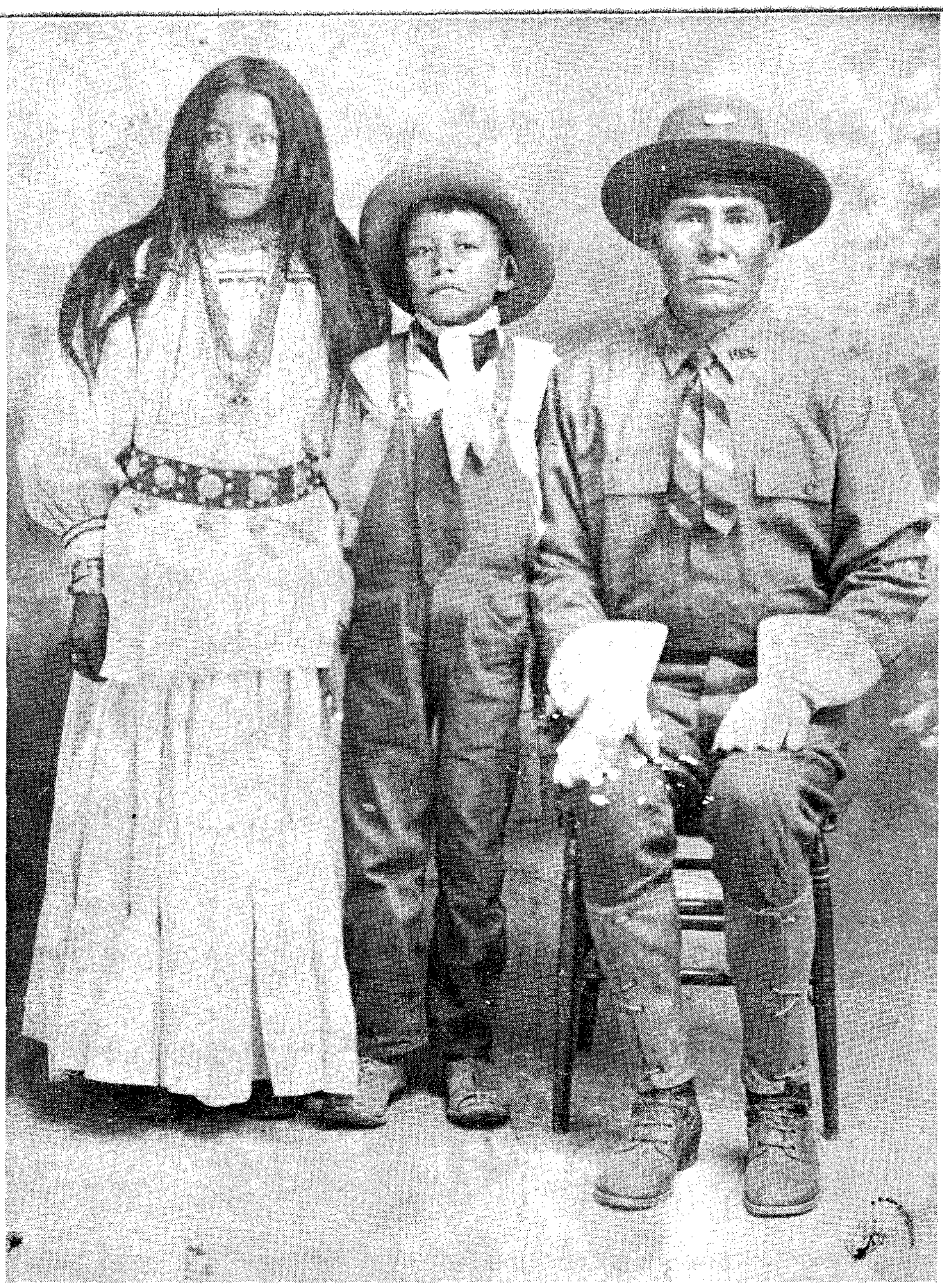
Another was shot and killed later that summer. Only Apache Kid remained free, and the manhunt continued.

AL SIEBER had sent Mickey Free after Massai in September, 1889. "Bear in mind," he remarked, "how you fetch him in. If we throw him in the jug th' Supreme Court'll just turn him loose."

Mickey found that Massai had been holed up about two months with a woman in the Kinishba Ruins, no more than four miles west of Fort Apache itself. He realized the canny bronco had been as safe there as if he had been 400 miles

Lieutenant Gatewood and scouts.





Left to right: Fanny Free, Hugh MacIntosh, and Willy Free.

away, as the average Apache would shun "the home of the Ancient Ones." There was no spoor leaving the ghostly place, but Mickey picked one up in the juniper-clad hills and in the next few months followed it back and forth across Arizona and New Mexico, then over into old Mexico. Frequently there was no trail for many miles—even days—but his expertise lay in tracking the untrackable, and trailing Massai was like following a phantom.

Sometimes, in some lonely place where nothing seemed real except the big sky, there would be a feeling that the bronco was nearby, but only instinct told the manhunter which direction to take to the next faint sign—a step, two steps—a mile away. It was an exercise in watching the earth, rocks, vegetation, trees, canyons, skylines, and the moon, not only for the next sign but for an ambush that could end the search forever. It was tedious work, demanding utmost skill and patience, imposing hunger, thirst, unending days and nights of unceasing effort with the outcome likely unexpected and permanent.

Mickey dogged the trail up and down and across the never-ending Cordillera and wound up in Pa-Gotzin-Kay on a west-side shelf overlooking the up-Bavispe Barranca. He had been on the bronco's trail over a year and now found himself caught in the worst blizzard he had ever seen. The vast Sierra Madre was covered with a four-foot blanket of snow that had piled up thirty feet in drifts.

The original Apache holdouts were snowed in, too, but the young chieftain, Nino Cochise, son of Tahza and grandson of the late great Chief Cochise, and Nino's mother, Nod-Ah-Sti, and their people, made Mickey welcome. These "Nameless Ones" knew the aura of mystery and death which hung over their guest, but he was a loyal Apache *sibling* in need. Mickey did not feel right, however, and longed for the day when he could travel again.

The second day in Pa-Gotzin-Kay Massai calmly walked up to Mickey and said: *"Shi-Gisse!"* Here was the bronco he had come so far to seek, standing before him with outstretched hands and calling him "my brother"! Massai explained he had arrived at Pa-Gotzin-Kay several days before, just as the blizzard began, and that he knew Mickey was somewhere back there—following him. Having known each other for years, there was no reason to be anything but brotherly now, since they were both victims of circumstances. Besides, an Indian keeps in mind the fact that when in a friend's home he must not violate the code. The two friendly enemies, the hunter and the hunted, settled down for a long cold winter's stay.

When the vernal equinox of 1891 arrived, and it appeared that the weather was breaking, Massai disappeared. As usual he left no trail in passing, but Mickey picked it up far to the south along the Big Bend of the Rio Yaqui. Chief Kelzel of the Yaquis had given the bronco sanctuary for a time, and the relentless manhunter suddenly found where the departing trail led down the river flats and ended at a quicksand bog—a trap. After thoroughly examining the area he was about to congratulate himself for having found the end of the trail when the thought occurred to him that Massai was far too clever to let himself get caught in a quicksand bog.

Mickey soon deduced that the agile bronco had avoided the danger spot by climbing a long-limbed madrona and swinging himself to adjoining trees. No trail was apparent for a distance of several hundred yards. Mickey could not track a bird in a blizzard, but he could track a bird in a tree. The trail led him across the Yaqui flats to a point where Massai had captured a horse. Two weeks later he lost his man in the *malpitas* north of Hermosillo. Instinct told him this desert weather, soon to become hot, would drive the far-ranging bronco north to the cool highlands of, perhaps, the green Mimbreno (Animas) Range in southwestern New Mexico.

Following the diverging trail Mickey found where Massai had had a brush with a patrol of *Rurales*, but had proceeded on toward the border. Entering the foothills of a pine-topped range Mickey came upon a camp of women who were off the reservation harvesting mescal buds for their tribe's favorite drink. The earth was a maze of tracks so he grasped the opportunity to get a few home cooked meals while a friendly woman or two repaired his torn clothes and wornout moccasins.

He had an easy trail to follow now as Massai had picked up another horse and a young Mescalero woman to ride it. They had gone west into Aravaipa Canyon, and there Mickey came across a column of cavalrymen and scouts led by Lieutenant Clark who were on the trail of The Apache Kid.

One of the scouts told him Sibi had about given him up for dead, and that Juana was very sick and grieved without a man in the house, so Mickey pointed out the bronco's trail, then made a beeline for San Carlos. (Two weeks later, in August, 1891, the scouts and cavalry returned to San Carlos, having lost Massai's trail and never even coming close to The Apache Kid).

MICKEY FREE was now forty years of age. His beloved wife, Juana, had died of fever shortly before he returned from nearly two years of fruitless pursuit of Massai. She had been frail for several years and had gone to Big Sleep, leaving him a disconsolate nine-year old son, Willy, and a two-year old daughter, Fanny, to care for. His first chore was to acquire a matron, and place his children in her care. He then went to the hillside graveyard where Juana had been buried. From dormant recesses of his mind parts of the Catholic Requiem, as taught him by Charles D.

Left, Colonel Emilio Kosterlitzky, Mexican *Rurales*, with trumpeter and sergeant.

Poston, came forth and blended with a chant of the Apache lament he'd learned as a boy.

Mickey returned home and moved all their possessions outside, leaving only Juana's personal clothes. He then set fire to the scrapwood cabin in the belief that he was burning all traces of the fever that had sapped Juana's vitality and taken her away from him. It did not occur to him that he had been living with the malady since boyhood, and the hundreds of items he and Juana had accumulated had long ago become infected too.

The amber sky of evening, covering the western half of the sky, seemed to turn a smoky red, burning as if in mockery of it all.

Ever since The Apache Kid escaped on November 2, 1889, the Southwest had been plagued with pillage and murder on both sides of the border. Troops of cavalry, scouts and sheriffs' posses had been riding valiantly to avenge the outlawry, and had had some success. The crimes were commonly accredited to Apache Kid, even though many were perpetrated by Mexican "One Eyed Jacks" or American gunmen who capitalized on the citizens' habit of yelling "Apache!" whenever a fiendish crime was committed. The bronco Massai was rarely blamed. The citizenry was obsessed with the belief that The Kid was responsible for the depredations.

On November 22, 1892, the Board of Supervisors of Gila County proclaimed a reward of $500.00 for the arrest and conviction of Apache Kid. Neighboring Graham County, not to be outdone, also offered $500.00 for The Kid, dead or alive.

In 1893, the Legislature of the Territory of Arizona enacted the following law: *Section I . . . that the Governor of this Territory is hereby authorized to offer a reward of Five Thousand Dollars ($5,000) for the capture, dead or alive, of an Apache Indian outlaw and murderer, known and designated The Kid.*

Section II . . . this act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.—Approved February 27, 1893, Nathan O. Murphy, Governor, A.T.

A week later the Territory of New Mexico offered $2,000. The Arizona Cattlemen's Association chipped in with $2,000 also.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS! Now, there was a figure to shoot for, Mickey Free realized. He made $1,500 a year as an army scout and interpreter.

The following day the telegraph wire flashed the message that Porfirio Diaz, President of Mexico, offered $5,000—so the total cash reward on The Kid leaped to $15,000!

In each case the stipulation was clear that in the probable event The Apache Kid was slain during the effort to capture him, absolute proof of his death must be made. Nobody wanted to be stuck with paying any part of $15,000 for "the scalp of any old Indian."

Mickey's current enlistment, kept in force during his long absence, was about to expire, so he requested a fifteen-day furlough and got it. He was in the process of building a new adobe brick house on land previously allocated to him a mile east of the agency compound. When it was completed he relocated the matron and his youngsters there. Willy had become a problem for the matron, so Mickey arranged to have him regularly attend the nearby Catholic Mission School.

When his furlough was up he let his enlistment expire, and set off to look for a new wife. He met, courted and married a vivacious Cibicu maiden of the Alchesay clan who happened to be visiting in San Carlos. Her tribal name was Ethla, but she was popularly known as Spring Day. After the civil wedding ceremony the couple moved into the new adobe *casita* with mischievous Willy and little Fanny.

Not exactly a homebody, Mickey Free soon yielded to the lure of that $15,000 cash reward for The Apache Kid, and told Ethla he would become a free-lance bounty hunter.

Magazines and newspapers from the *Globe Arizona Silver Belt* and the Tucson *Daily Star* to the big Eastern dailies, ran features and editorials on The Apache Kid, blaming ghastly atrocities on him and comparing him with other notorious killers back to Biblical times.

Down Mexico way, Colonel Emilio Kosterlitsky (1852-1928) with his bushmaster *Rurales* was scouring the hills. U. S. Marshal A. T. Meade charged upon the scene, adding more deputies and more confusion. Public opinion was at fever-pitch; the reservation was rife with rumors that The Kid and Massai had been seen together, along with two Indians who were believed to be Yaqui, and that the four had killed two white prospectors in the Patagonia-Sonoita Mountains. Mickey knew that "where there's smoke there's fire" and as it stemmed from his childhood stomping grounds, he headed down that way.

Traveling south through the Aravaipa country he stopped by the small ranch of Ed (Walapai) Clark, a former scout who had also turned bounty hunter. Ed wasn't home, but his woman told Mickey that Ed had shot and killed The Kid just a few days before and now was at the marshal's office in Phoenix to collect the reward.

This discouraged Mickey, for he actually believed the woman. Since he was about broke financially, he returned to San Carlos. There he found that the Clark tale was false—Clark only claimed to have wounded The Kid, and the outlaw's trail had vanished in a windstorm. By May, 1894, all clues to The Kid had disappeared.

Although Mickey made two short trips—both fruitless—he also hired out as a tracker for sheriffs' posses on the trail of white outlaws. At other times he made single-trip contracts to guide cavalry through the hills, chasing down clues to both The Kid and Massai.

Several years passed. Mickey had been pursuing Massai since 1886 and The Kid since 1889, and it had long since become second nature to him. Following Massai had been more frustrating as that *Netdahe* was a downright ghost, often leaving no trail or even a smell to follow. The Apache Kid, on the other hand, accidently left spoor sometimes which an expert like Mickey could easily recognize; but The Kid had one thing in his favor that no other man in the world possessed—eagle eyes! Not even the legendary lynx-eyed deafmute mountain man called Moccasin had such keen eyesight. It had been proven many times that The Kid could see things quicker, clearer and farther away than a man with 20/20 vision could see with standard Army 6-power field glasses.

IN THE AUTUMN of 1897 Mickey was hired to guide a cavalry platoon under Lieutenant Bobby Averill on the trail of five young rascals who had broken out of jail at Fort Apache, killed the soldier on guard and escaped. One of the fugitives was Dares-Tish, known as Curley. Mickey knew him as one in whom the blood of primitive savagery flowed swift at all times. Mickey also knew there was some kinship between Curley and Apache Kid and that both were Aravaipa tribesmen. This was a good clue so far as Mickey was concerned and he was happy to scout for the Averill party.

After a month of leading the column through the Galiuro, Dragoon and Chiricahua Mountains, and San Simon Can-

(Continued on page 64)

By J. FRANK DOBIE

Far inland from a friendly coast, hemmed in unexpectedly by foes whose tongue was the hoot of an owl and whose joy was to strike in the darkness—here is the essence of legend, the challenge to all who feel

The PULL

J. Frank Dobie.

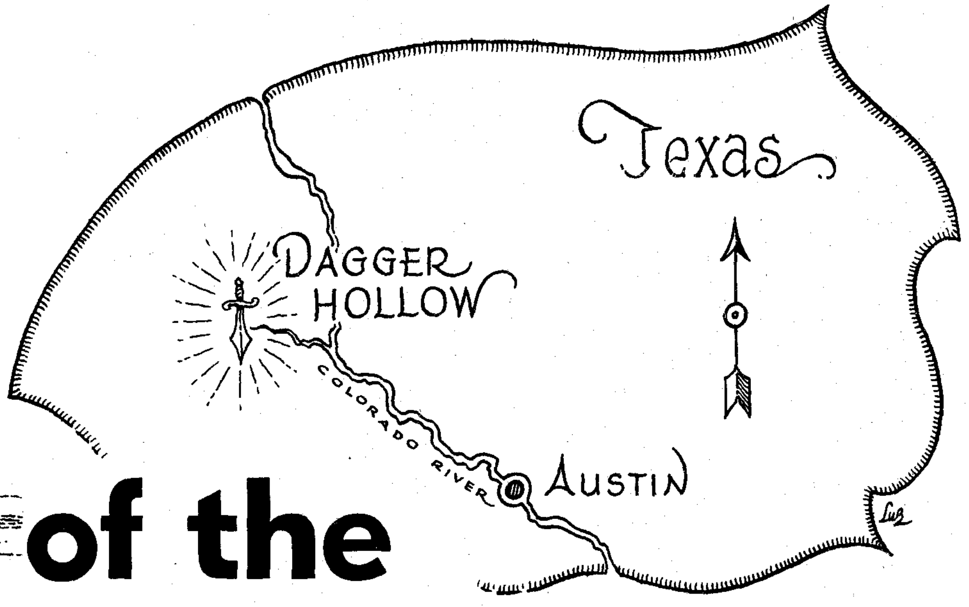
James Highfill Photo

OF ALL THE treasure hunters I have known, Wes Burton—excepting Longworth, perhaps—was the most intense, most persistent, and most fertile in his beliefs and narratives. He found Rattlesnake Cave on the old Chihuahua Trail and only by the intervention of fate missed finding the bars of gold stored in it. He could talk for days and days and nights and nights of the Lost Bowie Mine on Texas' San Saba River and could, he claimed—though he never did—"uncover a map carved in rock under that rock with Bowie's name on it at the San Saba Mission." He had tales of gold hidden in the Mission Concepción at San Antonio, of the Quantrill loot buried somewhere along Devil's River, of the Sam Bass cache near Round Rock, and of many another hoard of secret wealth.

He had maps, letters from prospectors, and Mexican *derroteros* (charts) that filled half a trunk. His room was a museum of curious rocks, Indian arrowheads, old guns, fossils, powder-horns, bullet moulds, and charred wagon irons picked up, he said, along the old Chihuahua Trail. On foot and otherwise he had traced out Spanish routes all the way from Louisiana to California. He knew where the head of the Queen of Spain was to be found engraved on a boulder alongside the San Augustine Trail. He was familiar with a secret mountain pass down in the Sierra Madre that held Montezuma's treasure. He started for the Klondike during the great rush, but turned aside to look for the Custer treasure in Box Elder Canyon north of the Big Horn Mountains. He once located an obscure Spanish crossing on Red River, only to find that the tree his chart called for had been swept away by a flood.

He was an efficient mechanic, graduated out of a blacksmith shop, and when he was not putting a shaft down on Packsaddle Mountain or prosecuting some other similar enterprise he made enough at his trade to grubstake himself for another expedition. One time down in the brush country south of the Nueces when he and I were on a deer hunt twenty miles from nowhere, he made over a Ford engine with nothing but a piece of barbed wire.

His father, who was born back in the days of the Texas Republic and lived to be ninety or so, used to sing ballads of



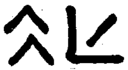
# of the MINOMETER

the olden times and tell of driving cattle to Missouri before the Civil War, of following the Comanches with Sul Ross's minute men, and of catching "mustang cows" on the Brazos. I used to sit till midnight in the Burton home in South Austin, listening to stories. The honesty and goodness and hospitality and cheer of the Burtons often come to me as among the best things I have met in this world. I shall never forget them. In setting down the tale that follows I only wish that my language had the flavor of the voice I quote—Wes Burton's.

THE BLAMEDEST prospector in seven counties 'cepting me is old man Crumley. He'd been a Baptist circuit rider, and his father before him was a missionary down in Mexico. Some folks called him "Way-Bill" Crumley, because he had so many way-bills to old mines and treasures. He's been dead a long time now, but his son inherited all the old documents and then gathered four times as many more.

The only chart of Crumley's that I ever took much stock in was one to seventy-five jack loads of bullion hid in a cave near where Dagger Holler runs into the Colorado River. That's about fifteen miles above Austin. We're still working on that proposition and I may leave out a fact or two. To get the story straight I'll have to go back considerable.

Along after the Civil War a peculiar Mexican showed up in the hill country northwest of Austin. He called himself Benito Maturo and claimed to be 108 years old. After a while he let it out that he was looking for a cedar tree with a rock between the forks marked like this:



He said that if he could locate that tree with the rock in it he could place his hand on eight jack loads of bullion. He offered the whole jag to anybody who'd lead him to the tree. He could afford to be generous for with them eight loads, full directions would be found to seventy-five more jack loads on up the country and the original Colorado mine and smelter besides. Well, this talk set several settlers to inspecting cedar trees. There ain't more'n ten billion up there to inspect, I guess.

According to Benito, his own father had been in command of the last Spanish detachment to leave the Colorado River mines, and he himself had been a boy with them. There wasn't a dozen men in the outfit all told, and the time must have been about 1770. A rock that I'll describe d'reckly bears out that date. History'll tell you that 'long about this time the Indians in Texas got so bad the Spaniards had to draw back from all their outposts and mines. Everybody knows about the San Saba massacree. That was just one incident.

Well, the little band, headed by Benito's father, had just finished closing up the mine and smelter on the Colorado. Their original orders were to cover up all signs of the work and then take all the smeltered ore to Mexico City. But they'd lost so many men and horses to the Indians that they were forced to leave seventy-five jack loads of the ore in a cave close to the mine. They set out with them eight jack loads and no more.

As soon as they broke camp, almost, they begun to see fresh Indian sign. By sundown they were seeing signal smokes on the hills all around them.

The commander ordered a halt and, as near as I can make it out, that halt was up on what we now call Barton Creek. Maturo told his men that they would eat supper, rest their mounts a little, and then try to get away in the dark. He gave orders against anybody making a fire and then walked down to the creek. It was barely running, and when he got next to the water he seen moccasin tracks so fresh the sand was still quivering in them. He realized then that they were surrounded and it would be useless to try to get out.

He ordered his men to throw up a kind of barricade. Then as soon as it was dark they dug a hole and buried their bullion, together with directions to the main storage. Of course they covered up the place so the ground would look natural. The only marker they left was a flat rock with the peculiar signs on it I've already drawed. That rock was fastened in the crotch of a young cedar.

AFTER DARK the Indians begun hooting like owls in every direction and crying like coyotes. The brush all around seemed alive with Indians. The Spaniards figured their time had come. While it was still light enough to see, the commander had noticed a little opening under some rocks back of the barricade. It was well hid by low brush, and here he placed his boy. He gave him a gun but told him not to use it unless he was attacked, and finally warned him not to come out until the Indians had all left. D'reckly the fight was on.

From his hiding place the boy heard the war whoops as the Indians attacked. He heard the crack of the Spaniards' guns. Then he heard the hand-to-hand grapplings. The sounds lasted a long time. Finally the groans and yells and the heavy breathing of the scuffling men stopped. Then there was a war dance.

About daylight next morning the boy stole out of his hole. His father and the other men were laying all around with their scalps off. The Indians hadn't left a gun or an animal. With only the sun to guide him, the boy struck southwest.

It was the rainy season, and some days the sun didn't shine at all. The boy got off his course and wandered around every which way. He finally come into mesquite country below the cedar hills. He wouldn't shoot for fear of showing his whereabouts and before long, anyhow, his gun got so heavy he left it hid in a clump of prickly pear at the forks of a hollow. One time he found the carcass of a deer that coyotes were eating on. He filled up on meat and took some with him. Most of the time he lived on wild goobers, frogs—anything eatable he could lay hands on. Finally after weeks of wandering he struck a kind of road. He followed it and at last reached San Antonio.

It was just a village then and the people were so scared of Indians that the whole garrison was out every day herding their horses and a few cows. The boy rested here for a while and then went on home with a party bound for Mexico City.

He was the only person left in the world now that knew the location of the eight jack loads of bullion on Barton Creek and the seventy-five loads hid in the cave. His relatives wouldn't hear to him coming back into the desperate Indian country. I guess they didn't have to tie him to hold him after all he'd gone through. He just kept putting off the trip until he'd be a little older and things had sorter quieted down.

That quieting-down business was a long time a-coming. The Indians were still holding most of Texas when Mexico went to fighting against Spain for independence. Then along come the Texas Revolution. After that was the Mexican War with the United States. Then raids kept the border country in a stew until the Civil War was over; the Indians were still loose.

But *mañana* finally got around, and when Benito Maturo was 108 years old he found himself in the Colorado hills. Two able-bodied men came along with him. The country had settled up some. It had growed up with brush and washed out with gullies. It wasn't the same country at all. He couldn't recall a thing about the original Colorado mines or the location of the bullion. All he seemed to remember was the night he once spent in a rock hole while his people were being slaughtered. He projecked around about six weeks, got some of the settlers het up a little, and then gave up the hunt and went back to Mexico to die.

TIME WENT ON and the settlers seemed to have forgot all about old Benito and the rock he was hunting. At least they quit talking on the subject.

Now, one of the settlers on Barton Creek was named Hamlin. He had a section of land and made a living by not trying to farm it but by trading around and hunting. He butchered cattle and peddled out the meat. He would shoot down an animal in the pasture, take his waggin to the carcass, cut it up, and then take out on a peddling trip. Sometimes he'd barbecue a beef right where he killed it. I've seen with my own eyes barbecue pits he put down.

Joining Hamlin was a settler named Jarber, and Jarber was all the time trying to buy him out. One day after a big rain when he was feeling right optimistic, Jarber rode over and struck Hamlin for a trade. Hamlin didn't seem any more anxious to sell than usual. Said he had to butcher that day and didn't have time for trading.

But that same evening Jarber got a surprise. A little after dusk Hamlin galloped up and before he was well off his horse yelled out: "Get your trading duds on."

"Well, you certainly have changed around mighty quick," said Jarber. "What's got into you? Now me, I sleep in my trading shirt. What you asking for that 640 acres of rocks and cedar brush?"

"Give me that Studebaker waggin of yours and that pair of black mules and the trade's closed," came back Hamlin.

Jarber said later that he hated to give up his best pair of mules, but since he'd been willing to pay twice as much he couldn't do anything else but let Hamlin have 'em. The only trouble was he was scared to take up the offer too quick for fear Hamlin would back out.

So they hummed and hawed around considerable before the terms was settled. Then they agreed to leave for Austin early the next morning to sign the papers.

Well, after they'd gone to the court house and signed the deed, Hamlin said he had a little business to tend to before he went back. A few minutes later Jarber happened to pass the bank and there he saw Hamlin counting gold over the table. Naturally he didn't say anything but he wondered how a hillbilly came by so much cash. He figgered out that maybe Hamlin had saved it up from all the meat he'd sold. The two drove back up the river.

When they got to Jarber's place the Studebaker waggin and black mules were delivered over as agreed.

"Well, the place is yours now," said Hamlin, "but I'd like to stay on it for a week or two."

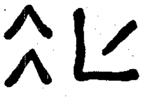
"Why, goodness alive, stay as long as you want to," Jarber told him. "All I want is to begin plowing up that ten-acre field before long. There's no telling when we'll want the house. Camp there as long as you want to."

THE NEXT DAY was Sunday, and Jarber walked over to enjoy his new possession. He'd been over the ground a thousand times before, as he used to tell it, but this morning he was looking at it with different eyes. Down close to where a gully runs into Barton Creek he come upon a good-sized hole fresh dug. He supposed it was where Hamlin had been barbecuing some beef, and he never even looked inside. However, he did notice that waggin tracks sunk deep there as if Hamlin had had a terrible load on. He passed on up by the house, but nobody seemed to be at home.

A couple of days later he went by the Hamlin house again. It was deserted and evidently nobody had been there since Sunday. He fed the chickens, and by now he begun to get curious. The next day he decided to investigate.

The house was not locked, and the signs inside showed plain the Hamlins had pulled their freight for good. They'd taken a couple of springs and mattresses, bed clothes, cooking outfit, two waggins, and all their horse stock. They'd left their furniture, a cow and calf, the chickens, and a few knicknacks. From all appearances they'd pulled out in a hurry.

To make a long story short, Hamlin never came back. A week or so after he left, Jarber happened to be down close to the gully where he'd seen the fresh pit. He kinder looked around for signs of Hamlin's kill. There wasn't none. Something told him to look in the hole. Well, the first thing he saw was marks of metal at the bottom. Then about the time it dawned on Jarber as to what had happened, he noticed a chunk of rock between the forks of an old dead cedar still standing beside the hole. One side of the rock looked white as if it had just been broken off. Over in the grass he found the rest of it. It was weathered and marks hacked into it were dim, but plain. This is the way they were made.



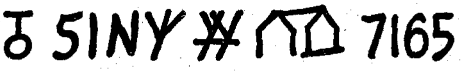
I can take you this minute over to old lady Jarber's house on Tenth Street and show you that rock. At least she had it fifteen years ago. Jarber himself died way back yonder. As for Hamlin, it used to be common talk how he bought one of the finest tracts of improved land in Oregon and loaned out money at interest besides. There's no doubt he got the eight jack loads.

If he hadn't been in such a rush to get away with his find, he could have got the seventy-five jack loads just as easy. He dug up the directions and destroyed them out of sheer ignorance.

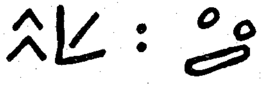
But Crumley and I are after that pile now. Our way-bill calls for a dagger cut in the bark of a cottonwood tree at the mouth of Dagger Holler. The directions say to go three *pasos* west from that tree, then four *pasos* south, and there to dig. A *paso* is a double-step, two yards, you know. Three jars of Mexican pottery will be dug up, one of precious trinkets, one of gold and silver coins, and one containing full directions to the Spanish mine, the smelter, and the storage cave. As to where this chart originated I can't say. All I know is that Way-Bill Crumley brought it back with him from Mexico.

We've never found the tree, but listen here. Not long ago a country boy found these articles at the foot of an old rotten tree close to Dagger Holler: three pieces of green fluellite, a bit of white quartz, a chip of igneous formation that we take to have come from a lead, a bit of sulphur-looking rock, a broken arrow-head, and two small limestone rocks with these marks scratched on them:

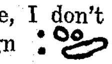
ON THE FIRST ROCK...

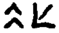


ON THE SECOND...



The only problem now is to interpret what the signs mean. They are bound to be directions to something. I absolutely know that the sign means "Buried Treasure." The next two signs mean 51. Then the N for "north" is plain. Next to the N is the picture of the tree. Next to the tree are two trees with a bar through them. That evidently means, "Two tunnels to the mine." Then there is a log house next to trees. After that it looks like 7165 to me. Now read it: "Buried treasure 51 degrees north of tree." Well, exactly 51 degrees north of the tree is the remains of a house that no Texan ever built. But the 7165 puzzles me. I think it means the date 1765, but it may mean that the treasure is 7165 *pasos* from the house. As to where the tunnels are, I don't pretend to know.

The sign  tallies with the angular measurements of certain old cedar stakes found near a spring down the river.

But what strikes me is that sign . It is what the old Mexican was looking for and what Hamlin found. If I can ever get all this business interpreted right, I'll go out to Oregon and buy the Hamlin estate for a plaything while I make some real investments.

SO CONCLUDED Wes Burton's story, but the tale of the Dagger Hollow treasure does not end here. In a magazine article which appeared in 1926 I related the tale just given. One June morning of that year a man perhaps thirty-five years old, dressed in clean overalls, called at our house in Austin and introduced himself as Frank Durow from Lecompton, Kansas. He said that he had read the story of the seventy-five jack loads of treasure still awaiting a finder up Dagger Hollow and that with his father he had come to locate it. First he wanted "a little more information."

Otto Durow, the father, was outside in a Ford car that bulged with camping equipment. He told me that he was born in Germany in the year 1850; that when he was twelve years old his parents brought him to America; and that for fifty years of his life he had been a blacksmith. I am sure that he shod plow horses thoroughly and was gentle with them. He did not say how he drifted into the treasure hunting business, but he was on fire with enthusiasm for his "treasure locator." I must see it work. The demonstration took place inside the house.

The instrument was in a long case sheathed with finely plaited leather. When pulled out, it proved to be made of two stiff steel wires of equal length, about four and a half feet. Each was closely wrapped with small copper wire. The two were bound together at one extremity for a distance of about twenty inches. Thus, when the loose ends were pulled apart the wires made a long Y, similar to a water witch's switch. The free end of one of the wires was fitted into a round lug for holding between the teeth. The free end of the other was designed for holding in the hand. The stem of the Y terminated in a kind of clasp.

This clasp was for holding mineral discs, of which the Durows carried a varied assortment in a leather pouch, the largest being about an inch and a half in diameter. They were hollow and each had a metal band around it that had been placed there "under great pressure." The discs contained, respectively, coal, oil, iron, copper, zinc, lead, silver, gold, and other minerals. The little disc for oil, so Frank Durow assured me, contained "the essence of five gallons of pure oil." If one wished to locate gold or any other mineral in a given vicinity, all one had to do was to insert the proper disc—a gold disc for locating gold, silver for locating silver, etc.—in the clasp and note the instrument's action. If none of the desired mineral was present, the "locator" would remain listless; if present, the "locator" would "lead" to it.

Old Durow told how he tested a field in Kansas for oil. Two wells were going down; the "locator" indicated that no oil was present; true to the instrument's word, the well proved to be "dusters." The original gold disc that came with the machine had proved to be so powerful that it was attracted by gold miles away; in order to locate smaller caches of gold near at hand Durow had been forced to have a small disc made.

The machine had a history. A brass plate on the outside of the case read:

MINOMETER
V. I. MYERS
MANUFACTURER
Kansas City

It had taken Myers twenty-two years to perfect the machine, "and when he died the secret went with him." Just before he died the Durows had paid him $200 for it and $700 for the set of discs.

I expressed a curiosity to look inside one of the discs, but, no, to open it would allow all the "essence" to escape. Myers had made only eight other minometers (*mino* for *mineral*). Before he became an inventor he had been a geologist. Durng the last years of his life he was in much demand for locating mineral veins and hidden treasures over Kansas and Missouri; he used to get $25 a day for his services and a percentage of all "stuff" located. As he left his widow a handsome inheritance, he had "evidently located plenty of stuff." One time when he was operating for treasure buried in a city yard, the "pull" of his minometer was interfered with by money in a bank, and he prevailed on the bank president to remove some of it from the vaults. He then refined the machine so that it would not be attracted by money in vaults but only by raw mineral or money in the ground.

IN ORDER to demonstrate the minometer, old Durow placed on the floor a piece of quartz containing gold and silver, inserted a gold disc in the clasp of the machine, seized the lug of the "mouth wire" between his teeth and the loose end of the other wire in his right hand, and let the contrivance work. Like a snake roused from a soft doze by the smell of a mouse, the bound ends of the wires, with the gold disc attached, twisted, rose into the air, and bent around towards the ore. I raised the specimen slowly above my head and the gold disc followed it. I placed it on the other side of the room, and the minometer pulled old man Durow around in that direction. It would bend clear around; a man need have strong jaw teeth to hold on.

One time Myers, the inventor, had a "heavy tooth"—as Durow called a molar—split in two with the thing. "I told him," said Durow, "that if he would make the plate at the end of the wire flat a man could hold it better. Myers answered that the minometer would not work with a flat plate."

I tried the instrument myself. As I am an accomplished witcher, having witched for oil, water, gold, and silver, all, I was able to operate it very well. Bill Pickett, the Negro cowhand who won fame for himself and the 101 Ranch by bulldogging steers with his teeth, would have made a fine minometer man.

I asked the Durows if they had ever located anything valuable. Yes, they had located two mines, one in Colorado and one in Arizona.

"Did you work them?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"It weren't convenient. In Arizona we traced the lead two miles. In Colorado the vein proved to be just twelve feet to the left of a hole that a miner had abandoned. He had gone up into the mountains and so we did not get to tell him about it. Yes, he had abandoned his claim, and by law we could have dug. But it warn't convenient. We had to be getting on home. Besides there was no water close by."

After eating dinner with us, the Durows went over to interview the Burtons. The last I saw of them they were headed for Dagger Hollow and the San Saba hills. "If we find anything," each of the Durows assured me several times at parting, "you'll certainly be remembered."

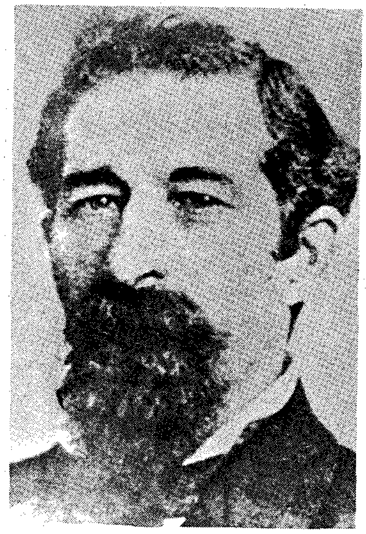
Bill Pickett in action. He used an unorthodox technique by downing his critter with "jaw leverage" and would have made a good minometer man.

A chronicle of desperate hours – when men and horseflesh did what couldn't be done!

The LONG

By CHARLES McADAMS

Photos Courtesy Author



Portugee Phillips, who gambled that the horse, Gray Eagle, could save Fort Kearny. Below, Chief Toplish with Maurice Fitzgerald, who had made another fast, spectacular ride.

CROWDS OF PEOPLE lining the dirt straightaway suddenly shrilled as the wiry, lean-jawed rider dashed into view, "Here he comes!" Amid cheers and the handclapping of thrilled seconds, he kept eyes straight ahead and was gone in heel dust. Then sounded the fading echo, "There he goes!"

Thus were the great races run over desert and mountain trails, rutted wagon roads, village streets and regular race tracks. Each and every one of them in time and place was heralded as the greatest of all.

For terrain, distance and speed under impossible handicaps, the Old West's long riders were beyond compare. The horses they rode were as gallant and courageous as the men themselves. None of the modern-day crop with their blooded horses has ever bested them for length and endurance.

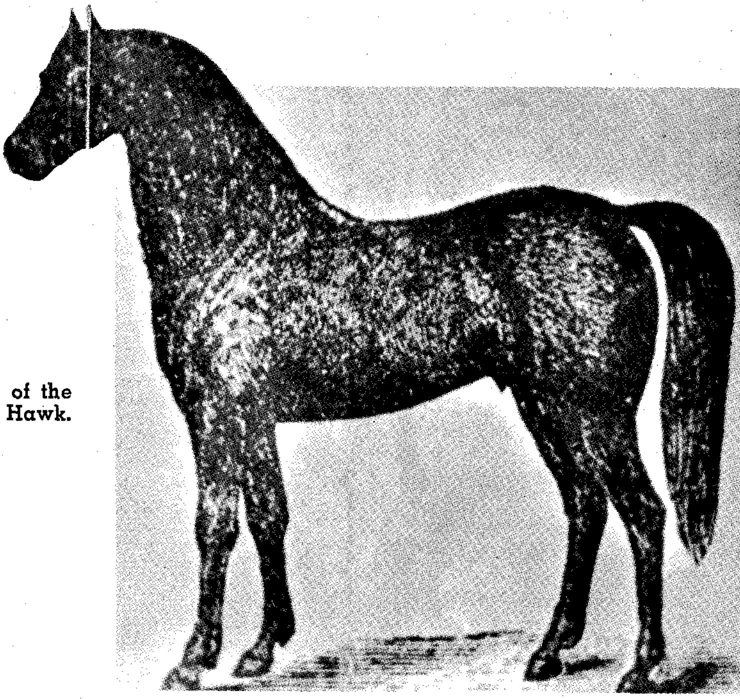
The champion of whet-leather tough riders was Felix X. Aubrey, a wiry, beat-up little man who didn't weigh 150 pounds wringing wet. Scores of others from the Mississippi River and beyond and to the Pacific Coast, set out to beat his record in more ways than one. But none of them ever quite made it. His place in history as a long rider has reigned supreme.

Many record rides of note were made before Aubrey's day of glory by men who rode not *race* horses but mountain mustangs. A fast ride was performed by no less than Father Eusebio Francisco Kino in 1695. When fifty-one years old, he set out from his Dolores Mission in northern Sonora for Mexico City. He rode a pony—only during daylight hours—making the 1,500 miles in 50 days. The time included stopping in villages to marry couples and hold Mass. Even so, he averaged thirty miles per day.

Of course, this was no great shakes, just steady leather pounding, jolting to reach his destination. A considerably better ride was performed by Lieutenant Don Elfrego Morales of the Mexican Army in 1826. He covered 200 miles from Chihuahua to Juarez in 25 hours, averaging 8 miles per hour.

Both Kino and Morales were mounted on "thunderbolts," the small Spanish mustang which stood fourteen hands high and was noted for stamina.

RIDERS



Old woodcut of the famous Black Hawk.

The famous Black Hawk was a horse that carried riders to glory, although not for great distances. The stallion was foaled in New Hampshire in 1833, and stood just under fifteen hands. Jet black, short coupled, muscular and black-hoofed, the docile stallion was a wonder in harness, and as a race horse. His sire was Sherman Morgan, the son of the famous Justin Morgan. What breed his dam was is not in the record books.

Shadrach Seavey bought Black Hawk from the Twomby estate for the wages due him—$60. He sold the horse to David Hill of Vermont for $800, who kept Black Hawk until his death in 1856. Hill often drove him fifty miles in half a day, hitched to a buggy. On several occasions he made better than sixty miles with him in seven hours.

As a race horse Black Hawk was never beaten. In 1842 he won a five-mile race for $1,000 in sixteen minutes. The next year he took a matched race of two miles in five minutes and three seconds. In competition at New York's fair in 1847 he bested all competition for perfection of symmetry, ease of action, best perfectly broken horse to harness, and fastest trotter in single harness. Black Hawk was indeed a gifted horse of many attainments.

THE NEZ PERCÉ Indian cayuses were noted for stamina, speed and surefootedness. There is no better example than what happened in the fall of 1842 in a dire emergency.

H. H. Spalding had left his wife and small daughter at home in Lapwai, Washington to visit the Whitman Mission. Near sundown one day he received a message by courier who had been on the road several days, that his wife was seriously ill. Predictions were that she could not survive.

At nine o'clock that night, taking an Indian guide for the first few miles to make a short cut, Spalding set out riding one cayuse and leading another. Rain was falling steadily and the ground was soggy in places. At dawn, when he paused to eat a hasty meal, he was sixty-five miles from the mission.

Returning to the saddle he passed from an open plateau down mountainous inclines to the Snake River. His horses were swum over without Spalding leaving the saddle. Soon the chilling rain ceased, and he had fair traveling through the hills and mountain passes. By sunset he had arrived home to find his wife past the crisis and her condition favorable for recovery.

On those two cayuses, neither weighing more than 800 pounds or standing over thirteen hands high, Spalding covered 120 miles through mostly bad weather in 19 hours. This averages only seven miles per hour, but his hazardous ride was over very nearly impassable terrain.

A timed distance race, which was strictly a phony, came off in California in 1858. San Francisco newspapers carried banner headlines of the race that spring. They excited the citizens to a high pitch of interest. The race was to be held on the Pioneer Course for a purse of $5,000.

The rider, Jack Powers, was a horseman of note and a gambler from southern California. He was also a part-time bandit. Thirty-three years old, Powers was of medium height, black complexioned and weighed 160 pounds.

The Pioneer Course race track owner, J. M. Daniels, euchered him into side bets of $2,500 and a $1,000 forfeit. The ride was to be 150 miles in 8 hours or less.

Powers chose Spanish mustangs for mounts, and was told he could change as often as he desired. This meant that the test was actually against his ability to stay in the saddle.

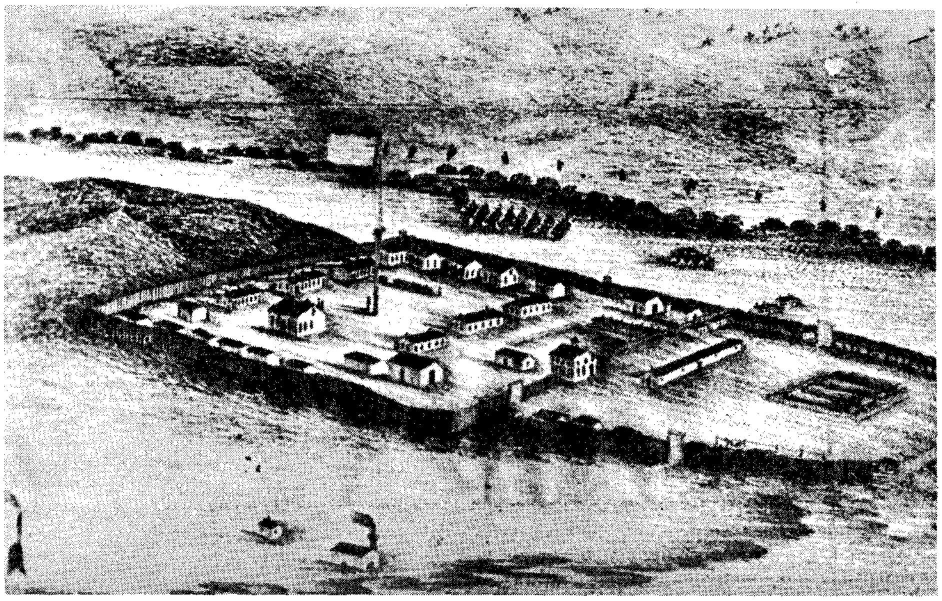
On the windy, blustery morning of May 2, San Franciscans gathered at the track by the thousands. Promptly at nine o'clock Powers took his first mount, making the circular mile course in two minutes and eighteen seconds. Changing off by leaping onto the back of a fresh pony he continued at a run, sitting straight and debonair in the saddle. Altogether that day he used twenty-five mustangs, each fresh mount saddled by handlers and waiting for him whenever he signaled.

After the first fifty miles were run, Powers always jumped off and ran a few steps to get the kinks out of his legs before leaping into the saddle again. Only two real stops, of about seven minutes total, were made during the endurance ride.

(Continued on next page)

Fort Phil Kearny in 1867, from a drawing by Bugler Antonio Nicoli.

Denver Public Library Western Collection



That the test was not on the up-and-up showed up at the 130-mile mark. Abruptly Powers began to sag in the saddle, giving the appearance of an exhausted man who couldn't possibly last five minutes longer. A bladder of blood concealed inside the black coat he wore provided the garnet liquid which bathed part of his face and nose.

From the crowd, well-wishers shouted, "Keep going, poor Jack! Keep going!"

Because signs of his physical deterioration were convincingly real, men throughout the throng wagered high stakes that he couldn't finish the test. The bets were even money at first, then the odds climbed as Powers assumed a radically worsening condition.

Coming in for a fresh pony at the 135-mile mark he was tipped off that the total amount of wagers the promoters had planned clipping the crowd for, was in. Powers' immediate recovery was remarkable. The 150-mile endurance test was completed in 6 hours, 43 minutes and 31 seconds. His average time was twenty-three miles an hour.

Cocky about the fast riding victory and heavy with his share of the loot, Powers offered to bet $20,000 that he could ride fifty miles in two hours. The California newspapers reported: "No other man in California could perform such a feat as he accomplished."

This long ride was strictly for gypping bettors. But there were many of the grim and dangerous kind where a man's life was forfeit. Many of the Old West's long rides were not tests of speed and time, although getting to the destination quickly meant help for people facing death.

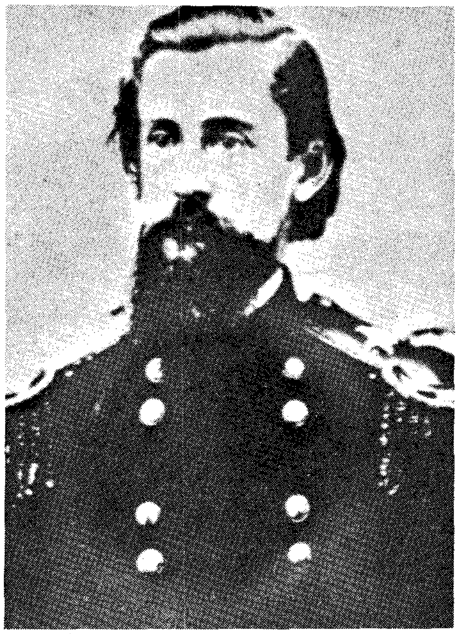
AN IMPORTANT one occurred in 1866 beginning the night of December 21. That tragic day Colonel W. J. Fetterman and eighty soldiers were massacred near Fort Phil Kearny in north-central Wyoming.

Chief Red Cloud with more than 2,000 Sioux, Cheyennes, Blackfeet, Shoshones and Arapahoes surrounded the fort, after wiping out the troopers. It was their intention to destroy it utterly. Despite a blizzard which came roaring down out of the Big Horn Mountains the final attack was expected to come any minute.

Huddled miserably inside the fort were 119 men—soldiers with obsolete rifles for which they had exactly 19 rounds of bullets. The noncombatants were stockade prisoners, wounded troopers, civilians and a large number of women and children. Those in the fort could not possibly hold off the horde of Indians. Preparations were made to set off the powder magazine if they gained inside the walls.

The post's commander, Colonel Henry B. Carrington, asked for a messenger to get through Red Cloud's lines to Fort Laramie for help. Men stared back at him numbly. What he wanted tried was almost certain death from the Indians or from the blizzard.

When no one volunteered, John P. Phillips, a civilian, stepped forward. He was called "Portugee" because he had come to America from the island of Fayal in the Azores.



Colonel Henry B. Carrington. He lent his fast horse to Portugee Phillips for his life or death race to Fort Laramie.

"I will go," Portugee told the colonel, "provided I can ride Gray Eagle."

A half quarter horse and gray colored, Gray Eagle was the Colonel's pride and joy, and noted as a superior runner. Under less desperate circumstances the officer would have undoubtedly declined the request, but now he had no choice.

After troopers saddled Gray Eagle and fastened a sack of feed grain to the horn, Portugee mounted up wearing a great buffalo coat, gauntlets, a pull-down cap and lined boots.

Outside the fort the wind howled fiercely over the frozen snow. The air was filled with sharp particles of ice and the thermometer stood at twenty degrees below zero. It was so cold that sentries on the fort walls were changed every fifteen minutes. Bravely Portugee entered the terrible night which others could face for only a very short period.

Let through the gate at nine o'clock, he set forth on a perilous 236-mile dash southward for Fort Laramie. For less than a minute the thud of the horse's shod hoofs on the frozen snow could be heard faintly. Then all was silence except for the awful roar of the storm.

Wise and experienced in Indian country, Portugee reined Gray Eagle into loose, drifing snow to deaden sound though it was only barely possible that an Indian huddled close enough to hear anything above the howling wind.

Indian scouts were posted all around the fort. Special units were stationed at all crossings on Crazy Woman's Creek which half encircled Fort Kearny. Their job was to prevent any messenger setting out for reinforcements. Somehow Portugee got through them. Afterwards he avoided the danger area by drifting wide, and sped on out of the Big Horn Mountain foothills. When dawn touched the sky through the murk, Crazy Woman's Creek lay far to the northeast. Soon the stream was directly north. He had then passed through the most critical part of the Indian-filled countryside.

The fierce cold did not abate but the sky brightened more at dawn and visibility increased as the storm settled down. Portugee hid himself and Gray Eagle in thick timber. That afternoon the storm renewed its stinging fury on a rising wind. Covered in the murk except at close quarters he set forth again on Gray Eagle.

That night he reached small, isolated Fort Reno on the Powder River. Only a token force garrisoned it, one which could be wiped out in minutes when the Sioux so decided. Colonel Carrington had known in the beginning that no help could be sent him from there. Halting long enough to feed Gray Eagle and bolt a few morsels of food himself, Portugee hit the snow-covered world once more.

With another dawn he went into hiding. The weather cleared but the temperature remained well below zero. The smoking campfires of Sioux scouts were revealed all around him. When early darkness again cloaked the world he put Gray Eagle on the run.

OUT IN the open country renewed blasts were worse but he kept going as fast as possible. Getting a message to Fort Laramie quickly was most essential. Even with the best of luck it could well be too late. Indeed, by this time Red Cloud might have wiped out Fort Kearny to the last man, woman and child.

The valiant Gray Eagle seemed still in good shape, skimming over the frozen snow with long reaching forelegs. Then from rocky crags and ravines Sioux cries of hate rang out. Portugee and Gray Eagle passed into the end of a long valley as more Indians appeared, converging on him from every direction.

For miles the gallant horse outdistanced the pursuers and in this way Portugee gained through a break in the south part of the encircling movement. Only a few warriors were crowding him close when two riders on a distant hilltop spotted the situation and cut across at an angle to aid him.

When Portugee was joined by the two mountain men, the Indians fell away. The white men flanked him till they reached Horseshoe Station. It was Christmas morning.

The frozen-in lonely place was a telegraph station between Fort Laramie and Utah. Messages were given the operator to send to Army Headquarters in Omaha, Nebraska and to Fort Laramie. They would apprise Colonel Carrington's superiors of the most critical situation.

The operator experienced immediate difficulty getting through. The wires could be down anywhere in that frozen world. Portugee decided to take no risks that the dispatches would eventually get through. Mounting Gray Eagle again he set off for Fort Laramie, thirty-six miles away. His precaution proved a shrewd move, for the message did not reach the fort.

A Christmas celebration was going on that night. Officers and their ladies danced in the recreation hall despite 25-

degrees below zero weather outside.

Troopers of the guard had to remove Portugee from the saddle when he rode in. The valiant Gray Eagle was taken to a warm stable where he died within the hour. The strong horse of singular construction had run himself to death.

Frozen and staggering, Portugee made his way slowly inside the hall where the regimental band played and merrymaking went on. Officers confronted him, making inquiries, but he probably never heard a word. Ears frozen, his staring eyes fastened steadily on the commanding officer. Reaching a hand inside his buffalo coat Portugee produced Colonel Carrington's handwritten message.

Barely able to say, "Fort Phil Kearny is surrounded by 2,000 Indians," he dropped to the floor exhausted.

Within the hour a relief column of cavalry departed for Fort Kearny. It arrived in time to save the besieged people. Red Cloud had held off because of the raging blizzard. By the time it ended the dark column of cavalry was in sight.

The ride Portugee made at the risk of his life, under the worst of adverse conditions, was most remarkable. It has gone into history as an example of endurance, displaying the extreme courage of a man and a horse. Gray Eagle never faltered or quit until the mission was accomplished.

THE SINGULAR mustang race of 1875 in New York was a failure. The string of ponies wore out the rider. Perhaps it is slightly apocryphal but in the absence of reliable records, the story is this.

A California '49er who had made his strike, engaged in a harsh argument in a plush Fifth Avenue bistro with a wealthy New York horse raiser.

Tired of listening to his friend brag on the speed and endurance of hot blooded horses, the '49er snapped, "Our Mexican mustangs can outlast your fine animals any day. Why, I once drove two mustang ponies to a road wagon 4,000 miles in 4 months. I can bring a string here that one rider can run 300 miles across country or on a track in 15 hours!"

"Poppycock!" sneered the New Yorker. "I'll wager $25,000 to your $15,000 that it can't be done!"

Accepting the challenge, the '49er returned to California. At Visalia he picked up a small herd of unbroken, range wild mustangs. The rider he engaged was George Parker, 26 years old and weighing 175 pounds. Francisco Peralta, a native Californian who had grown up with mustangs, was hired to help him.

Shipping the mustangs to Jersey City in April, the two set about breaking them to the saddle and conditioning the animals for the test against time. This was accomplished to their satisfaction in short order.

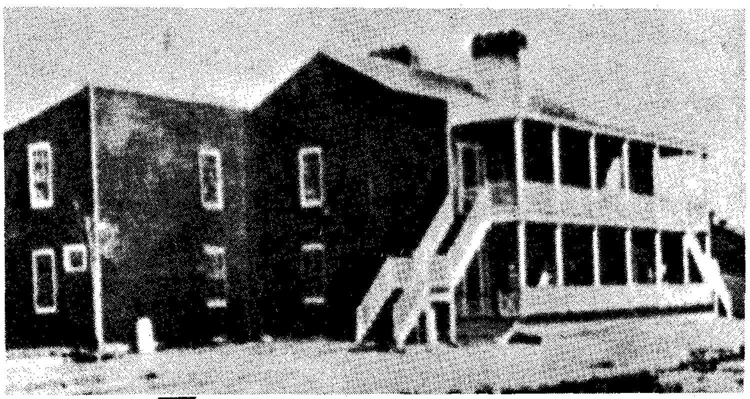
At four o'clock on the morning of May 18, Parker raced from the starting line on the Fleetwood Park course. Changing horses every mile he covered the first fifty in two hours and nineteen minutes. This was eleven minutes ahead of the set schedule. At the end of one hundred miles he was nineteen minutes ahead.

With mile 105 a heavy rain started falling. By noon, when 170 miles had been run off, the track was muddy. The cold and dampness began to wear Parker down. Weaving in the saddle he often slipped sideways, appearing to be in constant danger of falling off his mount. At the end of mile 222, in the act of changing mustangs, he collapsed to the ground, exhausted and partially blind.

His condition was not faked, as in Powers' case during the gypo race in San Francisco. Parker had taken all the pounding leather punishment that he could stand. Eight thousand spectators,

(Continued on page 52)

Wyoming State Historical Society



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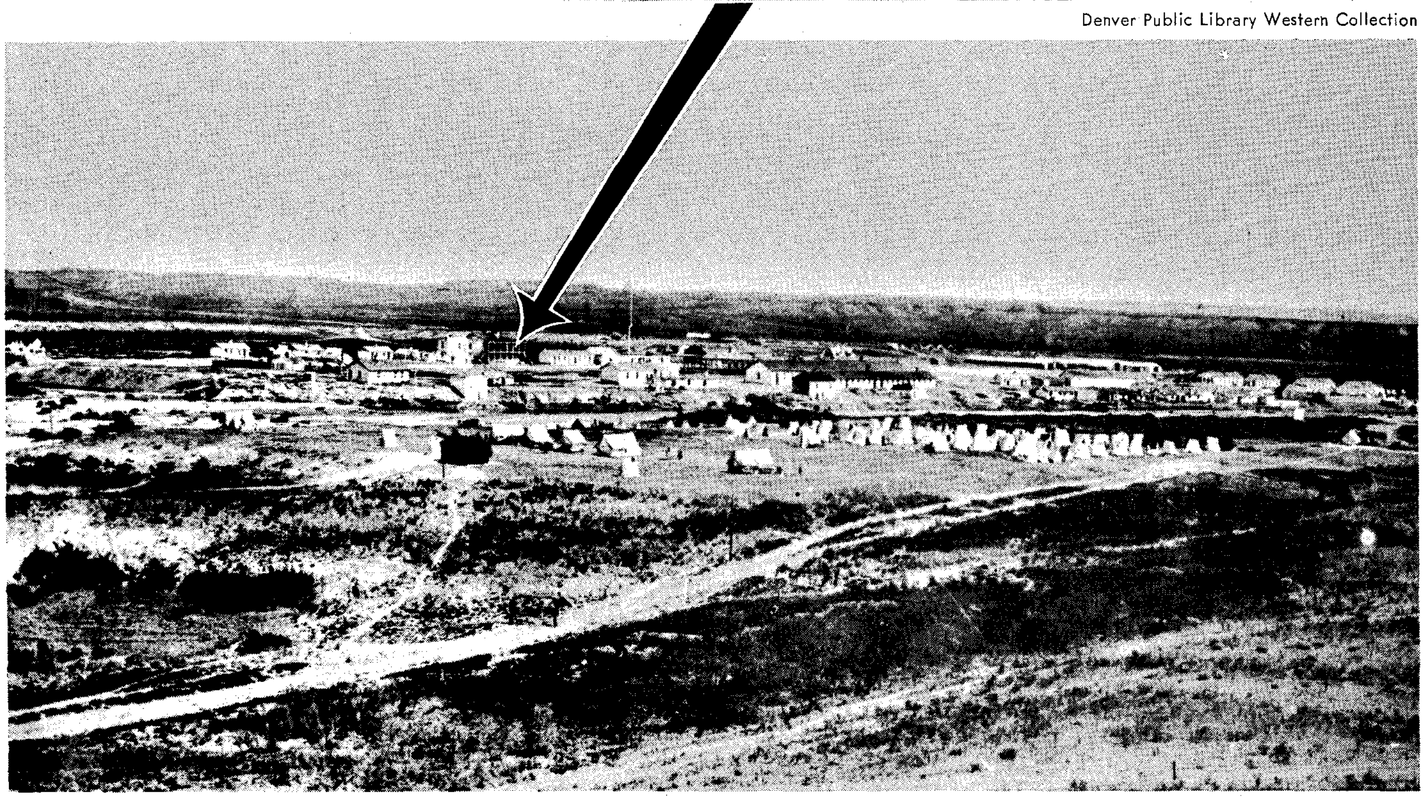


Below, Fort Laramie as it appeared during the late 1860s. At right, Officers Quarters. The entertainment hall, where Portugee Phillips fell exhausted, was on the first floor off the porch.

WHEN THE GHOST MET

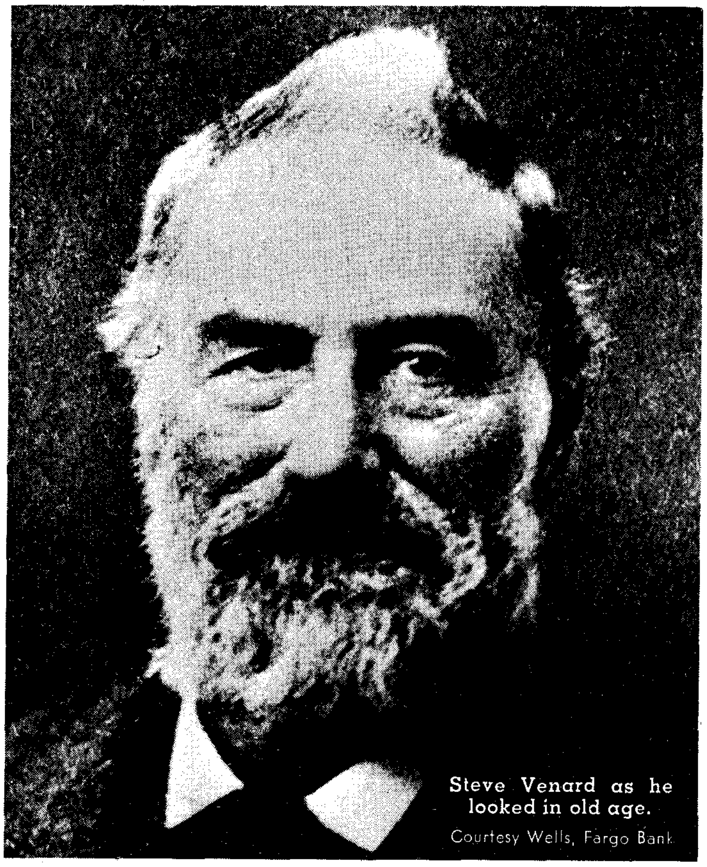
By WILLIAM B. SECREST

Photos Courtesy Author

"THE STAGE has been robbed, go get th' sheriff!" Stage driver Sam Cooper was yelling even as he braked his coach in front of the National Exchange Hotel. It was shortly after six o'clock in the morning and not many people were on the streets of Nevada City, California. When the hotel desk clerk came running out, Cooper told him to help unload the passengers' luggage while he looked up A. D. Tower, the Wells Fargo agent, to tell him the news.

Sheriff Bob Gentry was soon on the scene interviewing Cooper and his six passengers. While the sheriff queried the holdup victims, his brother, Albert, rounded up some good men to make up a posse. By the time Gentry had gathered the information he needed, Al was back with three special deputies, and by seven o'clock the five-man posse was galloping out of town toward the holdup site. It was destined to be a remarkable expedition.

George Shanks seems to have come to California sometime in the middle 1850s. He probably tried his hand at mining, but like so many others discovered that the average miner worked like a dog for the few ounces of gold he retrieved. Shanks soon hired out as a ranch hand and at various times worked as both a cook and waiter. Reportedly he had also worked as a pressman on the New York *Tribune* before coming west.


Steve Venard as he looked in old age.
Courtesy Wells, Fargo Bank

During the 1860s Shanks seems to have drifted inevitably toward a life of crime. According to some accounts, he was discharged by a stage company when caught robbing a passenger. Later, he is reported as having served a term in San Quentin for stage robbery.

In 1864 Shanks went to work for Barton Brothers in Nevada City as a cook. At this time he was using an alias, Billy Smith. When he was discharged by the Bartons, there was a squabble about pay and Shanks left their employ with bitter feelings. That very night he tried to assassinate William Barton by shooting at him through a window, but the attempt failed. He was said to have joined the army at this point, but soon deserted and was back in trouble again.

After a shooting at Colfax, Shanks drifted down to Grass Valley. One night a friend told him that the owner of Unger's saloon was "down" on him. Swaggering into the saloon, Shanks couldn't find the owner so he vented his spleen on Unger's son, beating him up badly. After telling his father that Shanks meant to kill him, the boy swore out a warrant for the troublemaker's arrest.

Shanks had some friends with him and was drinking steadily. When Officer J. D. Meek arrived, Shanks pulled a pistol and defied both the officer and the crowd. "I'm Jack Williams, the great American chief!" Shanks declared drunkenly, and with the aid of friends he escaped from the saloon.

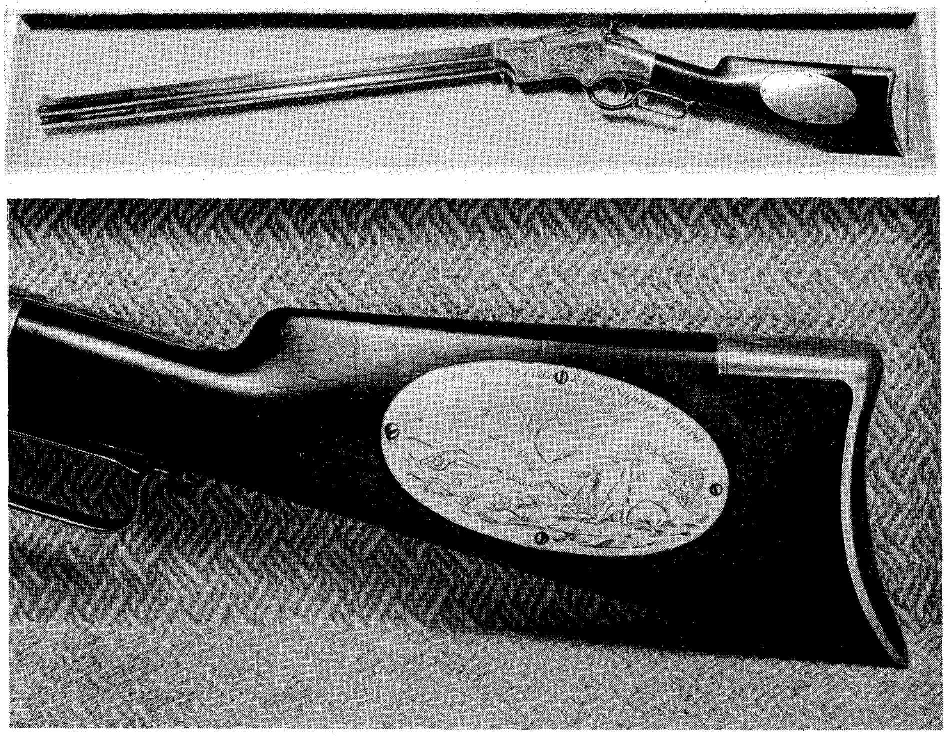
A local bandit named Jack Williams had been hanged in 1856. Shanks' assuming his name merely confirmed what many people already knew or suspected. From that time on, when a robbery occurred on the road, it was referred to as the work of "Jack Williams' Ghost."

"Watch out the 'ghost' don't get you!" travelers were admonished as Shanks became more and more active. The road between Grass Valley and Nevada City was his particular stamping ground and he preferred preying on lone travelers. Chinamen, walking home after an all-night session of fan-tan, salesmen and other lone riders, were fair game for the ghost-robber, who did in fact seem to appear and disappear at will in the rock and chaparral covered hills. Williams (as we will now call him) finally became so bold as to chase an intended victim named Smith right into Grass Valley, firing two shots at him before giving up the race.

A LOCAL CITIZEN, George Hilton, announced that he was fed up with the robberies and intended to walk between the two towns some night with a full purse in his pocket and a pistol in his belt. Traffic was heavy on the night he chose, and Williams had stopped five travelers in a row before Hilton finally showed up. Coming around a bend in the road, Hilton saw the five victims all lined up and supposed they were highwaymen waiting for him. At least this was the excuse he later offered. At any rate, Williams relieved the "fighting man" of both his pistol and his purse and then bade all goodnight after thanking them for their contributions.

Williams was also busily stopping stages whenever the opportunity presented itself. On one occasion, it is reported, he offered the stage passengers a drink from his flask when he had finished robbing them. Another time, when a man objected to his taking a valued watch, Williams gallantly gave it back to him.

But stage robbery was risky business and the "ghost" took on a partner he had known in Grass Valley. Robert Finn, alias Caton, alias Kerrigan, was a hard-case, cast in the same mold as Williams himself. He too, it was rumored, was a deserter from the army and an escaped convict to boot. He worked for a time at



Courtesy Wells, Fargo Bank

The magnificent Henry rifle presented to Steve Venard by Wells, Fargo and Company. It is a part of the collection of the Wells, Fargo History Room and was presented to the company some years ago by a member of the Venard family. Close-up view of the stock of the presentation rifle pictures the brave deputy shooting the three outlaws. Unfortunately, the artist engraved an incorrect date.

Steve Venard

Steve chased road agents with the "law" riding beside him—a rifle he called Judge Henry!

mining, but when Williams pictured the glowing life of a highwayman, Finn readily accepted his overtures. It isn't known in how many robberies the two participated, but they were identified later as the two bandits who held up Sam Henry on the Yuba Grade. Sam was stopped in his sulky and relieved of a diamond ring, a watch and his pistol. Asked why he wasn't carrying any money, Henry replied that "there were too many roads agents around"—which gives some idea of the state of local affairs at that time.

Early in May 1866, Williams and two companions stopped a coach of the Telegraph Line just outside Nevada City. It was after midnight when the three highwaymen stepped out into the road, and the moonlight glinting on their pistol barrels caused driver John Majors to rein up instantly. Two Chinamen were the *only* passengers and one of them was flat broke. The other was suspiciously hostile and had to be knocked down twice before he could be stripped of his money belt which yielded $400 in cash.

"All right," commanded the leader of the trio, "throw down the Wells Fargo box."

When the driver had complied, two of the bandits went to work while the third kept the coach and its occupants under surveillance. The box was bound in iron and padlocked, but after a good deal of pounding and profanity the box gave way. As the lid was thrown up, the bandits cursed again as they saw the inner box which was solid iron.

"Sorry, boys," grinned John Majors, "th' company must have been expectin' you this time."

"We'll come better prepared in the future," growled Williams, and he waved the coach on its way.

So that the day wouldn't be a total loss, the bandits pounced on another coach a few miles distant. After making off with the loot, they came upon a lone horseman who narrowly escaped being robbed by cutting through the woods and riding at breakneck speed.

Williams' and Finn's new partner, George Moore, who had assisted in these last two robberies, seems to have come to California about the same time as William. He had worked in the East as a hotel clerk. Twice he had escaped from a state prison. His melancholy disposition was evidenced every time he drew two daguerreotypes from his breast pocket. He would stare unhappily at the photos of his wife and children and tears would course freely down his whiskerstubbled face. Moore had been hanging around Grass Valley unable to find work and it hadn't taken much talking to get him to join Williams' little group.

DURING THE AFTERNOON of May 14, 1866, Finn and Moore purchased a quantity of supplies in Nevada City. The two then joined Williams and made camp about six miles north of the city. They sat around the fire that evening, smoking cigars and drinking brandy. Each man took a turn at guard duty for two-hour intervals and at 3:30 a. m. they were up and headed toward the South Yuba River. Stationing themselves in the brush alongside the road just above Black's Crossing, they waited quietly for the stage.

It was a little after 4:30 in the morning when the coach creaked and swayed its way toward the summit of the road above the river. Suddenly Williams and his cohorts were standing in the road and waving the coach to a stop. The "ghost" then walked up to the driver's box and told Sam Cooper to throw down the Wells Fargo treasure chest.

"Hello, George," drawled Cooper, whose friends called him Kalamazoo, "so it's you again, is it?" Cooper had known Williams previously and had evidently recognized him.

"Well, don't never mention my name again," replied the outlaw. "I want nothing to do with you, but I mean to have that box so toss it down. I'm going after Wells Fargo all the time."

When the box had been tossed down, the six passengers were ordered from the coach. Frank McKee and Ned Hatfield were relieved of their pistols, but the passengers were not otherwise molested. One of the desperadoes guarded the travelers while the other two produced sledge hammers and a crowbar from the bushes alongside the road. A few moments of banging on the box produced only some ineffectual dents and a wry snicker from the stage driver. Delving again into the bushes, the two robbers this time produced a can of black powder. Looking up at the driver, Williams commented that, "Either we get the gold or we'll blow the stage into the Yuba River."

Working rapidly, the bandits tamped a charge into place and then stood back for the explosion. Amid a cloud of dirt and powder smoke, the box remained in one piece, eliciting a curse from the robbers. Another charge was prepared, larger this time, and tamped securely around the lock, just under the lid. A second dissipating smoke cloud brought the sought-after sacks of gold dust to view. The box yielded $7,900, and the outlaws were grinning broadly as they returned the shattered pieces to the coach. Cooper was told to drive on, and the outlaws disappeared in the opposite direction. Within an hour after the stage arrived in Nevada City, Sheriff Bob Gentry and his posse were on the robbers' trail.

STEVE VENARD galloped along with the sheriff's group carrying one of the late model, sixteen shot Henry rifles. He was a handsome, full-bearded man and as the posse backtracked down the stage road Venard and the rifle that he "loaded on Sunday and fired all week" seemed to go perfectly together. Born in Lebanon, Ohio, forty-two years earlier, Steve had come to California during the early 1850s. He had been one of the early settlers at Nevada City and when mining proved unprofitable, he turned to storekeeping and freighting. Venard had served as city marshal of Nevada City in 1864 and was highly regarded both as a man and as an officer. If anything distinguished him from his companions it was his quiet demeanor and the deadly Henry rifle.

Arriving at the hold-up site the men dismounted and scoured the scene for clues, but without much luck. Sheriff Gentry suggested that Venard and Jim Lee keep on the road to see if they could locate sign of the robbers' trail between where they were and the river crossing below. Meanwhile, the sheriff, his brother Al, and A. W. Potter would cut off the road and see what they could find on the other side of the trail. It was brushy and difficult country and the lawmen knew that they were literally looking for a needle in a haystack. The chaparral was as high as a man and the gullies and ravines were choked with rushing water, boulders and fallen trees. Undaunted, the posse separated and pressed on.

Venard and Lee soon located footprints leaving the road and entering the brush. The terrain was very rough and it became increasingly difficult for the men to maneuver with their horses. When it seemed evident that the tracks would come out on the Holt's Crossing road, Lee took their two animals back the way they had come and circled to meet Venard at that place.

Venard, alone now, followed the outlaws' tracks to the South Yuba River at the head of Myer's Creek. There, the tracks didn't indicate a crossing, but instead led back up the ravine on the same side. The creek was flooded by late rains and a noisy torrent of water rushed through the small, rock-choked canyon. It was with considerable difficulty that the dogged deputy made his way over boulders, brush and fallen timber.

Venard was over a mile away from where he had left his companions, but he pushed steadily ahead giving no thought to possible danger. Here and there a fresh footprint could be made out and the lawman kept his Henry rifle ready. He came to a huge rock some twenty feet high which split the stream and formed an island. A few trees obscured the top of the rock and numerous large boulders were scattered at its base. A fifteen-foot waterfall splashed just below the island and at the head of the precipice Venard crossed the stream on a log.

Once on the island Steve worked his way to where two huge boulders formed a corridor leading to the base of the twenty-foot rock slab. After a quick glance back down the canyon, the lawman found himself staring straight into the eyes of Jack Williams.

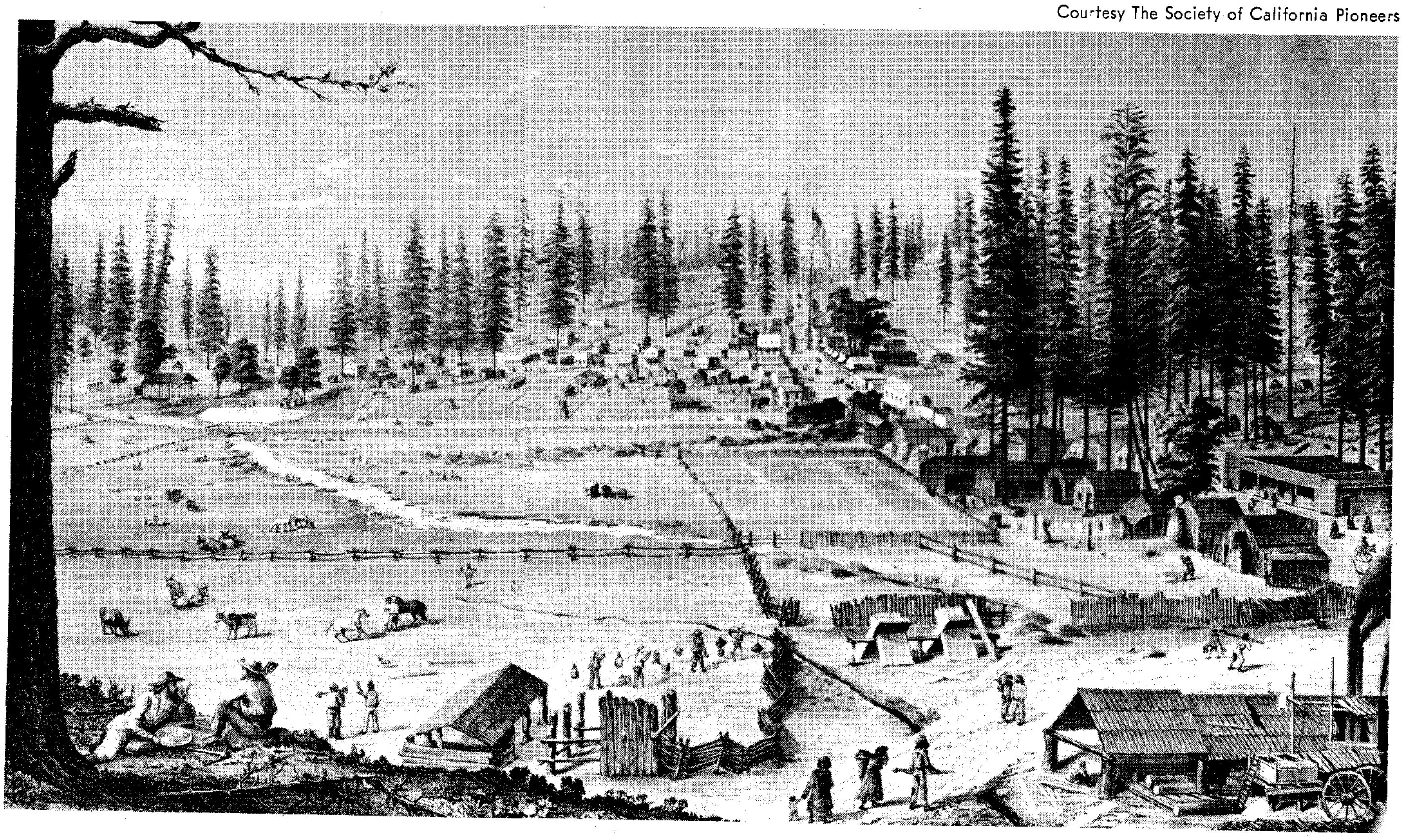
Centered at the end of the rock corridor, Williams was sitting with his back to the huge boulder which dominated the tiny island. The outlaw and Venard saw each other at the same instant and Williams' pistol was half out of his holster when the deputy threw the Henry rifle to his shoulder. Venard, out in the open, saw another outlaw leveling a pistol at him at the same instant, but there was no time to change aim. The distance was about twenty-five feet and when the Henry crashed, Williams slumped with a bullet through the heart.

"One thought flashed through my brain," Venard recalled later, "that either the robber or I must die. Naturally I preferred to live."

Bob Finn, the other bandit, disappeared behind a rock leaving only his pistol exposed to view. Again the deadly Henry was at Venard's shoulder as he waited for the bandit to expose himself. It was only a moment's wait, but to the deputy, without any cover whatever, it must have seemed like an hour. Suddenly Finn popped up for a snap-shot and the

Early view of the gold rush town of Grass Valley, California. Between here and Nevada City, Jack Williams' "ghost" plied his trade and eventually met his fate at the hands of Steve Venard.

Courtesy The Society of California Pioneers



Henry crashed again. The erstwhile highwayman fell to the ground with his cocked pistol still in his hand and a bullet hole one inch below his right eye.

RUNNING QUICKLY to where the two outlaws lay, Venard secured their pistols and satisfied himself that both men were dead. The stolen bags of gold lay nearby and Steve pulled the sacks to one side and quickly covered them with brush. He knew there was probably at least one other bandit in the vicinity and he expected to be fired on at any moment.

Venard decided he had better get to high ground for a better view of the area, so he sprinted across the stream and up the side of the canyon. George Moore popped up out of the brush some sixty yards ahead and began running up the incline. Again the deadly Henry rifle sprang to its owner's shoulder and again the echoed explosion reverberated off the narrow canyon walls. Moore stumbled and fell with a bullet through his arm, but he continued his flight on his hands and knees. There was a cocked pistol in the outlaw's hand and as he frantically scrambled up the hill he glanced back at his pursuer. Moore's last sight on earth was Venard and his deadly rifle, for a moment later the outlaw tumbled down the hill dead.

Four bullets and three dead highwaymen was good shooting, but Venard probably didn't think of this at the time. He stared down at Moore and noted that he wore one shoe and one boot, the result of a broken ankle incurred in a mining mishap. After making sure that Moore was dead, Steve began the trek back to where he was supposed to have met Lee.

As Venard stepped out on the road, he noticed a large group of men milling about. Lee hadn't arrived yet and Steve walked up to the group and asked them what they were doing.

"Why, man, ain't you heard?" responded one of the men. "Wells Fargo has offered $3,000 reward for the stage robbers, dead or alive."

"Well," Venard replied, "you had better go on home. They are all dead."

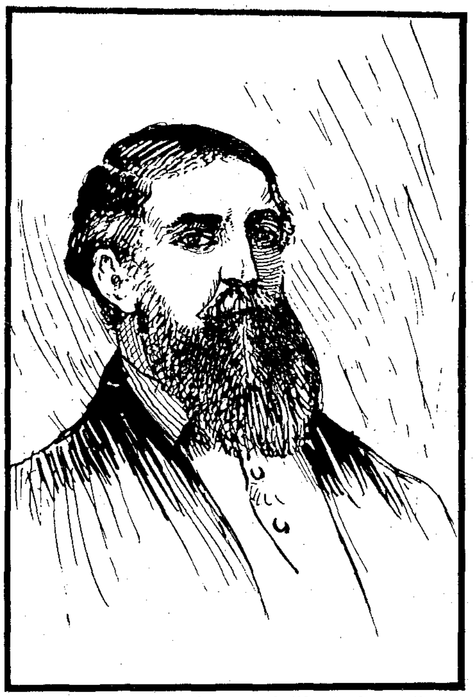
The excited men were pressing the deputy for details when Sheriff Gentry rode up with his posse. He asked Steve why he wasn't off chasing the bandits.

"I got them, sheriff, all of them," Venard said quietly.

"What! Where are they?"

"Scattered about on the other side of the big slab."

Venard led the incredulous sheriff and the excited group of men back up the remote canyon to the site of his battle with the stage robbers. The sacks of gold were quickly examined and discovered to be $20 short. When the body of Jack Williams was searched, a twenty-dollar gold piece was found among his effects and this was added to the Wells Fargo money to make up the deficit. Various stolen items were found on the bodies, and the two daguerreotypes were taken from the coat of Moore. Two of the dead bandits still had cocked pistols in their hands when they were found.



Courtesy California State Library

Steve Venard. Singlehanded, he tracked down and killed three stage robbers, returning the stolen gold on the same day the holdup occurred. This print showing how Venard looked at about the time of his great adventure is taken from the *Grizzly Bear* of November 1907.

BY TWO O'CLOCK that afternoon, the stolen money was in the hands of the Wells Fargo agent in Nevada City. A coroner's jury was quickly assembled and, headed by Coroner Stiles, made the trip to the battleground. After examining the scene, they returned to town with the bodies, and Venard was exonerated of any blame in the affair.

The brave deputy was, of course, the hero of the hour and he received well earned plaudits from every direction. The Nevada City *Transcript* for May 16. 1866, echoed the sentiments of the whole state: "It cannot be denied that this feat of Steve Venard's is a splendid one, and never excelled in the state. It displays a coolness, courage and skill of a most extraordinary character. It must live as an event in the history of our county, and the criminal history of the country. A safe is robbed at half-past four in the morning by three robbers of $8,000. One man follows the daring villains to their den, kills them all at four shots, and restores the money to the owners at two o'clock of the same day. If this act is not worthy of reward we know of no act that is. We hope, in addition to the reward offered by Wells Fargo & Co., that the Board of Supervisors will vote a handsome sum. It is but just that those who peril life for the good of society should receive the reward of their merit."

Another newspaper noted, "A few such lessons as Venard has given will put an end to that sort of amusement in California. Venard has done more good than all the criminal trials which have taken place in that section of the country for years."

Judge Niles Searls was quoted as saying, "I think we had better turn over all the criminal cases in this county to Stephen Venard hereafter. It will be the speediest way out of the trouble, as well as the most economical. He arrested those men, tried them and executed them, all within five minutes after he first got a sight at them!"

Sheriff Gentry's posse unanimously agreed that all of the $3,000 reward should go to Venard, although technically they could have divided it equally.

A fine gold watch had been taken from the body of Williams and returned to its former owner. Sam Henry was so pleased to get his property back that he insisted on Venard's accepting a $50 gold piece. Other honors were to follow.

For "meritorious services in the field" Governor Frederick F. Low commissioned Venard as aide-de-camp on the staff of the Commander in Chief, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the National Guard of California.

Early in June, Wells Fargo again stepped forward to show its appreciation. Venard was presented with a new Henry rifle, beautifully mounted in silver and gold. On the stock was a plaque showing an engraved scene of the battle. The inscription read, "Presented by Wells Fargo & Co. to Stephen Venard for his gallant conduct May 16th, 1866." Unfortunately, the date was wrong.

The rest of Venard's life was an anticlimax to that exciting day of the shootout, but his subsequent career was far from colorless. He accepted a position with Wells Fargo and for many years acted in the capacity of guard and special officer. During the building of the transcontinental railroad, he guarded the pay cars and later saw extended service as a detective. Venard played an important part in the capture of the John Houx gang of murderers and stage robbers in 1871. He was noted as a fearless and temperate man, but he never married and his last years seem to have been unhappy ones.

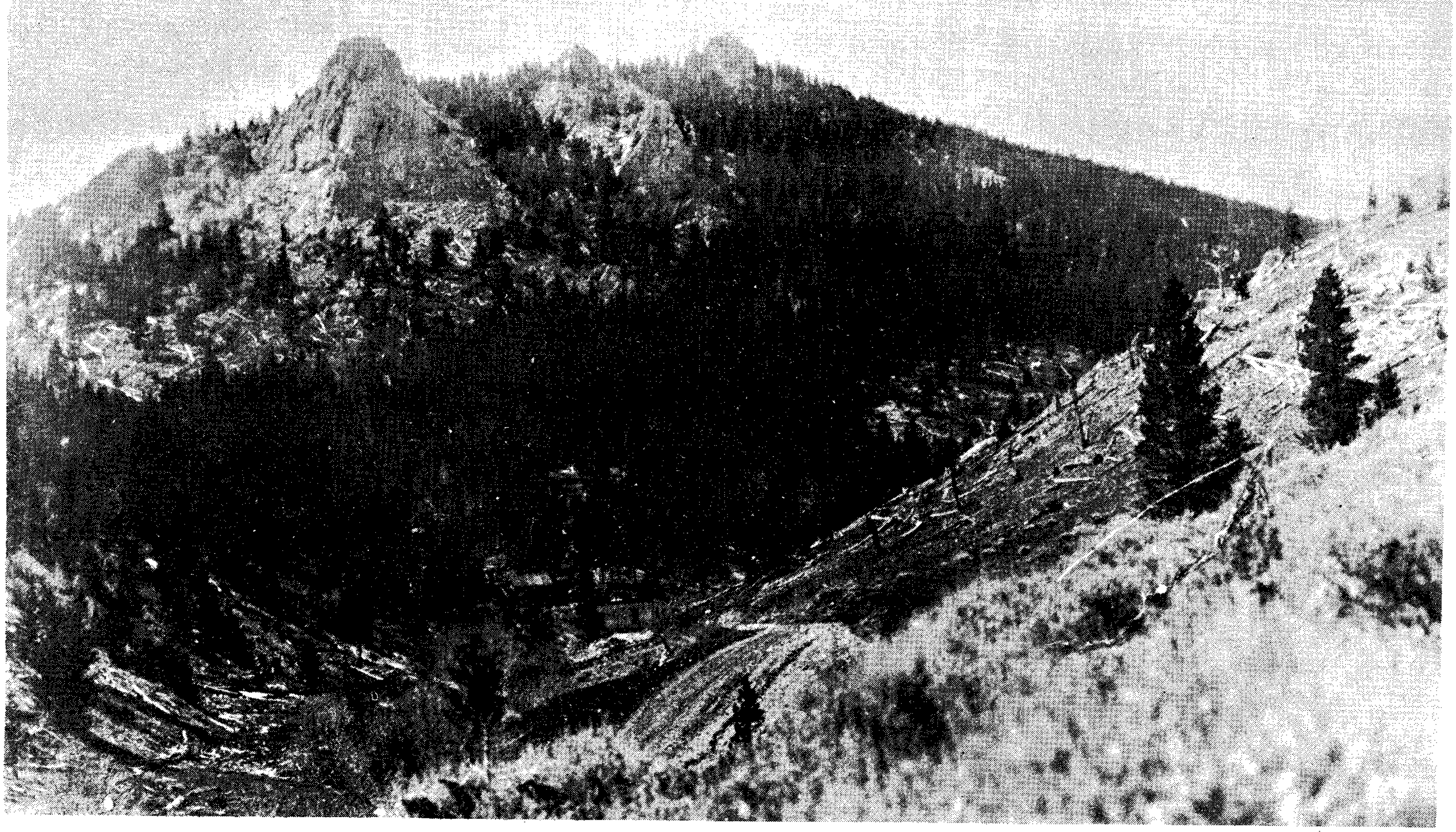
Stephen Venard died on May 20, 1891, of complications engendered by a kidney ailment. The Grass Valley *Weekly Telegraph* wrote the final sad chapter to a colorful life.

STEPHEN VENARD
The Famous Old Pioneer Dies Penniless at the County Hospital

> Wednesday night another venerable pioneer gave up the cares of this world. Stephen Venard died at the County hospital. He was born in Ohio, was aged 67 years and never married. The deceased died in very poor circumstances, but friends, remembering his kindly acts in life, solicited subscriptions amounting to $70 and today he was given a respectable burial in Nevada City, with services at the Congregational Church. . . ."

Fearless officers were legion during the stirring days of the Old West, but the almost legendary exploit of Steve Venard will stand as a classic example of frontier marksmanship and swift justice.

HOME of the JAW BONE



Montana Historical Society, Helena

Castle Rocks above Castle, Montana. The mining town was named for this mountain.

THREE SMELTERS were built in Castle, Montana between 1889 and 1891. One hundred-pound bars of gold and silver bullion were hauled by slow moving ox teams and six and eight mule and horse teams. The trek was all downgrade, requiring considerable skill and perseverance by drivers and beasts. In 1890 the Cumberland Mine produced 500,000 pounds of argentiferous lead and more than 20,000 ounces of silver. In 1891 it was acclaimed the largest single producer of lead ore in Montana.

The one thing that Castle desperately needed was a railroad to move its ore faster and cheaper. From the very beginning its people had fought for one, but sad to say when it did arrive it was too late to save the town.

Richard Austin Harlow, mining promoter and well known businessman, was responsible for starting action on a proposed railroad. In the summer of 1890 Harlow contacted a friend, J. P. Whitney of New Jersey, who he knew had some money he wanted to invest. Although Whitney bought in Harlow's project, the amount of money he was willing to advance was too small to be of much importance although it did get things started.

Then came the panic of 1893. Men were laid off by the dozens. Harlow, unable to raise money among friends, made a tour of Helena's saloons. He promised any laborer who was willing to work on the railroad grade between Helena and Canyon Ferry, board, room, work clothes, shoes and tobacco, plus extra wages payable in warrants. These were to be redeemable as soon as the grade was completed.

There were enough volunteers to build the grade, but by the time it reached Canyon Ferry, Harlow was broke. He made a hurried trip east to raise additional funds, but no one seemed interested enough in a small railroad in Montana to invest his money, so work was delayed until May, 1895.

As one worker described the project, "It was a nightmare from the very first. Everything seemed to be against us."

The right of way as planned ran from Lombard on the Missouri River to a point near Lennep and up Allabaugh Creek to Castle—a distance of sixty miserable miles. First, it was almost impossible to get supplies up Sixteen-mile Creek. With a wagon and team a man had to travel sixty miles before he could get from the lower end of a box canyon to the upper, even though it was but half-a-mile in distance.

The railroad was called the "Jaw Bone," complimenting Harlow's talent for using persuasive phrases rather than funds to draw up a deal involving a rather large sum of money. He was quick to explain, however, that of the $2,950,000 invested in the railroad only 3½% of the capital was covered by notes by various contractors.

A FOUR-HORSE TEAM with a load of oats set out for a camp near the little town of Toston. It was caught in a snowstorm and the driver was forced to feed all of his supplies to the horses. Small ranch owners were hostile to the idea of men crossing their properties and often ran the workers off with shotguns. Ranchers hesitated to sell food or other supplies to the workers on credit as they were afraid they could never collect.

During construction of the railroad the price of silver and lead steadily declined. It was ironical that the mines for which the railroad was built were the first to let it down. By the time the line finally reached Summit in late summer of 1897, with a branch to Leadboro completed in early fall, lead and silver prices were at the lowest point in years—but no lower than the stockholders' spirits.

The day before Thanksgiving the last construction train left Leadboro for Lombard loaded with passengers and was caught in a blinding snowstorm at Dorsey, where it was grounded for seventy-two hours without fuel or supplies.

In March of 1898, an early thaw flooded Sixteen-mile Creek and washed out

RAILROAD

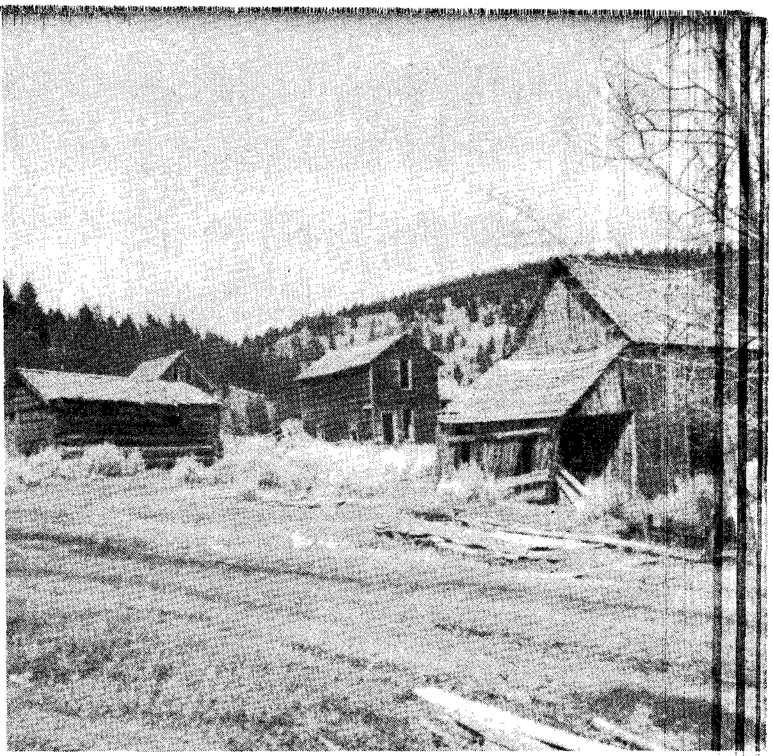
Like many another mining camp, Castle, Montana was born with a silver spoon in its mouth and a hole in its pocket

the roadbed so that it had to be completely rebuilt. By the time the repairs had been made and the trains were running again, traffic began to decrease. The only solution to this problem was to build a twenty-four mile extension to Martinsdale and another to Harlowtown, both of which were constructed with the assistance of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The last lap brought the railroad to Levistown and according to Harlow, "justified the expense." It was completed in 1903.

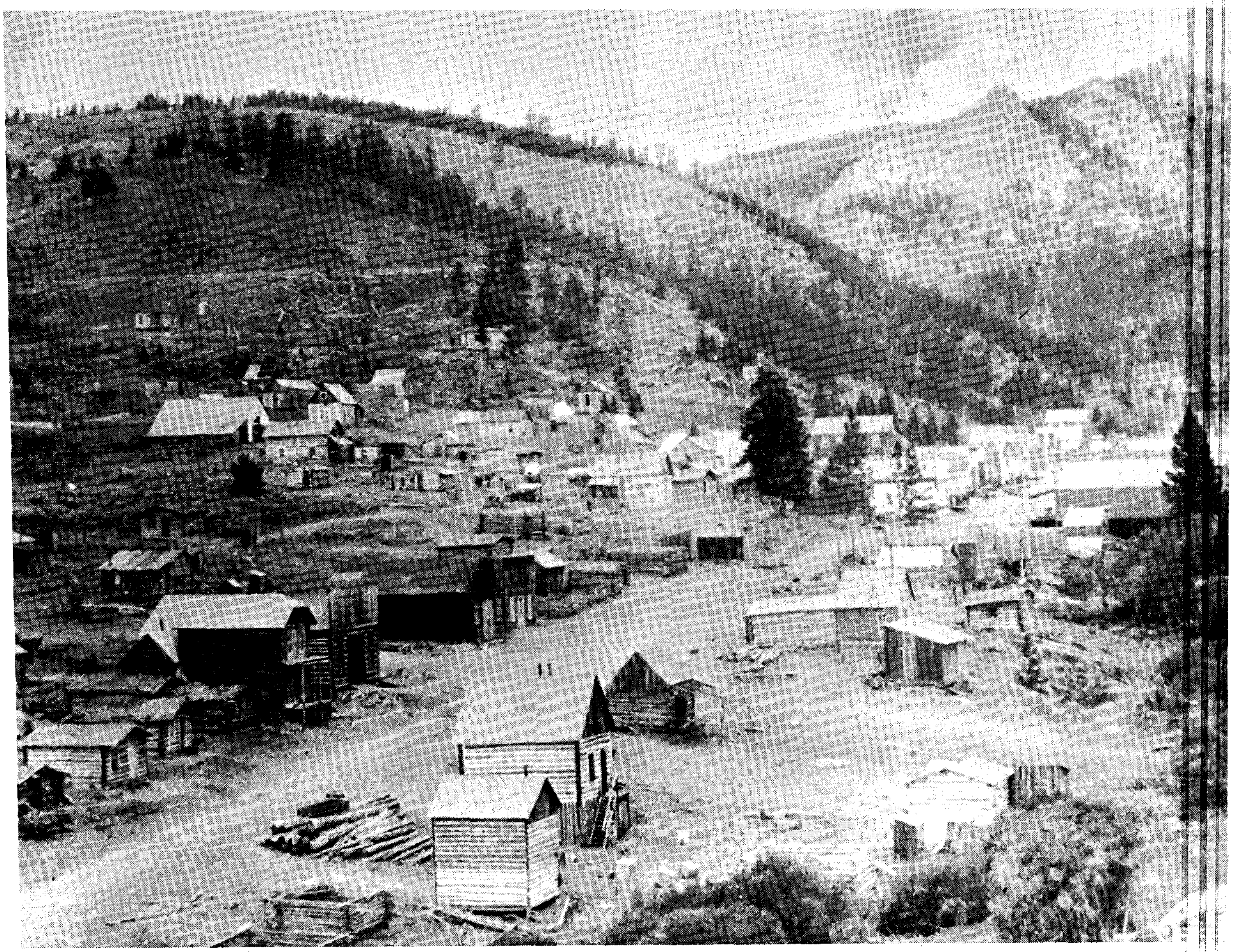
The Northern Pacific issued a new folder and to put the new train table in it, it was necessary to learn the names of towns on the line and their distances

By JEAN
MICHAEL
MOORE

Photos Courtesy Author



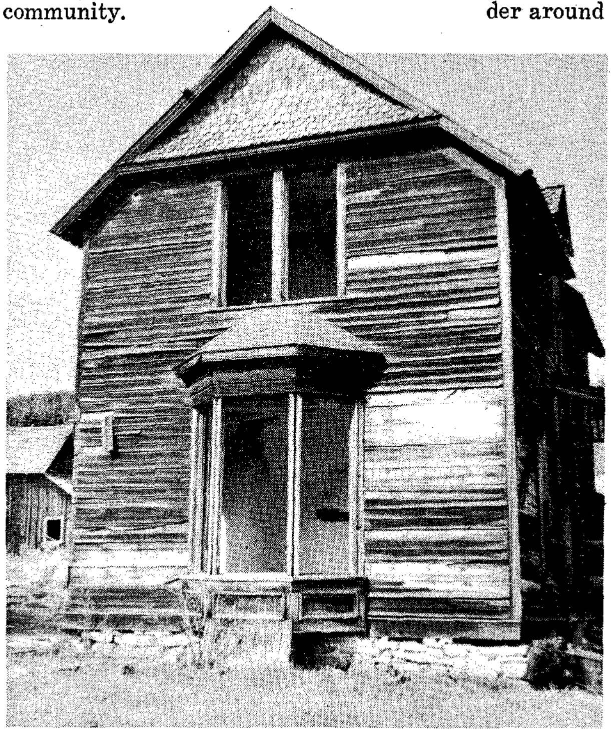
Castle, Montana today, looking west. Below, the town one *year after it was "christened" in April, 1887.*



from Lombard. Said Harlow, "As there were no towns on the line I simply invented some, a number of which are on the map today. The name Fanalulu on a marker just below the town of Ringling was derived from the names of two ladies who were visiting at my home named Fan and Lulu."

Now that the long-awaited railroad was at last finished, Castle residents waited patiently for the temporary recession to end. It didn't. The Jaw Bone was sold to the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad and under its new ownership it was torn up, but the company retained the route through Sixteen-mile Canyon to Lombard.

Finally the residents of Castle were forced to accept the bitter truth, that the fate that had come to so many mining towns had now come to their own community.



At left, bay window exemplifies one of the town's more imposing residential structures. Below left, rock walls which were once a trade center of old Castle—the general store. Interior of old building shows tattered remains of wallpaper and dingy wainscoting.

CASTLE was born later than many of her sister camps and today is considered one of Montana's most interesting ghost towns. It may be reached by leaving the highway at a small community called Lennep and continuing for about eight miles (some of them not recommended for nervous persons). The most popular route seems to be by taking off from Highway No. 89 about fifteen miles south of White Sulphur Springs and getting onto an equally unpredictable mountain road which after about an hour of careful driving will bring the traveler to the scattered buildings of Castle.

A few early-day miners were known to have prospected the Castle Mountain area, but they were searching for gold and were not much interested in silver.

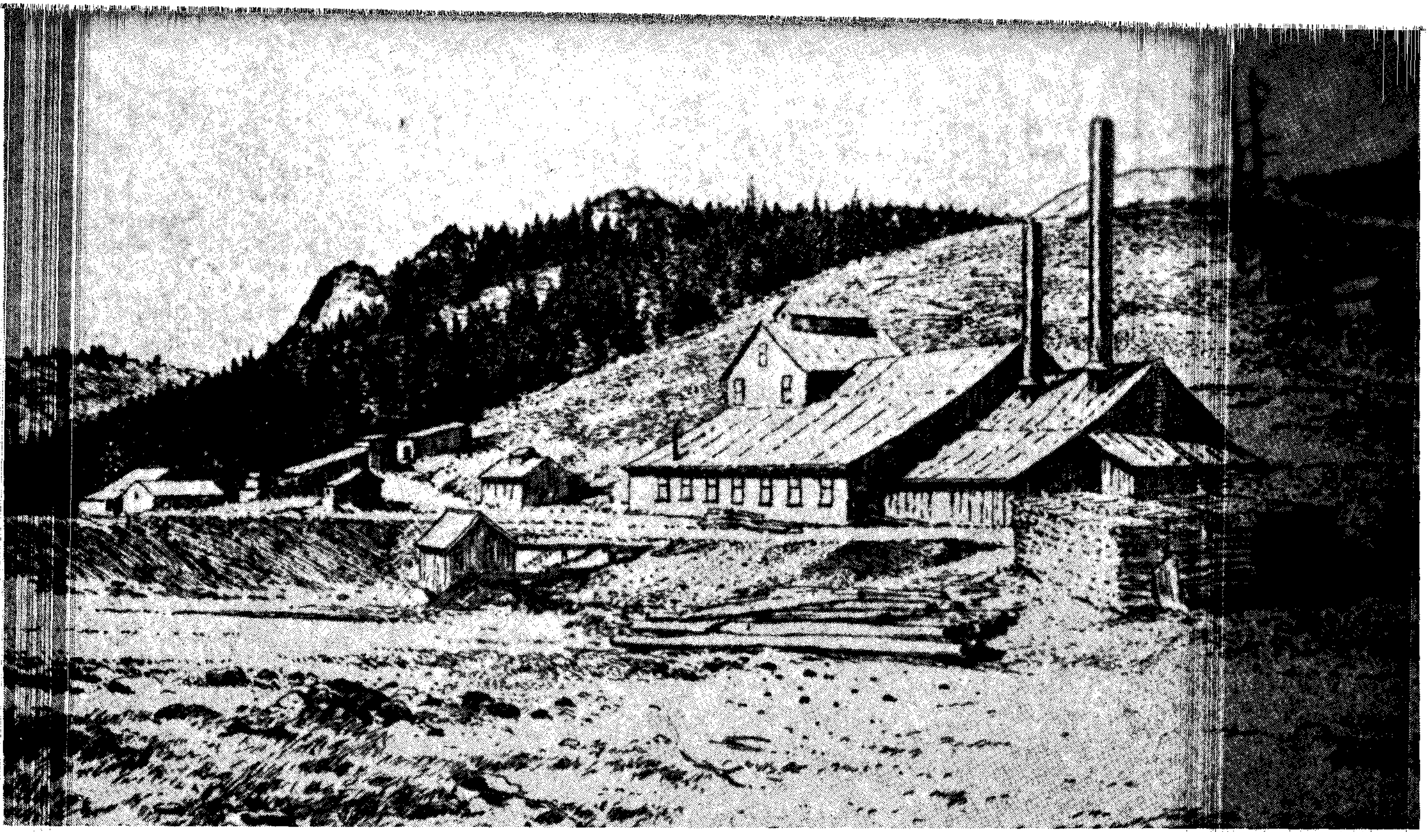
A White Sulphur Springs postmaster who was at heart a miner liked to wander around the mountains looking for ore in his spare time and in 1882 discovered some outcroppings. In 1884 he made his first real strike. Some say his original discovery was the Blue Bell near Robinson; others, the Princess, close to what was later to become the site of the mining town of Castle, named for the turreted rock on top of the mountain sheltering it.

Lafe Hensley, a veteran miner as well as an assayer, while hunting in the Musselshell River valley about fifty miles below Castle Mountain, stumbled over a piece of carbonate iron float. He forgot that he was hunting wild game and began hunting for the lead from which his sample had come. He worked gradually up the Musselshell and its tributaries. For two years he prospected optimistically and finally in 1885, when he was just about ready to call it quits, he found the outcrop. He staked his claim, which he named the Yellowstone, then left to find a job in order to acquire enough money to work it. It was some months before he was able to return to his claim and he brought with him his three brothers. The four men worked the claim until the spring of 1887, when they decided to bond it to the Messrs. Hauser. Crounce and Associates for $75,000. The Yellowstone soon proved itself by ranking third in the Castle district.

The Morning Star, Lamar, Chollar and Belle of the Castle were opened by the Hensleys in 1885, who bonded them to Messrs. Kindred and Associates for $40,000. The American, the California, Golden Gem, the Great Western and the Iron Chief were also opened by the Hensleys.

Lafe and Ike Hensley also discovered the Cumberland about three quarters of a mile above Castle. The brothers worked on the property through the winter of 1886, then bonded it to Thomas Ash of Billings and J. R. King of Helena for $50,000. The Cumberland, before its final shutdown in 1894, produced approximately $1,000,000 of ore.

In 1887 Lewis, Chapin and George K. Robertson discovered lead and silver float



Castle's Cumberland Mine in the 1880s.

near Yellowstone Ridge. Samples were sent to the assay office at Wickes. When the assayers, Riley Lewis and C. F. Chapin, finished their report on the rich samples, they took off for a look at the new prospect themselves.

Also in 1886 Lewis, Chapin, and George H. Higgins located the Great Eastern and bonded it in the following year to Woolsten and Hamilton of Helena for $60,000. This property, too, was on the Yellowstone Ridge. The Great Eastern became the second biggest producer in Castle. In 1888 the Castle Mountain Mining and Smelting Company was organized at Helena to operate the mine with a capital stock of $1,000,000. Later the Castle Mining Company also acquired the Great Western properties, the American Potasi and Chollar. The mining boom was now on and many prospectors who had unsuccessfully searched for nature's treasures in other Montana gold camps placed their last hopes on the Castle Mountain district.

The Hidden Treasure was discovered in 1887 by Dunn and Donovan, who bonded it to Hauser and company for $40,000. Between 1886 and 1890, 1,500 mining claims were discovered.

THE TOWN of Castle was actually christened in April 1887 and by Christmas was able to place its population at 202 residents. Its first buildings were built of logs and followed the course of Allabaugh Creek, named for Sam Allabaugh, a stage driver and part-time miner. It was no easy task to drive over the rough wagon road through the narrow gulch that led to the mines. Deep winter snow and late spring cloudbursts contributed to the miseries of the stage driver who, with no thought of overtime pay or bonus, knew his job was to get the stage through despite any problems he was likely to encounter.

Castle was expected to become a permanent and prosperous town. Old-time miners when reminiscing about the good old days in the Castle Mountain area like to tell about two men from Townsend, James Keen and John Reynolds, who drove out to Castle Mountain to look things over just before the big rush. Reynolds drove his location stakes into the ground and said, "I'm going to own a town lot in this place." Two years later, the story goes, when he was making a town survey he came across his markers in the middle of what was marked as Main Street, but to his disgust he discovered that his claim had been jumped. However, another version claims that he sold his lot to Ash and King for $25.00, who in return sold it a short time later for $5,000.

Castle, unable to grow in a northerly direction because of the high mountains, was forced to expand south of the gulch where the land was open enough for buildings.

Eighty acres of land was plotted by the Castle Land Company for a townsite. Within sixty days, according to land records, $100,000 worth of lots were sold. Water from Allabaugh Creek was used by the residents.

The first business, a general store, was operated by Dr. J. P. Rhoads and the Hensley brothers. By 1891, the year it was incorporated, Castle had two hotels, fourteen saloons, nine stores, a bank, two barber shops, two butcher shops, a bakery, two livery barns, a church, a fine $5,000 schoolhouse, a justice of the peace, a photo gallery, a dance-hall, jail, two boarding houses (one of which was operated by Calamity Jane, whose small daughter attended school in Castle), two lodge halls, a dressmaking shop, and four newspapers, the *Reporter*, the *News*, the *Tribune* and the *Whole Truth*.

Milk was delivered by More Brothers dairy. Goat's milk could be purchased from Hill's ranch, the dinner station between Castle and White Sulphur Springs. Three four-horse stage lines had daily runs between Castle and Martinsdale, White Sulphur Springs, Townsend and Livingston. Continual deliveries with freight and bull teams jamming Castle's streets was far worse than modern-day truck deliveries could ever be. Each delivery was given but a certain amount of time in order to keep the business section of town from becoming hopelessly congested.

Castle's residential district was not just an ordinary log cabin and tar paper shack area so characteristic of many mining camps. As the majority of Castle's residents sincerely believed Castle was to become a Montana metropolis those who could afford to built two- and three-storied frame structures on strong foundations of native rock. Porticos and bay windows lavishly decorated in the gingerbread style of the 1880s were very popular. Sturdy fences surrounded well kept yards and summer flowers. Interiors did justice to the exteriors of the buildings with wainscoted rooms and walls decorated with gold, red, and green embossed wallpapers.

Prominent lodges in Castle were Loyal Lodge, Knights of Pythias, I.O.O.F., Carbonate Lodge and A.O.U.W. The W.C.T.U. was also active in this mining town and even had a regular newspaper column edited by the Local Union: "For God and Home and Native Land."

LOT JUMPING became a popular pastime in Castle; in fact, it reached the point where a vigilante committee made up of some of the town's most respected citizens had to take action against

(Continued on page 48)

FIRST JUDGE in

Explanatory note: The following sketch was first published in 1927. Judge Emanuel Dubbs, past eighty years old but still quite active, was then residing in Indiana.

MY WIFE AND I and our three children began our home on Sweetwater Creek in Texas about nine miles from where Fort Elliott was then located. We were also near a small hunting supply town on the edge of the reservation named Sweetwater, which was afterwards called Mobeetie. I had discovered this location when I was buffalo hunting. It was on the north side of Sweetwater Creek and was rimmed in by sand hills. It consisted of about 1,000 acres of very beautiful sub-irrigated valley land, with a small spring stream meandering through it which emptied into Sweetwater Creek.

I built our first house, myself, out of limestone rock which I found on the east border of the valley. The house was very primitive with a dirt floor and a dirt roof. This was the only residence in the area besides those in Mobeetie and Fort Elliot.

I think that it was in the fall of 1878 when the few settlers applied by petition to the Clay County Court in Henrietta. Judge Plemons presided at the organization. One hundred and fifty legal voters were required. At this time the Panhandle consisted of twenty-seven counties. Greer County, which is now in Oklahoma, was then part of the Panhandle. Our petition was granted by the Clay County Court and an election of county officers and the locating of a county seat was ordered. It was then that my troubles began.

Up to this time, every man that I had been associated with was a law unto himself, and of course I was anxious to live in a more civilized way. I had never dreamed that I would be called upon to serve as one of the new officers who were being elected. My whole heart and soul had been put into the building of our home.

One morning I was greatly surprised when an old buffalo hunter by the name of Wilson Harrah came to our home and addressed me as "Judge." When I expressed my surprise he told me that the night before at a meeting of the citizens of Mobeetie, in the saloon, which was the largest building in the settlement, I had been nominated for county judge. I had no opponent and of course I voted for myself, so I was elected—the first county judge of the Panhandle. I served in that position for ten years—until we moved to Clarendon, Donley County.

I had never studied law and I had no law books to study. Our books had to come to us from Austin, Texas, by freight to Dodge City, Kansas, and from there to Mobeetie by oxen or mule. It was about this time that I found out that we had to have regular terms of court as the law directed.

BEFORE TAKING UP my first court experience, I will have to go back to the close of the Civil War. I believe that if Lincoln had lived, the wrongs that were for years perpetrated against the South would not have happened.

But the Government turned loose what were known as "Carpet-baggers" in the South—the worst element of broken-down politicians and gamblers possible. They worked on the ignorance of the freed slaves and put themselves in the different state offices, persecuting the people who had taken up arms in behalf of what they believed to be their rights. This was done under the name of "Reconstruction." I will not write any more about this, but it had direct bearing on the first establishment of law and order in the Panhandle of Texas.

The county judge in Texas is also presiding officer of the Commissioners Court. I called the court together, and we ordered law books and such records as the State furnishes, but we were long in receiving them. In fact, we did not even have the Statutes of the State of Texas to go by.

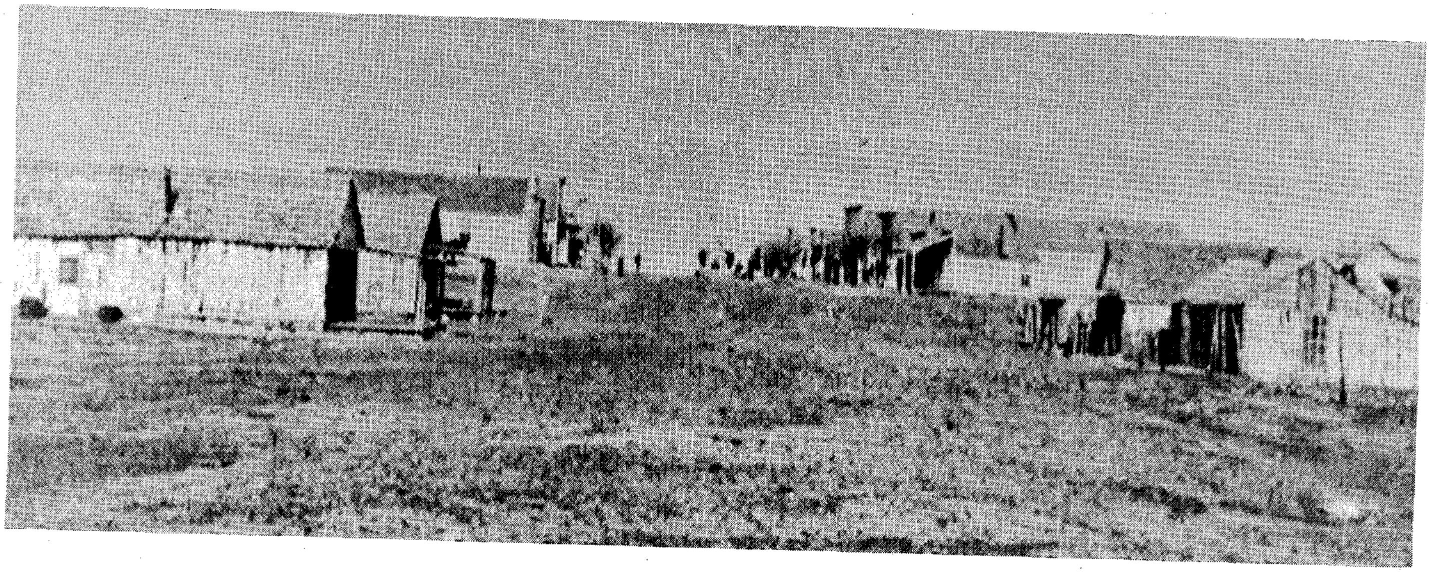
One day a man came to Mobeetie, the county seat, who introduced himself as Walter Johnson, a deputy U. S. marshal. He had six men with him. All of them were fully armed with both guns and six-shooters. Johnson had two guns in his belt, one on each side of the hip and one under each arm; in fact he was a walking arsenal. He told us that he came up there under the orders of the District Marshal at Dallas, Texas, to enforce the United States revenue laws.

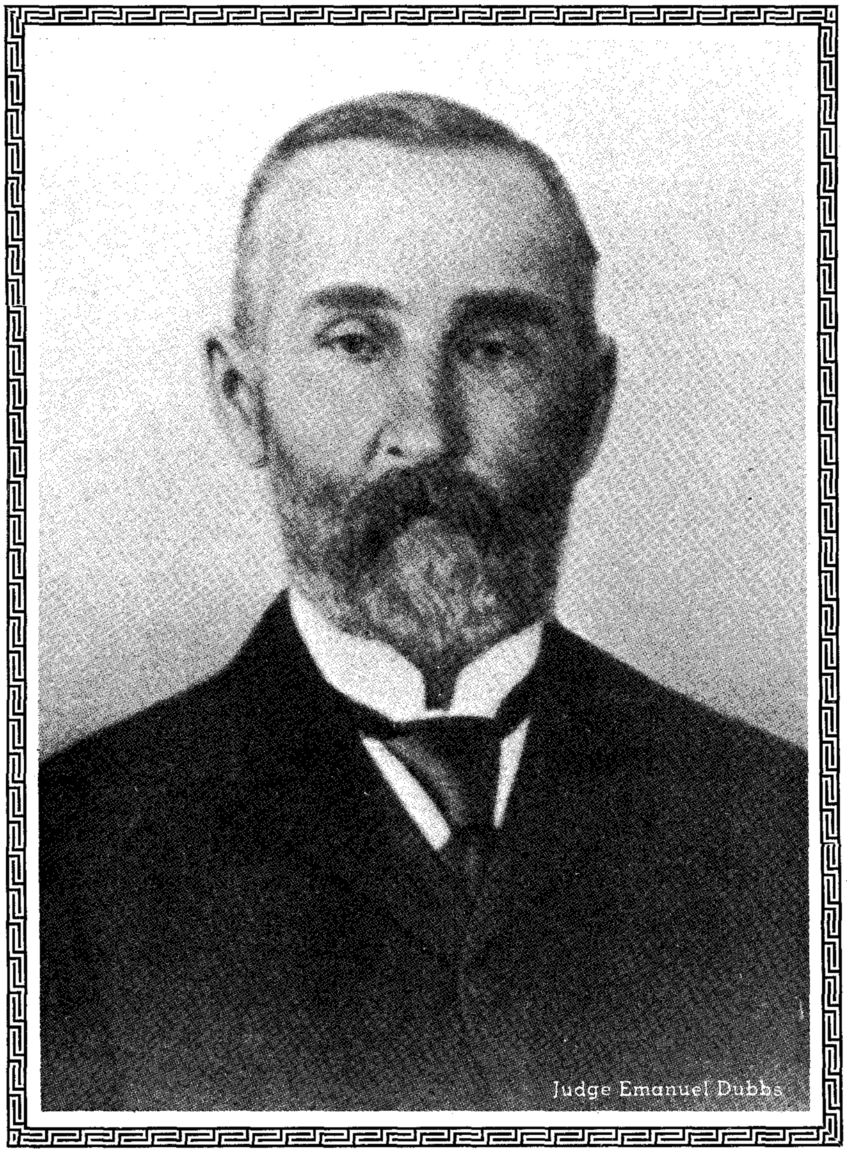
I do not believe any of our people were much frightened, because most of us were used to guns, and we knew that none of us had violated the law, except perhaps in the technical sense. For instance, if a man was found who had bought a Government blanket or who had bought tobacco by the case and who had given any of the tobacco to anyone working for him and who did not have a license to sell tobacco, he was arrested.

In a short time Mr. Johnson had arrested thirty-five men in and around Mobeetie, and included in this list were all the county officers who had been elected except myself and two of the county commissioners. This, however, left me a quorum and I appointed officers in the places of those arrested. We later found that this high-handed proceeding was instigated by a wealthy cattleman who did not want to have to pay the extra tax that the new county organization would make necessary. His object was to break up the organization.

After the marshal had made the above arrests and had placed my men under guard in the military post at Fort Elliot,

Street scene in Mobeetie, Texas.





Judge Emanuel Dubbs

the PANHANDLE

By EMANUEL DUBBS as told to NINA KOUNTZ

Photos Courtesy Texas State Library Archives

SPECIAL!
FROM OUR OLD
1927
Frontier Times

they went up to Oldham County, to a supply town called Tascosa, and arrested about the same number there as they had at Mobeetie.

Among the Tascosa prisoners was a man by the name of Edwards, a merchant. Late one evening after the marshal had made camp on Sweetwater Cheek, Edwards sent a messenger to me asking that I come to see him as he had important communications to give me. I went at once.

"Judge," he said, "I have found out that we are all illegally arrested. We are arrested by a warrant signed by the Commissioner of Dallas, Texas, in blank. When the marshal wishes to make an arrest he fills out the warrant to suit himself." Of course, I had no way of telling whether it was legal or not but there was never a man more ready to act than I was.

"Well, Mr. Edwards, what shall I do about it?" I asked.

"Why," he replied, "issue a writ of habeas corpus and have the marshal brought before you and then investigate the charges."

I acted upon his suggestion at once, placing the writ in the hands of the sheriff. I armed myself and accompanied the posse to help in the enforcing of my order.

The marshal did not think it healthy to resist. He and all his prisoners were brought before me. This was the first court proceedings in the Panhandle of Texas. The result of this trial was to find that none of the arrests was legal. After sharply reprimanding the marshal, I turned all the prisoners loose, telling them that they were as free as the good Panhandle air that they breathed.

The Tascosa prisoners went to Sweetwater with the intention of starting for their homes the next day, and we supposed that the marshal would do the same thing. The people thought that this was a good time to celebrate and I was willing to join with them. Our celebration lasted way into the night. I thought that it was too late to ride nine miles home so I got a room in Tom O'Laughlin's hotel and dreamed of future success in my new calling as judge.

My sleep that night was very roughly broken about one o'clock by a man excitedly knocking on my door.

"Judge, Judge! Wake up!" he called. It was a man named Rhinehart, who had been among the Tascosa prisoners.

Before I go into this, I am compelled to make a digression. At this time there was one company of Negroes stationed at Fort Elliot under the command of Captain Flipper, the first West Point graduate of that race. It seems that the marshals told him of their troubles and, with Flipper, interviewed the commanding officer. The result was that the marshals were furnished with ten six-mule teams. All the Tascosa prisoners had been rearrested, loaded in the wagons, and were being rushed down the Sweetwater Creek toward Indian Territory, and that was under Government jurisdiction.

The marshals, however, had trouble crossing the creek at one very bad crossing about five miles out, and bogged down. It was while they were trying to get the wagon out of the mud that Mr. Rhinehart slipped out of the rear-end of the wagon and came back for me.

In less than an hour after he waked me, we had gathered about fifteen men, mounted and well-armed, and started out to arrest the marshals and release the prisoners. Of course, I went along with the outfit and was considerably troubled about it in my mind.

We came in sight of them just about daylight. They had not yet reached the Territory line; that is, we had not seen any line big enough to stop us. It was evident at first glance that they had seen us coming and were being guarded

(Continued on page 73)

Lest Ed Cross and the part he played be forgotten entirely, here is his description of the strike that made history . . .

Shorty Harris and the

IF ANYONE besides Death Valley Scotty knew the heart and soul of that blistering region and its surrounding country it was the beloved prospector, Shorty Harris, known throughout the desert as the "short man." Shorty traveled far and wide with his jacks, and found gold—lots of it. Shorty Harris a long time ago said, "All my traveling in this country was done on the hurricane deck of a jackass and, believe me, that's the way all the big strikes have been made. A jack can go almost anywhere that a mountain sheep can and carry all that a man needs for several weeks."

It was on August 9, 1904 that Shorty Harris and Ed Cross made the first location in the Bullfrog district near the northern end of Death Valley. Its discovery gave birth to Rhyolite. People came in stagecoaches, on foot, in wagons, and some came pushing their meager belongings in wheelbarrows. Bob Eichbaum, a young engineer from Pennsylvania, and Bill Ball put in the first light and power plant. Years later Eichbaum built the toll road in Death Valley and Stove Pipe Wells Hotel.

Most people think of Shorty Harris as the discoverer of the famous Bullfrog Mine, which is only partly true. In 1946 Ed Cross told a reporter what actually happened.

"One morning while digging and sampling, I picked up a specimen about the size of a hen's egg. It gave me a little shiver of excitement, and I could tell by the feel of it that it ran heavy with gold. It lay on the surface; in fact, the glistening of it in the sunlight was what drew my attention to it.

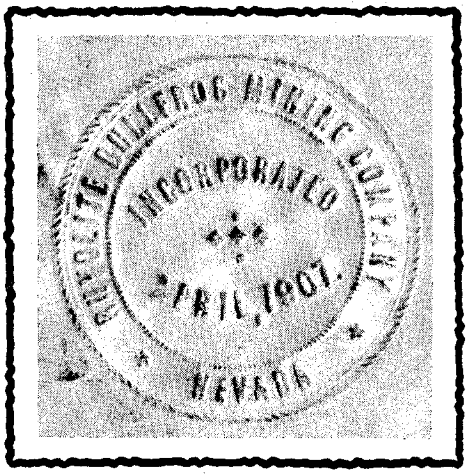
"When I was sure my first impression was correct, I called Shorty Harris. With a skeptical smile Shorty looked at it, hefted it, then began the usual tests. I saw his cheeks change color. There was excitement in his eyes, and his fingers trembled. Suddenly he let out a warwhoop, jumped, and shouted, 'Hell-fire, Eddie, we've struck the richest jack-pot this side of the Klondike! Let's get busy as pack-rats and stake our claim'." Ed Cross said they named the new strike the Bullfrog because of the specimen's size and greenish color.

IN 1958 I called upon Ed Cross at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. D. Miller in Hemet, California. Unfortunately, Ed was too ill to speak. But he did manage a smile that I'll never forget. His daughter gave me permission to copy these historic letters which Ed Cross wrote to his beloved wife in Lone Pine, California, while he was following the rainbow over the golden trail to fame and fortune.

Goldfield Nevada
August 17, 1904

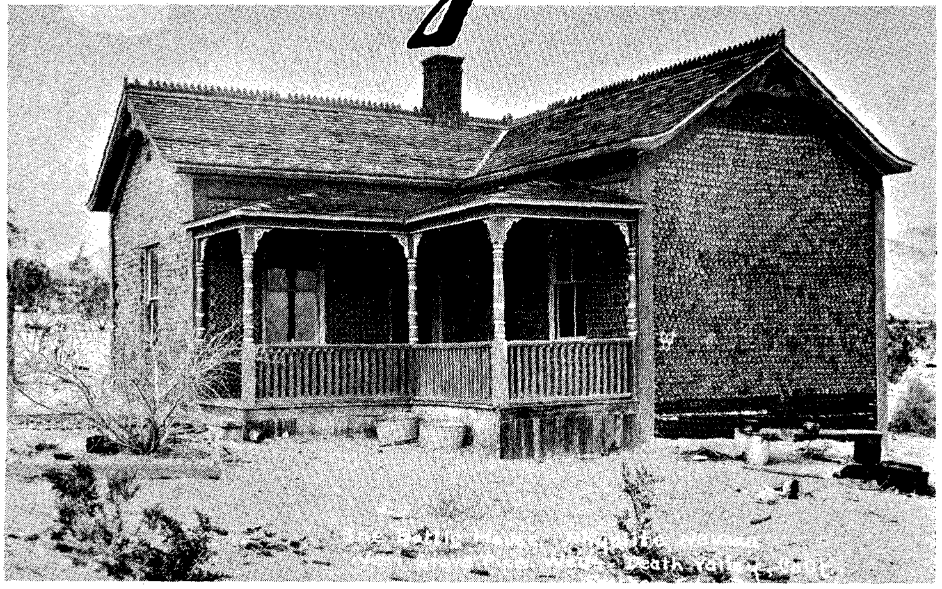
My Dear Wife and Sweetheart

I received your Dear letter and it made me feel awful good to know you were all right. I had made arrangements to get $20 and send you but am glad it is not necessary as I would have had to borrow it from a friend I met here and I hate to borrow. Silver is getting very low with me now but am all right as I can go to work running housing engine if I wanted to at 5.00 per day or could get a job setting up some machinery at the same wages. But I don't want it and I had a chance to go to work in an essay office for 4.50 per day too, but I don't want any of it at all. You know I wrote I had located a claim. I called it the Bull Frog mine, and after I wrote you we went back and done more prospecting and found it looked quite well and horned fine but never had any idea what a good Bull Frog it was until we came up here and essayed it and found how rich it was. We expected 200 per ton and it ran 665. I was very excited and when I saw the button come out I was so glad . . . I almost cried. Now Tilly don't get excited but we will make some money out of it sure perhaps not right away but I hope very soon. I showed the essay to a few friends of mine and mine buyers were after me at once. There is hundreds of mine buyers here from all over the world for this is today the greatest mining camp on earth thousand of dollars are coming out every day lots of rock ⅓ and even ¾ gold is taken out every one is wild and excited. They are buying claims and paying thousands for them that haven't an ounce of ore on them. The country is located and staked for 15 square miles. There is 4 towns each as big as Independence in 3 miles square estimated about 5 or 6 thousand people here. So you can imagine there is more people to buy mines than there is mines. So I expect to do some biz pretty quick.



Impression of the seal of the Bullfrog Mine, found by the author in an antique shop several years ago.

Photo Courtesy Frasher


The Bottle House, Rhyolite, Nevada
near Stove Pipe Wells, Death Valley, Calif.

The famous Bottle House, Rhyolite, Nevada near Stove Pipe Wells, Death Valley, California. It is presently operated as a museum by Tommy Thompson and his wife. The discovery of the Bullfrog gave birth to Rhyolite, now a ghost town.

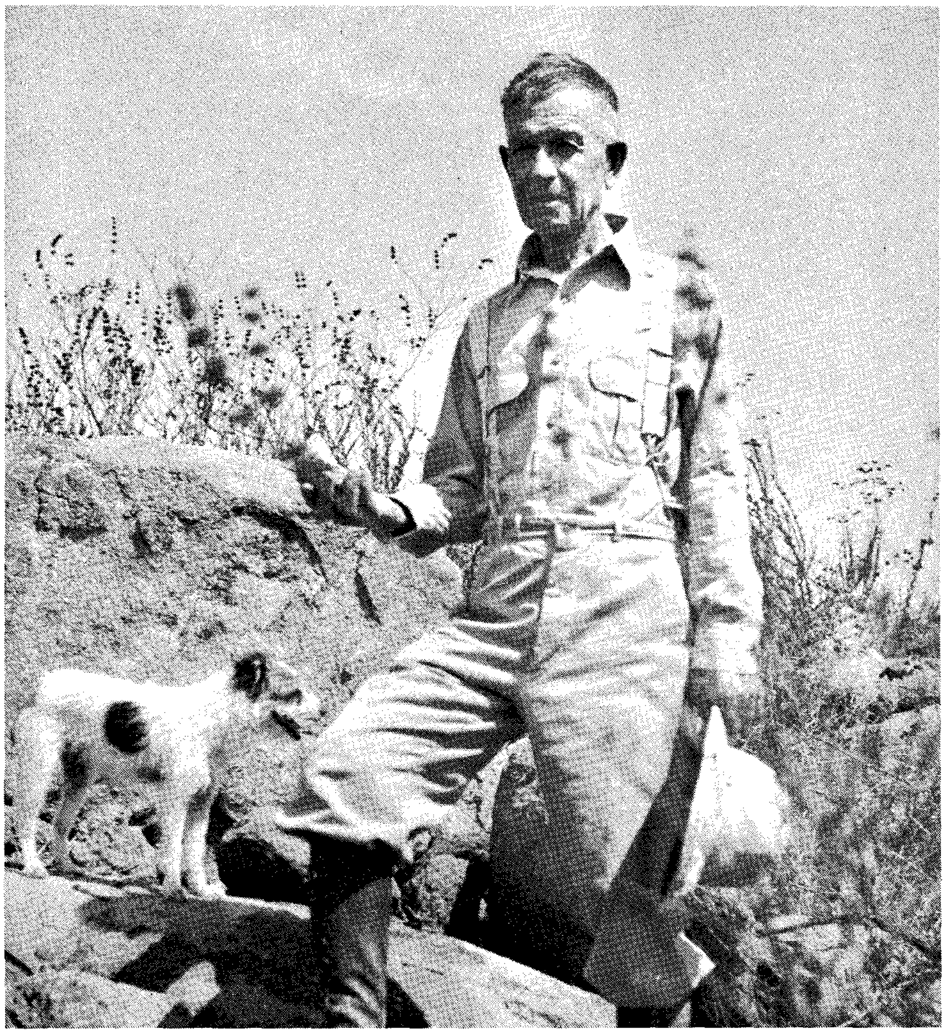


Photo Courtesy Mrs. W. D. Miller

Ed Cross in his later years. He said, "With title to the mining claim recorded, Shorty Harris fell an easy prey to a bunch of tinhorn gamblers. When the poker game was over those gamblers had Shorty's half interest in the Bullfrog and he had a mule and $500."

BULLFROG

By TOM G. MURRAY

Photos Courtesy Author

The Bull Frog is about sixty miles from here where the climate is about like Stone Cabin on L P Creek. And good water one mile above the mine that we have located too and plenty of good timber 8 or 9 miles. We can drive a wagon any where around the mines a good wood road runs past about ¼ mile from the mine. . .

I didn't like to prospect whare I was so I went along with Shorty Harris Pearl knows him. She and I went up with a wagon when he was camped at the place where I dug the hole between our house and where the road forks Shorty was turning a flap jack and he amused Pearl very much. Well we prospected together and found the Bull Frog. I had intended to write you a lot more but find I will run short of time. As I have to meet some parties and talk over some business connected with the Bull Frog M. Co. in a short time. I think we will surely make something for I found an old copper penny with a hole in it on the B-Frog and it will bring us luck. The R. R. is washed out between Tonapah and Sodaville no mail for two days . . . I was a tough looker when I struck town hadn't shaved since L. P. I borrowed black hat with a high crown, a pair of worn out bob nail shoes, overalls a little dirty. The only redeeming feature was a clean shirt.

Tom Kean, Fletcher and McManus sold out ¾ of their mine for $75,000 a few days ago. We were in several water spouts and lots of rain all over the country never saw so much water in my life. Well Sweetheart I must quit for the present but there is lots of queer things we saw and heard on our trip. So I will write again in a few days. Address Esmerelda Co. instead of Nye. With a kiss and best love to you and all the folks I remain yours E. L. Cross.

IN THIS second letter written three days later it seems odd that Cross, while on the brink of being a very wealthy man, asks his wife to ship him grapes and apples to sell.

Goldfield, Nevada
Aug. 20

Dear wife and Sweetheart:

I received your letters this morning and see you haven't received my letter of the first day I got here the 16th I think. I also got the whole bunch from Ballarat. There was a lot of them bless your heart, also several others which I have got to answer. So I can't write you much this time, but have sent you the Goldfield News. I wrote you all about the Bull Frog Mine so won't say much about it except I expect a party to go down tomorrow to see it but don't expect to do business with them. I had a deal on we were to bond for one year for 10,000 get 1,000 cash down and we retain 1/10 interest and be manager at 150 per month, but Shorty got drunk and couldn't come up . . . on time but we will make some kind of a deal soon.

My health is very good and am feeling all right now since I got a few beefsteaks down my neck and got the wrinkles out of my belly. We came past a ranch about 7 miles from our mine and we got a lot of carrots and nearly lived on a carrot diet for about a week. The ranch was Davis where Harvey took the rhubarb, it is growing fine. Mrs. Davis is an awful good woman. Just think she has been right there 5 years and she told me the first two years she never saw a white woman and has only seen 3 since. She has two boys 10 and 19 and a nice little girl 11 and a baby 5 months old. She doesn't care for herself but wants to come over into the valley somewhere so the youngsters can go to school. She has been out alone so long that she has forgotten about civilizatioin poor woman. Mr. Davis seems an awful nice man too is a hard rustler but has had bad luck. They make everyone welcome that comes along and are just as nice as can be but as poor as church mice. If you see Albert Sienz tell him he can get on here all right $4.00 and eight hours, be sure and tell him. The stage is about ready for the mail so good bye with lots of love and a few kisses and hugs. Good bye Sweetheart E.L.C.

Love to all

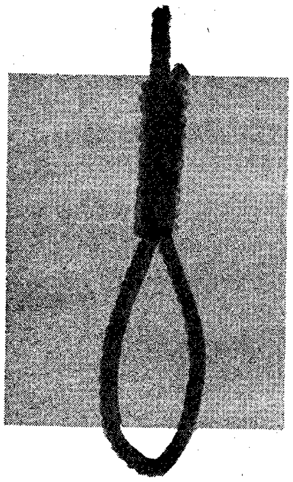
Have you got any grapes to ship I can sell all you have. Also apples by the ton write all about it.

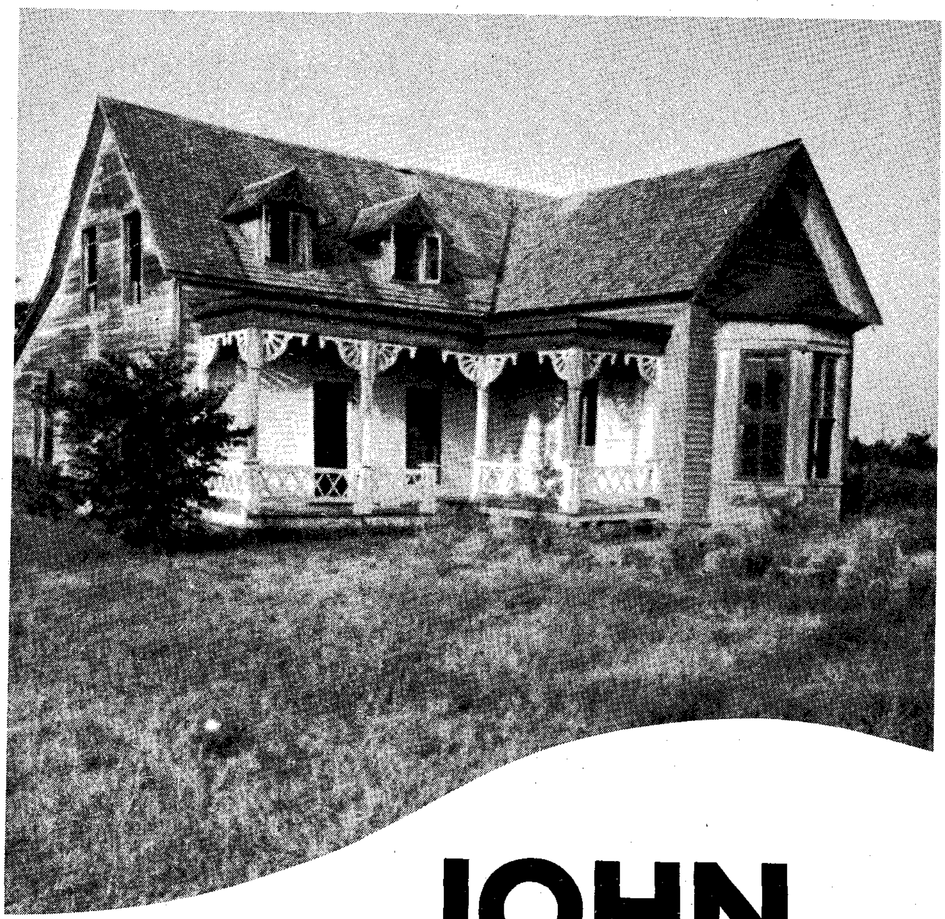
Nye Co. Nevada
Amvium-the new
townsite in Bull-
frog Mining
District
August 31, 1904

My Dearest wife

Note the heading the rush has begun about 20 people are in camp since day before yesterday. We all had a meeting last night and organized Bull Frog Mining District in honor of the Bull Frog Mine which is setting everyone crazy. There will be at least 50 more people here by tomorrow night and likely several hundred in 3 or 5 days. Some parties from Tonopah have staked a townsite

(Continued on page 71)





At right, the historic Chief Journeycake home near Nowata, Oklahoma, where old man Wedding always stopped on his trips to sell to the Journeycake household.

JOHN "PANTHER"

The nickname was appropriate. He killed quickly and instinctively—it saved argument!

By OLEVIA E. MYERS

Photos Courtesy Author

Author's note: Many times before the fireplace in a log cabin in Indian Territory, the story of John Childers has been told to me by my grandfather, Billie Carter. He homesteaded the land as a virgin forest, where the city of Siloam Springs, Arkansas now stands.

Both my grandfather and my Uncle Jeff Carter, a riding U. S. Marshal under Judge Parker, were eye-witnesses to the hanging of Childers and both remembered almost word for word the lengthy speech he made just before he was hurled into eternity—the first man to die on the infamous gallows.

JOHN CHILDERS, JR., acknowledged as one of the worst half-breeds the Indian Territory ever knew, was born May 3, 1848, on Cowskin Creek, Cherokee Nation. His father was John Childers, a white man who had married a beautiful Cherokee girl. Her family to this day are respected people in the Cherokee country and John Childers was a well-liked and law-abiding man.

John, Jr., handsome and dark, with his Indian blood clearly showing, stood almost six feet tall and weighed 170 pounds. Somewhere along the way as he grew to manhood he picked up the nickname of "Panther" which fitted him to perfection—inside and out.

During his boyhood in the hills and valleys of the incomparably beautiful Cherokee Nation he, even as a youngster, began to gather about him a crew of "hard-cases," as the lawless ones were termed, and by the time he was twenty, John was a confirmed outlaw.

Those who rode with John Childers soon had the name of being bad men to cross. They robbed and pillaged and murdered not only in the Cherokee Nation but also in the adjoining Creek Nation. John had been picked up several times by the U. S. marshals, but always someone stood ready to testify that he had been far away from the scene of whatever crime he had been suspected of committing.

When John was twenty-four, he was ranging far from home. It was near the Kansas border, but still in Cherokee Nation, that on a bright blue autumn day he was to commit the crime for which he paid on the old Fort Smith gallows.

Rayburn Wedding was a harmless old peddler who was known throughout the Cherokee Nation for his absolute honesty and fair dealing with both Indians and whites. On this flawless morning when Indian Summer was at its peak of beauty, Old Wedding, as he was called, drove his delapidated wagon across the waist-high prairie grass near what later was to become "Childers Crossing." The peddler was not a rich man, but one of his horses was an outstanding black whose glossy coat shone in the bright sunlight like the glisten of a crow's wing.

Old Wedding was heading for Coffeyville, Kansas for another supply of goods which he would take into the Territory and trade to the Indians and squawmen for hides, furs, or whatever they had to offer.

SOME DISTANCE away from the crossing on Caney River, he heard the gentle swish, swish, of a horse cutting through the prairie grass, and turning about in the wagon seat he watched the approach of a lone rider. Soon the horseman pulled abreast of the wagon and the tall, handsome young man spoke pleasantly enough to Old Wedding.

"Shore a fine horse you got there, Mister. Reckon you wouldn't trade him?"

"Nope," replied the peddler, "I like him fine. Guess I've had fifty chances to trade or sell him, but I think I'll just keep him."

The rider was John Childers, and he had already made up his mind to have that black horse. He talked and joked along for some time with the old man, then made an excuse and fell behind the wagon for a few yards. Following the wagon and planning how to take possession of the horse, as he was later to confess, Childers decided the best way was to "just kill him and be done with it."

Again he overtook the wagon and asked if he might climb up and ride a way as he was tired of the saddle. "Sure. Sure. Climb right up. Gets a mite lonesome out here on the prairie all by yourself," the old man said as he moved over on the spring seat.

Childers sprang nimbly into the wagon, leading his horse along beside him. They were nearing the ford now and the timber and underbrush thickened, but still Childers saw no place which suited his terrible purpose.

At last they dipped sharply down the steep bank of the Caney and the old man pulled the horses to a halt in midstream to let them drink. Here was the place! Childers pulled a long knife from his pocket, and as the old man bent forward watching the horses dip their noses into the water, Childers, quick as the panther who supplied his nickname, reached forward. He grasped the old man by the hair, pulled his head far back—and a razor sharp knife circled the peddler's throat from ear to ear. Without a sound, the old man pitched forward as soon as Childers released him, and hung there across the front end-gate of the wagon, his life's blood mingling with the murky waters of Caney River.

Childers grasped the old man by the back of the shirt and heaved him over the side of the wagon. He sat watching as the slow moving current carried the body around a bend a short distance away. Then the murderer gathered up the reins and clucking merrily to the team, finished crossing the river and gained the prairie beyond.

Here Childers got out of the wagon, quickly unhitched the magnificent black from the wagon, put his own saddle on him and rode away. He didn't bother to unhitch the other horse from the wagon, nor was he concerned with his own horse, even though he knew that the trail was little used and that it might be days before anyone found the poor animals, one hitched to the wagon, the other tied to the wagonside.

CHILDERS rode on into Coffeyville, Kansas, and hanging out there for a few days, committed several acts of small account but which, nevertheless, put Kansas lawmen on his trail. They tracked him back to the Creek Nation and there with the aid of the Deputy Marshal, Vannoy, managed to take the wanted man into custody.

The Kansas lawmen started back on the long ride to Coffeyville with their prisoner handcuffed and tied to his saddle. It was a good two days' ride and, getting a late start, they camped the first night near Catoosa, known to be one of the toughest towns in the whole Indian Territory.

Childers that night was secured with leg-irons as well as handcuffs. One of the lawmen sat up, keeping watch, for fear some of the outlaw band with which Childers had associated so long might attempt the rescue of their leader.

All went well, and bright and early the Kansans and their prisoner were on their way again. Riding hard, they approached Caney River not too far from where Wedding had been murdered.

This night they made camp near Lenapah, only about fifteen miles from Coffeyville. Here the lawmen felt that they could rest without fear of an attempted rescue of the prisoner. They put the leg-irons on and the handcuffs, and after tying Childers to a tree, lay down and soon fell asleep.

No one knows how the escape took place, but the fact remains that upon awakening, the lawmen found their prisoner gone. Childers was free again and headed back to his old haunts in the Creek and the Cherokee domains.

Wedding's murder had occurred in the autumn of 1870, and in February of 1871 Childers was once again arrested by Deputy Vannoy and returned to Kansas. He was kept there a week and then charged with the peddler's murder. Transferred to Van Buren, Arkansas, Childers was examined by United States Commissioner J. A. Churchill, and held to await action of the next grand jury.

No court was in session and it was not until the following December that Judge Caldwell, then acting Federal Judge, adjourned the Van Buren court. In May, 1872 the court was reconvened at Fort Smith, with William Story as acting Judge.

Along with six other men imprisoned at the old Van Buren jail, Childers managed to escape, and once again this callous killer was loosed upon society.

FOR ALMOST a year no clue to his whereabouts could be learned. The gang had sworn long before to protect each other against all comers, and though the marshals worked long and hard they could not get a speck of information on Childers. So rough and so sparsely settled was the country that it was almost an impossibility to find a wanted man if he reached the fastnesses of the Ozark Hills or Boston Mountains.

A "rooming house" was operated near the crossing of the Arkansas River at Fort Smith, and the news got to the U. S. marshal that Childers was sweet on a girl who "worked" there. Well knowing the weakness for money which possessed the great majority of these

CHILDERS

At left, old half-dugout (gone now), where Wedding camped. It is said he took the big, black horse inside to prevent him from being stolen.

girls, Deputy Vannoy approached her and offered $10.00 if she would let him know when Childers could be expected. She readily agreed and, within a few days, sent word to Vannoy that Childers was to be at her place that night. She would leave a door unlocked, but she warned that Childers was highly dangerous and had said repeatedly that he would never be taken alive.

Marshal Vannoy and Deputy Marshal Joe Peevy kept the rendezvous, and saw the stealthy approach of the outlaw. They watched the woman let him inside, then the officers took their place by a window near the unlocked door.

Childers reached first for a bottle of whiskey the woman had on the table, and after drinking lustily took the woman in his arms. With his head half hidden in her hair, the thought of capture the farthest thing from his mind, the murderer's instinct for danger had ceased to function.

The marshals gently opened the door and before Childers was aware anyone was in the room, he felt the bore of a gun in his back and was quickly handcuffed. He was taken to the old log jail which had served as a military prison for the first garrison of soldiers at Belle Point. It was on a bluff overlooking the junction of the Poteau and the Arkansas Rivers only a short distance from where the old courthouse and jail made famous by Judge Parker still stand.

Here Childers found a jail from which he could not escape, and about the middle of May, 1871, during the first term of Federal Court ever to be held in Fort Smith, the grand jury returned eleven true bills of indictment and named sixteen persons with various crimes. The last man on the list was "John Childers —Murder."

He was arraigned but pleaded not guilty, and was released on a bond of $1,500. The case finally came up for trial the following November. The trial lasted twelve days as there was such a great number of witnesses. For instance, it was proved on the witness stand that Childers had agreed to sell the black horse at least twenty-five times, and then had backed out each time.

Col. B. T. DuVal, counsel for the defendant, took almost three hours for his closing argument. But in spite of his impassioned pleas for mercy, the jury, after being out a very short time, returned a verdict of guilty.

This case was unique in some ways. As an example, the prisoner was tried in three different courtrooms, and confined in three different jails.

CHILDERS languished in Judge Parker's dungeon jail for months after the trial, always laughing at the idea that he would pay on the gallows. He firmly believed that his gang from the Cherokee Nation would contrive a rescue. After the outlaw's death, Grandfather was told by a prisoner who was next to Childers that even on the morning of the execution, he laughed and said confidently, "The boys will think up something. They'll never let the s—o—b hang me." According to the story of this prisoner, Childers winked at him when they were leading him from the jail and said merrily, "Watch out for the fireworks, boys." He was still convinced that his followers would take him away from the law.

August 15, 1873 dawned clear and flawless. Some few days before, the gallows which was eventually to feel the weight of eighty-eight human beings, was finished and had been carefully tested with heavy blocks of wood to be sure everything was in order.

The hanging was set for 1:30 p.m., and long before the appointed hour a crowd of around 2,500 was gathered to witness the awesome sight of a man being dropped to a terrible death.

People from all over the "Nations" and Arkansas, too, were gathered there —they perched on the old garrison wall; they climbed the trees which shaded the courtyard; some even clung to housetops. They gathered so close about the gallows that officers were forced to move them back with threats of fine or imprisonment. There were old grey-haired men who, one would have thought, had seen enough of violence; there were young women with babies in their arms; and boys—from toddlers to lanky backwoodsmen. My Uncle Jeff, who later was to serve under Judge Parker, was one of these tall lanky boys.

At exactly one o'clock, the prisoner emerged from the dark jail, blinking in the bright sunlight, flanked by six deputy marshals, and led by the jailer, Burns. Slowly the procession marched toward the bright newness of the scaffold which still smelled of the freshly cut oak timber from which it had been fashioned. Grandfather later said that he never smelled newly cut oak again without the scene of the hanging coming back to him.

Another thing which gave this hanging a touch of uniqueness was the fact that as the march began from the courthouse to the gallows, a small dark cloud was seen in the southwest. This cloud seemed to hover over the Poteau River for a few moments before spreading rapidly over the waiting crowd. As the condemned man reached the scaffold steps, a few drops of rain fell. Grandfather wondered if the very heavens were weeping at the thing to be done here.

Childers still firmly believed, or seemed to believe, that he would not die by hanging. He had been given a cigar as he left the jail, and he smoked with seeming pleasure as he ascended the steps to the scaffold floor. The cloud hovered overhead; the rain ceased; and all nature seemed still—not a leaf stirred on the trees. The woman who had betrayed Childers for $10 in gold, perched in the front row of spectators and cooled herself with a small fan. This was the only movement.

When Childers had taken his place on the trap door, he was asked if he had anything to say, and he replied, "Yes." He then talked for a quarter of an hour.

"I killed Old Man Wedding. Yes. But I should not be hanged for it, because it was not at the place or time the laws claim it was. I also killed a man because he was from the State of Kansas. That's where Marshal Vannoy came from and I killed him because they came from the same state. My so-called friends, of whom I see several in this crowd right now, swore lies when they swore I was sixty miles away from where Old Wedding was killed. When they swore that at my first trial I thought they were my friends and would help me as we are all sworn to do. Now I see that I have no friends.

"The only regret I have is that I must leave my sister, and I have a request also; that request is, I do not want my body to be given for dissection. I want it given to my sister and I want her to take me back to Cherokee Nation." Again he looked calmly out over the crowd and coldly remarked, "I see at least a dozen of my so-called friends here to see me die, but I don't see one trying to help me."

The marshal stepped forward. "Childers," he said, "If you will point them out to me, I give you my word that I will not hang you now."

The crowd waited; men shifted uneasily; those who knew they were not involved cast glances over the great crowd to look for fear in the faces of the guilty ones. All waited expectantly for Childers to save himself from the gallows, never doubting that he would name his partners in crime who had failed him.

Childers took one last long draw from his cigar, tossed it disdainfully to the foot of the gallows and asked, "Didn't you say you were going to hang me?"

"Yes," the marshal answered.

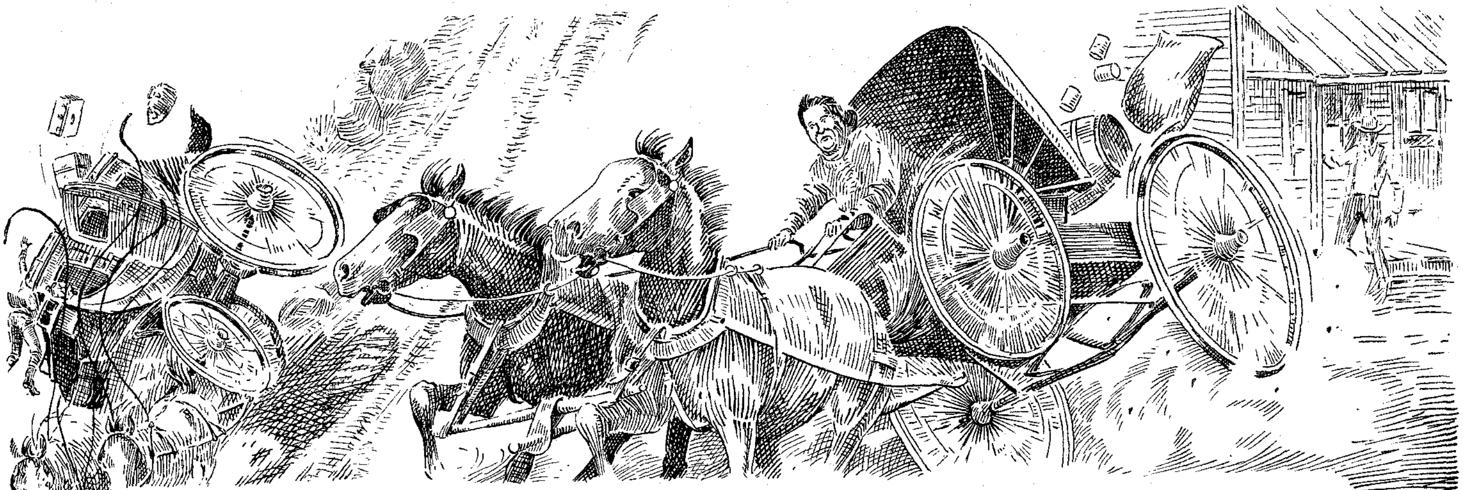
"Then why in the hell don't you get on with it?"

Rev. Herold, the chaplain, made a fervent prayer for the condemned man, stating that Childers was not all bad, for even as he stood ready to face eternity, he had his own code of honor which would not let him betray former allies.

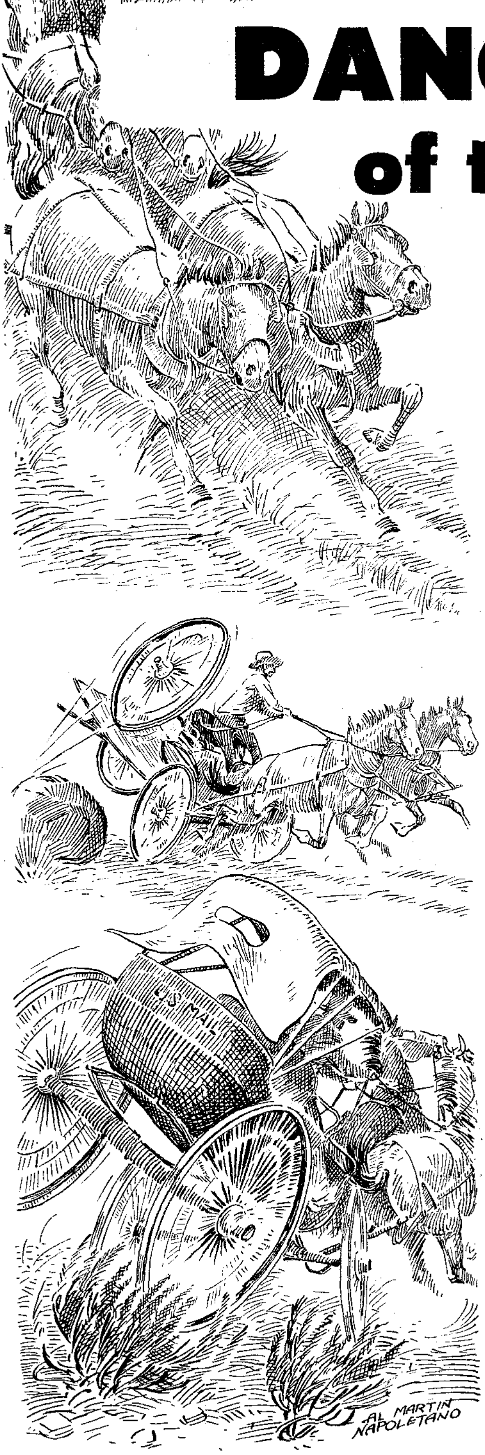
Jailer Burns read the death sentence and Childers kept a remarkable control. Grandfather said he looked over the crowd indifferently, showing no emotion at all.

At exactly 2 o'clock, Marshal Messler pulled the lever and Childers plunged toward the ground. Once again the almost supernatural occurred. As the trap was sprung, a great clap of thunder came, a clap of thunder so loud that it deadened the noise from the cumbersome death machine. At that same instant, great tongues of lightning shot through the scaffold—small blue flames danced on the nail heads and on the iron hook from which the scaffold rope worked. John Childers hung limp and quivering at the end of that rope, and as he made one last convulsive movement and became a lifeless thing, the sun burst through and a gentle breeze played among the green leaves. The cloud suddenly had vanished.

After the crowd had gone, Grandfather, with several others, stood looking at the scaffold. Just at Grandfather's feet, he spied a small fan—the one with which the harlot had fanned herself— and on its edge was a small brown spot, as though it had been scorched.



DANGEROUS DAYS of the HORSE and BUGGY



By DOROTHY G. MILEK

Illustrated by Al M. Napoletano

Like yesterday, like today. Regardless of time or place, some vehicles—and the majority of drivers—are "unsafe at any speed"!

FROM RESEARCH in turn-of-the-century newspapers, old-timers' stories, and memories of my days on the ranch, it seems that the horse, that great old pal of the range, left more widows, caused more injuries, and tore up more equipment than all the Indians on the North American Continent.

Mr. Ford cannot be held responsible for the introduction of traffic accidents into this country, for ever since man hitched a horse to wheels, he's been creating calamity on the roads. Even the types of drivers have remained the same down through the ages. They range from the overly-cautious, who used to spook themselves and their horses so badly that a wreck was inevitable, to the hellbent for election kind whose "rig could beat anything on wheels."

But what was the situation with just the ordinary horse and buggy driver? His chances weren't much better.

While driving through Thermopolis, Wyoming, one windy, spring day in 1901, Leonard Short's team shied at a piece of blowing paper. Then with a wild lunge, they leaped forward and galloped down the street which dead-ended in a wire fence. The horses ran head-on into the fence, entangled themselves in it and suffered frightful lacerations. Short escaped with a torn-up buggy and minor scratches and bruises, but one horse was totally disabled and the other was badly crippled.

This was a typical incident. Spooked teams didn't watch for open gates. They usually tried to plow through the wire or planted their feet within inches of the fence, catapulting their hapless driver out on his head.

There's hardly an old-timer in the West who hasn't been at the reins when a horse took off because of a tumbleweed bouncing across the dusty prairie or a rabbit popping out of a bush at an inopportune moment. Careful, experienced drivers fastened leather blinders to their horses' halters to prevent their spotting such terrifying activity; but to the novice whipcracker there was nothing more unnerving than watching a horse frantically roll back his eyes as he tried to see what was causing a ruckus behind him. It is surprising that a more ingenious rig wasn't invented, one which would shield both the eyes and ears of Dobbin so sights and sounds which would cause him to try and outrun his fears, would be eliminated.

The stagecoach driver usually didn't worry about noises bothering his teams. Stage horses were trained to stand quietly as steam engines puffed their way into stations and passengers and baggage were shuffled around the coach. If the driver made loud noises when he was running late, it only gave the horses an incentive to pick up the miles. The most unusual sounds his team might hear would be the shots of a hold-up man or the whoops of an Indian—both of which were reasonable causes to get out of the country fast. A runaway at such a moment might not be the worst fate stagecoachers had to face.

Other drivers, who were in no rush,

(Continued on page 70)

DODGING A NECKTIE PARTY

By MILT HINKLE

Photos Courtesy Author

"Tin Horn" Hank Keenan going places.

WE HAD JUST gone into winter quarters in Argenta (now North Little Rock, Arkansas). Four of the best boys I ever hired started working for me there. They were Ed Davis, Bill Carr, Buck Lane and Doc-Peg Ford, all just young boys twelve to sixteen years old.

One chilly day around noon, a big rough fellow came inside the stock tent. He must have just hopped off a freight train. He began to tease one of my longhorn steers by hitting him in the face.

"Mister," I said. "you are welcome here, but don't tease the stock." I had been nailing up a board and had a claw hammer in my hand. He ignored me and hit the steer again. I lost my head and let him have it right between the eyes with the side of the hammer. He dropped like an ox.

I thought he was dead so I told Peg Ford to drop the sidewall, and instructed Buck Lane to go outside and keep anyone from coming near the tent. Then I told Ed Davis, Bill Carr and Ford to get shovels and tools and start digging a grave. They did. We rolled him into the hole and just as Ed Davis started to shovel dirt on him Ed got sick and started to vomit. When that stuff hit the fellow's face, he came back to life but fast!

We pulled him out of the hole, saying, "That horse sure kicked you hard!" The blow with the side of my hammer had left an impression just like a horseshoe might have made.

The doctor pulled the broken bones back in place and the fellow got along okay. It was only a week until the show opened so we hired him to help with the canvas, etc. He stayed about three weeks, then left and went to Tyler, Texas, where he raped a small girl. I heard that the people of Tyler hanged him by his neck from a telephone pole. Ed Davis said he wished we had left him in the hole.

WE WERE PLAYING Morehouse, Missouri, a real tough little town. The Moss Carnival had gambling joints on the show. We had just loaded my seats on a wagon and started to the cars when a big fight started at the gambling stands. Someone yelled, "Hey, Rube!" I was always getting in trouble, so I took my boys and ran to help out.

Some guy met me with a flying fist and I went into action, too much action, as one fellow went down with a broken neck. This stopped the fight and the townspeople started shouting, "Lynch him! Hang him!" I ran to the back end of the midway with Ed Davis right behind me. I said, "Ed, I'm going to the car, you come on with the seats, I will be in the car. You load all the seats on me. This way they won't find me and I won't have to kill anyone."

I made it to the cars and they loaded the seats on me, placing the boards and jacks so that I could fix a nest for myself beneath them. Luckily a freight train had just pulled out of town; everyone thought I had caught it and gave up the search.

Tom Moss got the show out of town the next day around noon. The following day we arrived at Poplar Bluff, Missouri. The boys unloaded the car and released me. I had been under those seats in the hot car for over thirty hours. I did not go to the grounds but my wife, Mildred, with Bill Carr and others, ran the show that week while I took a trip to Kansas City to see my mother. Luck was with me for the fellow with the broken neck lived and got all right so there was no murder charge. I was very thankful.

WHILE IN Kansas City, I read *Billboard*, the showman's Bible, and saw that Cleveland, Ohio, was going to celebrate its 121st birthday and wanted a big rodeo. They advertised for all rodeo producers to meet on a certain date in Mayor Fitzgerald's office. I put on my best hat and boots, and took off for Cleveland.

At this meeting I saw California Frank, Idaho Bill Pearson, Tex Austin, Eddie Carruthers of the Barnes-Carruthers Booking Agency of Chicago, and several other big-time bookers. There was a long table in the meeting room, with bookers and promoters seated on both sides. I drew the seat at the end of the table farthest from the mayor, so I was the last person to get to submit my proposition.

Eddie Carruthers made the best talk, telling how well his company was fixed financially. When my turn came, I said, "I don't think there is any use of me making a bid for the rodeo, for after hearing all these booking agents talk, I don't care to abuse your intelligence. However, I will say this: May I ask Mr. Carruthers and all the other bookers here who claim to have money to back up their contract, where would they get the stock to produce the show? And where would they get their know-how? They are all good promoters but they would have to hire my friends at this table or some others like Eddie McCarty or Fog Horn Clancy to produce the rodeo for them, paying them out of what your city pays them, plus the booking fee of ten percent. This would cut into the prize money for the contests.

"Now, Gentlemen, if you wanted your horse shod, you would take him to a horseshoer; if you wanted your hair cut you would go to a barber. Now if you want a rodeo, and a man who has the know-how and the stock, a man who is a cowboy himself, who knows all the contestants and has the money to pay for them, well, I have a friend at this table who I know is like myself, with always a few thousand dollars on his person. He is Idaho Bill Pearson. He also has a string of great outlaw bucking horses. He would no doubt be one of the first ones I would talk to if I got the contract."

One of the smart bookers wanted to show off. He said, "If Idaho Bill has a thousand dollar bill on him let him show it. Mr. Hinkle might change it for him." At this, a big laugh went around the table. Bill pulled out his billfold and produced one ten-thousand dollar bill and about three one-thousand dollar bills.

I took off my cowboy jacket, un-

WAS 90% OF THE FUN!

The incomparable Yakima Canutt.

buttoned my shirt, took off my money belt, and said, "Gentlemen, I am not a four-flusher like that booker is and I can back up my word on anything and thank God I can look in any man's face."

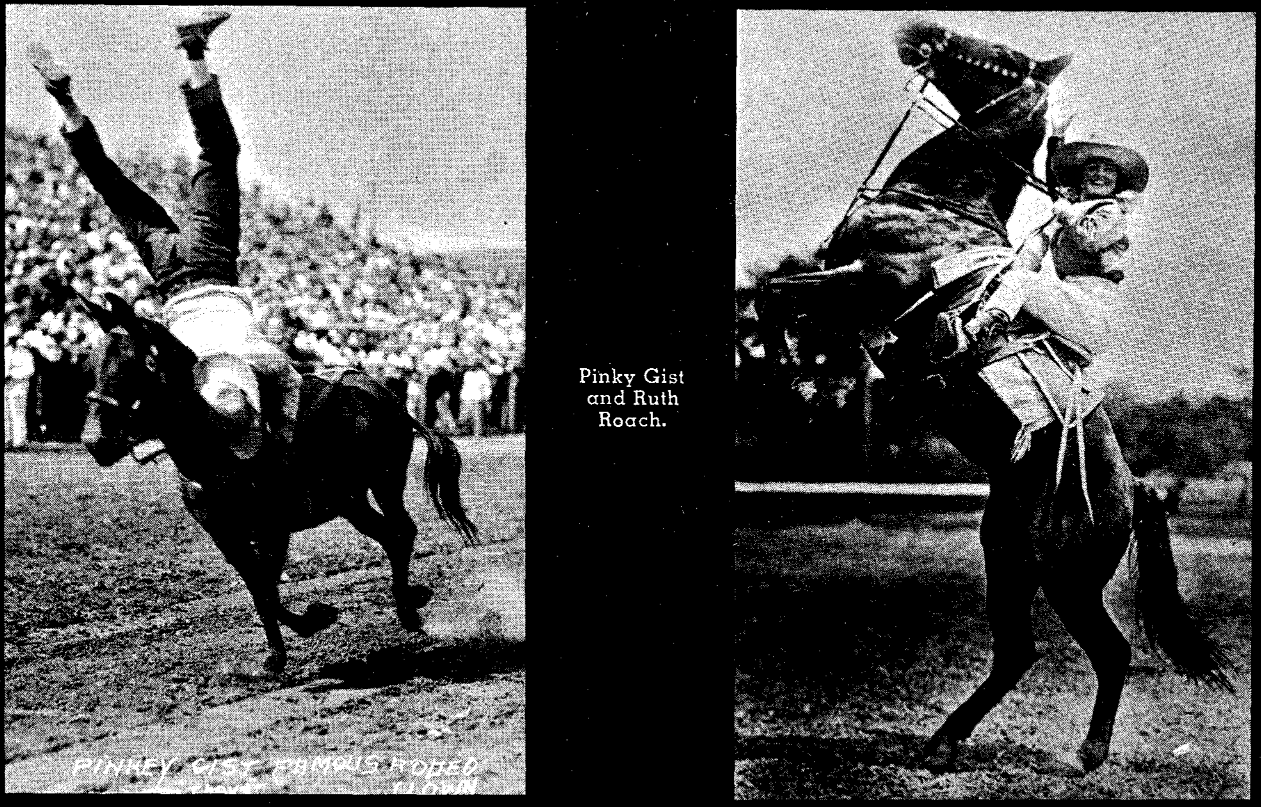
I opened the money belt and showed better than $10,000—to the surprise of some at the table. The mayor asked the bookers if they would have to hire the stock and someone to produce the show and pay ten percent as well. This they owned up to. Then I was asked to come in the office and fix up the contract.

I promised one of the biggest and best roundups ever held in the East. I had every well-known rodeo star I could get including Booger Red Privett and all his sons. Even Tris Speaker, manager of the Cleveland Indians baseball team, took part. The Indians that year were the World's Champions and Tris, a Texas cowboy, roped calves at each performance and helped draw many thousands.

I GOT A contract to play Detroit the following spring. I thought I was a big promoter as I had plenty of money. I rented a big lot known as Grinley Field, but it was not long before I saw that $30,000 would not build the seats for 15,000 people, put in the light poles, build chutes, an arena, and pay for the publicity, so I phoned Hort W. Campbell in Oklahoma and offered to cut him in 50-50 if he would put up $20,000. He agreed to this. Hort was to look after the money end and see that the arena, chutes, seats, etc., were built. He owned some good stock and so did I, but we needed more riding steers and bulldogging steers and more bucking horses since it was to be a ten-day contest and many contestants would compete for the $10,000 in cash prizes.

I phoned Toots Ayers in South Dakota to buy two carloads of good bucking horses. I rode a train to Houston, Texas, where Mr. Booth had his big TO Ranch and bought two carloads of big four-and five-year-old steers. They were wild and snakey and had lots of color, long legs and big horns. Fifty-two of them were loaded in two cars. I bought 30 longhorn steers, weighing around 875 to 900 pounds, for bulldogging. I knew that the best bulldoggers in the world would be in Detroit and I knew they could throw big cattle.

The big contest opened with the best in bulldogging. I don't think any other show ever had so many good contestants. I was mounted on Cliff King's great bulldogging horse Dan. Cliff also mounted Lloyd Saunders and Yakima Canutt on


PINKEY GIST FAMOUS RODEO CLOWN

Pinky Gist and Ruth Roach.

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Dan. Lloyd was a little 160-pound jasper, the smallest bulldogger of those days, but a mighty little man with brains.

The first day I won first place; Shorty Kelso, second; Mike Hastings, third. Next day at dogging time I rode up to the chute to see if the saddle broncs were being made ready. A water boy said to me, "Does that fellow always put sponges up the steers' noses before they turn 'em out of the stalls?"

"Yes, I answered, "but don't say anything about it to anyone." Then I said to myself, "I'll stop that!" I was not afraid of Lloyd winning the finals—both he and Yakima had failed to throw their big, wild steers the day before. This was why I had bought the big steers. I could handle them but Lloyd and the others couldn't. I had cheated, too—but in my own way!

I threw one of the big ones in eighteen seconds flat—a good time for a thirty-foot start. Lloyd sat on old Dan at the starting line and when the steer was over the thirty-foot line Dan took off. The steer was slow and ran sideways, acting kind of crazy. Lloyd was holding his left hand out to one side with his fist doubled up—I knew it held a sponge filled with ammonia. Lloyd jumped and slipped the loaded sponge up the steer's nose (one side of the steer's nose already had a sponge in it before it had left the chute). Lloyd threw the doped steer in about twenty seconds.

When Booger Red, the flag man, dropped the flag for time, the steer staggered to its feet, ran out, and I fell on its head and downed it, pulling out the sponges. Well, Lloyd and old Yakima wanted to whip me before the 12,000 people watching the rodeo. I said, "We'll wait until after the show."

"Ain't no use, Milt, you'd win," Lloyd replied.

"We'll let the time stand," I told him. "I need you boys to please the people and I will draw out of the dogging, as up to now everybody has lost a steer but me."

With seven days to go, I was sure I could win on those cattle. But it is not fair for the producer to win any event, so I bowed out.

Next day I saw Lloyd injecting salt water in the steer's spine with a hypodermic needle. This sure worked. It was used by many doggers for many years before it was considered illegal.

We did real well until the fifth day. Then Hort Campbell thought we could show the last five days without publicity in the newspapers and he did not run any ads. Result—no crowds and we lost all we had made the first five days. After paying the prize money and contracted acts, we were almost broke.

I BOOKED Toledo, Ohio next. Shipped the steers and calves in stock cars but Carl Beasley, John Henry and a few other boys drove the horses across the country. But only about half the people came with us from Detroit, so Toledo was a big flop. I sent two carloads of my best stock to Dewey, Oklahoma, the day before the show was over, knowing that there would be lots of people wanting money. We did the best we could with our people (which wasn't much!). So I was just a contestant again, headed for Joe Bartles' big July 4th Roundup at Dewey.

I clowned the show for Joe. He used my stock and had all the top contestants. Henry Starr and Rufus Rollan were there. Henry gave Mildred (my wife) a picture of me the night I boxed on the card with Harvey Thorp. Eddie Cochrane was the referee.

We did very well at Dewey. The Dewey *Illustrated Examiner* reported:

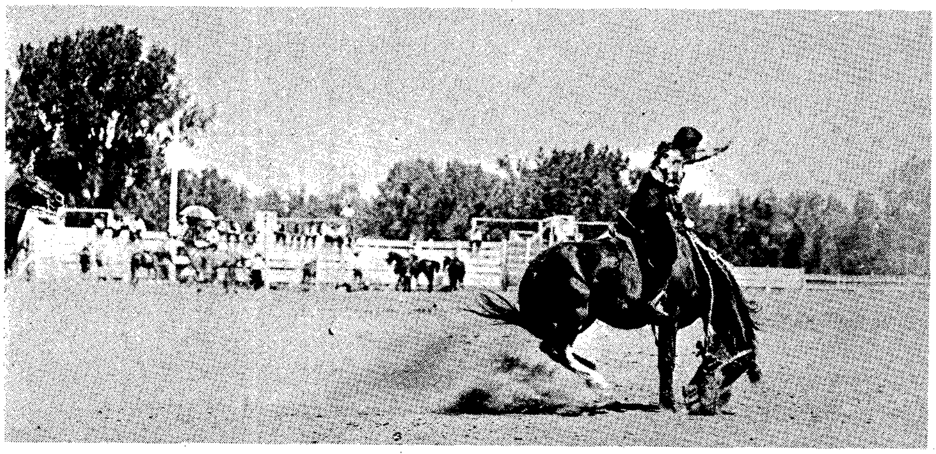
"Roundup was a success. Over 40,000 people attended the three day attraction at Dewey Roundup which closed last night with 40 rounds of boxing.

"About 10,000 people witnessed the contests the first day, while the attendance for the second and third days was in the neighborhood of 15,000 each day.

"The sum of casualties for the three days were one man killed in the bulldogging contests; several riders were thrown from their horses during the three day engagement but none were seriously hurt. Two steers were killed in the roping contests.

"J. M. Smith of Bliss, Oklahoma, was almost instantly killed, when gored by a steer in the arena yesterday afternoon. Smith had bulldogged the steer and in some way lost his hold on the animal's horns. The steer backed off a few paces and came with head lowered at Smith, who was lying on the ground. One of the animal's horns pierced Smith's side and

Mildred Hinkle aboard bronc.



he was tossed in the air. The steer came at him again, but was kept off by Smith kicking at it until help arrived. He was placed in an ambulance, but died before medical assistance could be given. According to physicians, the steer's horns tore a hole in his side which caused his death a few minutes following the accident.

"In the roping contest yesterday, Blue Gentry, of Blackland, Oklahoma, won first prize roping and tying a steer in a period of 26 seconds. Gentry's time Sunday was 24 1/5 seconds, second best time yesterday was made by George Weir of Dewar, Oklahoma. Time 32 seconds.

"The grand prize for the three day average in the roping was won by Clifford King of Garden City, Kansas. The grand prize for the three day average in the bronco riding contest was also won by Clifford King.

"Bill Pickett of Bliss, Oklahoma, gave the crowd a thrill yesterday when he bulldogged a steer in 24 1/5 seconds. The grand prize for the three day average in steer bulldogging contests was won by Milt Hinkle of Bovina, Texas. This makes the twenty-fourth straight champion bulldogging contest that Hinkle has won.

"Hinkle as a bulldogger is undoubtedly in a class by himself, not only is he a champion in this line, but also as a fun-maker for the crowds he can't be beat. He keeps the crowd continually laughing by his funny antics.

"One of Hinkle's stunts is to hitch a steer to a cart and attempt to drive him with the assistance of a six-shooter. Result is that the steer and cart soon separate from one another and Hinkle is usually somewhere around the cart.

"Riding a bucking steer is also one of Hinkle's pranks. And when it comes to riding them he is there with the goods.

"Mrs. Mildred Douglas Hinkle, Dorothy M. Robbins and Maud Tarr, cowgirls, gave the crowd an exhibition of wild horse riding. Skeeter Bill Robbins of Bakersfield, California, gave an exhibition of fancy roping.

"Hinkle said yesterday, 'They were too big and wild to take the regular chance with. Smith took a chance on the last day and lost his life in the attempt. Bill Pickett lost his steer the second day. He just threw Pickett away, so did Skeeter Bill lose his steer the first day. I knew if I threw my three steers I would win; yes, they were the largest and wildest I ever attempted to bulldog,' said Hinkle.

"Hinkle was also in the ring and fought ten rounds for a draw with Carl Morris. Edward W. Cochrane, sporting editor of the Kansas City Journal, was the referee. Henry Starr was a guest at the ringside of Joe Bartles and Milt Hinkle."

I HAD SAVED my stock and made money, so Harry Hart and John Russell of Okmulgee, Oklahoma, and I went in partners and produced a big rodeo we called Roundup. Here is what the Okmulgee papers said:

"With an attendance close to 30,000 Okmulgee's first annual Roundup came

(Continued on page 74)

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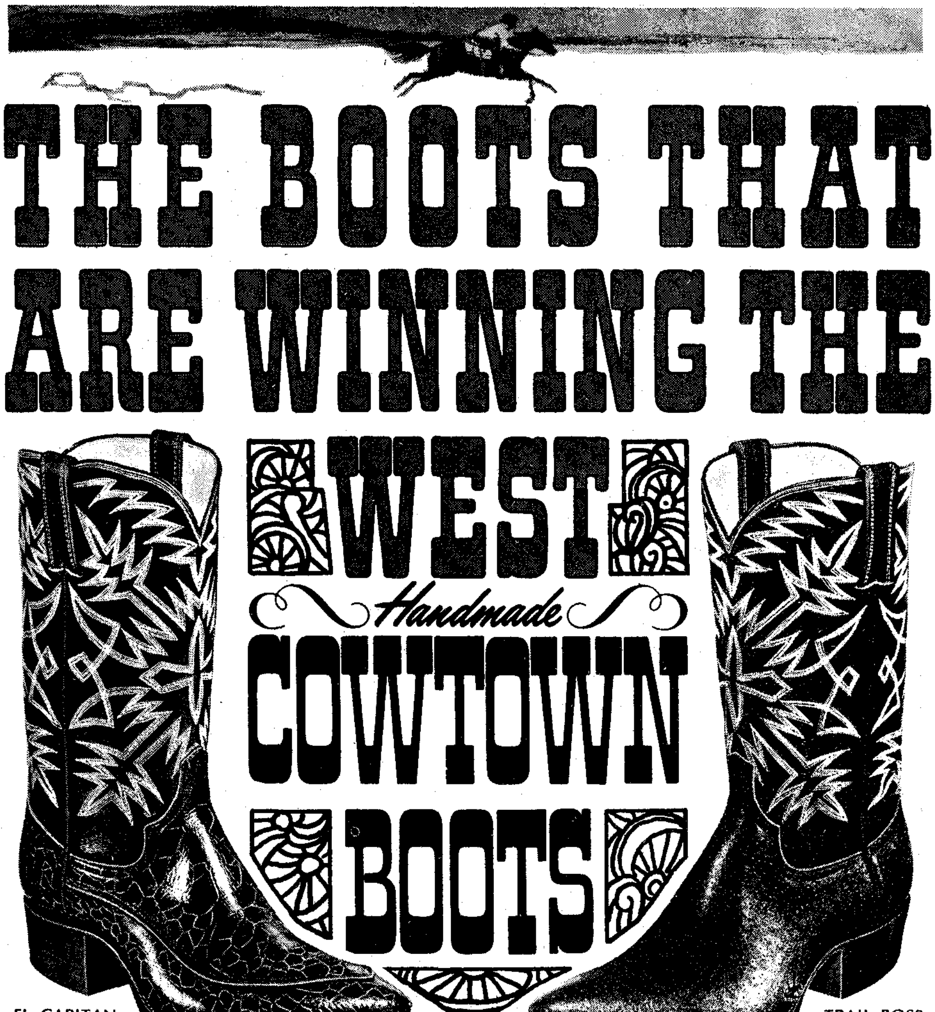

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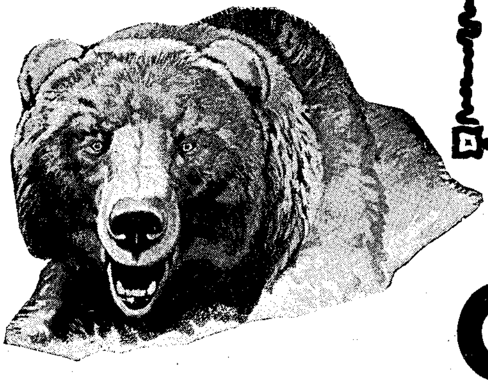


> "Take heed to yourselves that ye go not up into the mount . . . whosoever toucheth the mount shall be surely put to death." --
>
> Exodus 19:12

GO DOWN, MOSE

By BILL McCLURE

Photos Courtesy Author

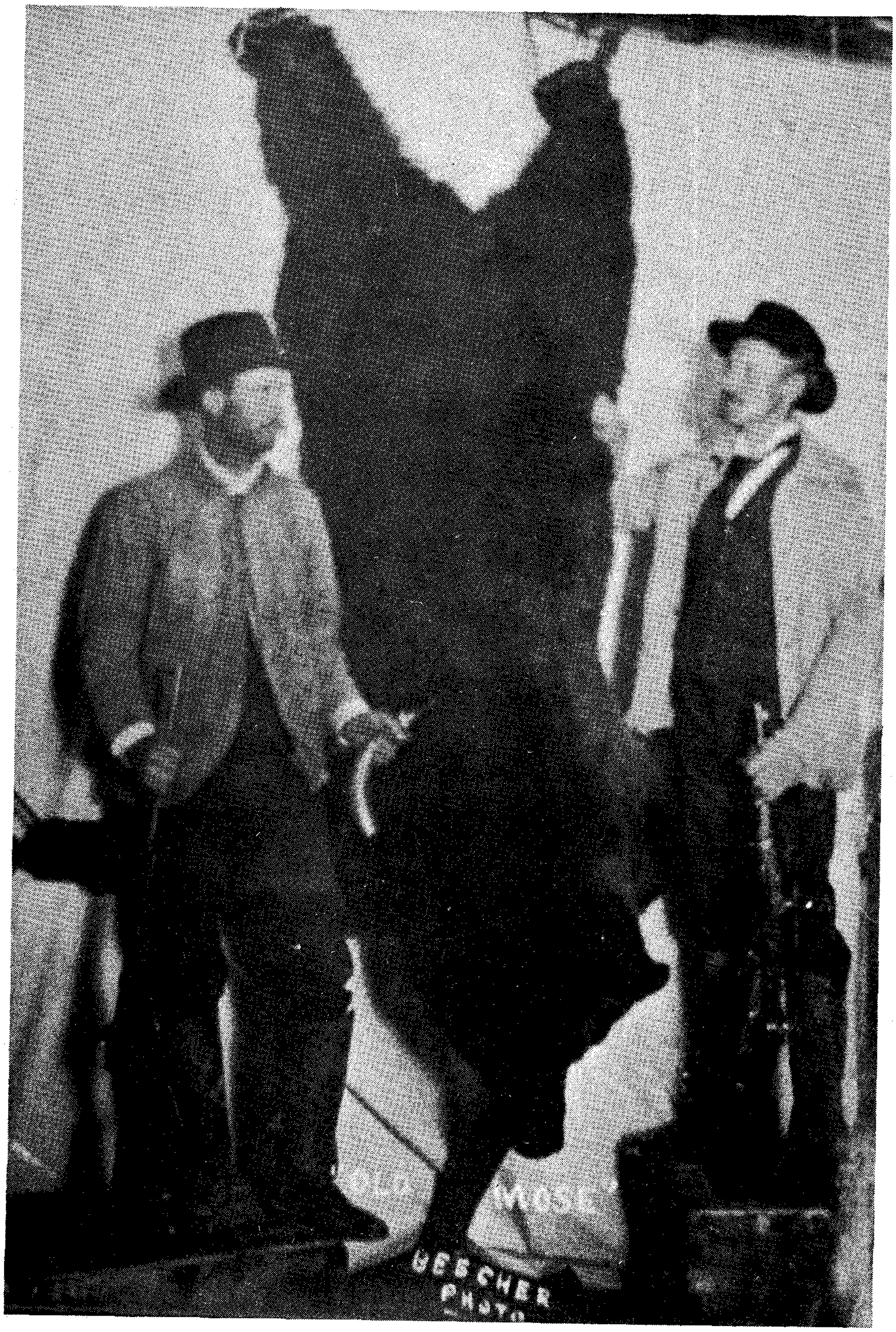


Photo taken at time of the bear's death shows James W. Anthony, right, and Wharton Pigg dwarfed by Old Mose though the successful hunters are standing on boxes.

JAKE RATCLIFFE'S agonized cry for help was muffled by the loose scalp from his head flopping over his face. The thin wail which filtered through the scrub to Jake's hunting companions was no more than a fleeting protest against the savagery loosed on Black Mountain's slopes. But it was a clarion call to Old Mose. He came back with a rush to resume his raking, his mauling, his ravaging.

They packed Jake down to the Flemming place that night, then started off with their cargo of agony on the rough and winding tracks which, skirting the range, led fifty miles to Fairplay and a doctor. But Jake didn't make it. He said, "Boys, don't hunt that bear no more"—then he died.

Jake Ratcliffe knew the battering impact of old Mose's paw and felt the dull-axe rake of his claws in 1886, more than three-quarters of a century ago; Old Mose felt the shock of the last of numberless rifle slugs sixty-four years ago. The only physical evidence of the grizzly's reign which lingers is a tottering rock monument overgrown with brush marking the spot where he fell. And high in a towering spruce the weathered and rotted poles of a crude shooting platform remain, built by hunters who lacked the courage to shoot when Old Mose materialized, a hulking, palpable shadow in the moonlight.

By indisputable record, Old Mose killed two men; by circumstantial evidence another two; by surmise two more; and by overdrawn outlaw reputation heaven knows how many more. As his notoriety swelled, the hunters who sought him grew in number, prominence, and tenacity—but they also grew more cautious, for if you believed even half of what you heard, this was the grizzly of grizzlies.

He could fell a Hereford bull with a single slap; he could frisk the body of a full-grown steer from a log trap enclosure with the finesse of a pickpocket; he could outroot a hundred hogs in a potato patch; he had killed and devoured more than 800 head of livestock at a cost of $30,000; he kept a 5,000-square-mile slice of Rocky Mountain wilderness in a continual state of hair-trigger nerves; he had the cunning of a fox and a diabolical sense of humor which he vented in perverse and terrorizing tricks if one stumbled onto his trail.

Eventually the trail always led back to Black Mountain, thirty miles west, across the high meadows and rock-strewn hills from Cripple Creek, Colorado.

Nobody knows exactly when Old Mose appropriated Black Mountain, but once he did it was wholly his, a fearsome place like the jealously guarded Mount Sinai of the original Moses. Published reports of early-day cattlemen indicate he flat-footed into the area sometime before 1880 from the Antelope Park country, bringing an outlaw reputation which stretched along the Utah line.

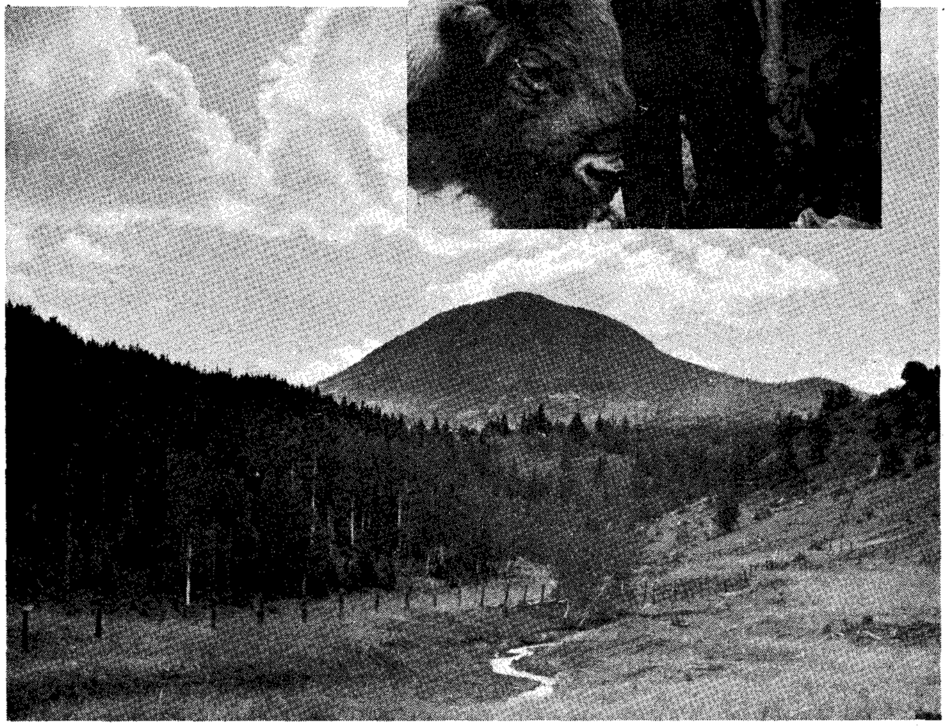
When Mose finally was killed, settler C. W. Talbot had this to say about the Antelope Park chapter of the grizzly's life: "He ran the cattle ranges without a man's hand raised against him. Even the $500 reward didn't bring out any hunters who were anxious to run afoul of him. Two or three men had gone into the hills to look for him and they never returned, so you can see why the scattered residents of Antelope Park were afraid to go after him. He pulled down cattle wantonly, destroyed calves and colts, tore down fences, chased the folks who lived in the country, and in general conducted himself as an outlaw and a degenerate."

Thus Talbot gave human characteristics, and unfairly applied a human yardstick, to Old Mose. But then, all of his breed has been loosely called "Old Ephraim."

TALBOT depicts a monster gone berserk, lashing out blindly at the encroachment of civilization, mauling, maiming, murdering. As a stockman who had to share the range with Mose, perhaps Talbot was justified in a day when the word "grizzly" meant a call to arms and a rage to exterminate.

But in retrospect it would seem Old Mose was simply a hungry and lazy bear who found a fat steer or a potato patch an easier meal than a hundred scurrying mice and rabbits or a fleet doe; a curious and puzzled bear who resorted to justifiable homicide when pushed too far in a land where self-defense was the accepted code. There's nothing in the record to show he ever made an unprovoked attack on a man, but he scared the wits out of plenty, such as Art Watermann who probably was the first to sight Old Mose in the Black Mountain area.

Donald Duncan, assistant curator of the Municipal Museum at Canon City, Colorado, was only seven when Old Mose was killed, but vividly remembers being frightened into staying inside his home near Canon City at night by his parents' warning, "Old Mose may get you if you stay out after dark." The grizzly had been seen within a mile of the home. Below, Black Mountain, which Old Mose claimed as his own and on whose flanks he was killed.



Pack-laden, Watermann scrambled along tortuous High Creek one day, eyes and hands quick-probing, mind detached, bonanza-seeking as he prospected for gold.

"Whoof!"

The sound jerked Watermann upright and spun him around in uncomprehending reflex, still clutching a piece of float. Man faced bear at horse length across a jackstraw jumble of fire-killed trees, bear standing, towering, forepaws dangling; man seeing not yet sensing. Then comprehension—huge-bulked, long-snouted, dish-faced, gape-jawed, heart-stopping.

Watermann's first leap carried him halfway down the gravel slide. His rasping scramble took him to the creek, which he cleared in two stumbling, splashing jumps to the safety of a spruce. Not until he was high up in its branches, pack and all, did Watermann turn for a second look at the bear. Dry-throated, heart pounding, he saw the bear remained where he had been, peering small-eyed, dim-sighted toward the tree. Finally he flowed down on all fours to stand swaybacked and straight-legged, his barrel neck craned toward the spruce. He gave a couple of tentative "Whoofs!" but getting no taker he turned to amble nonchalantly up the stream.

It was a long time before Watermann found the courage to come down off his perch, and there was no more prospecting that day. Pie-sized tracks, with the right rear print warped and four-toed, showed clearly that the bear had kept abreast of the prospector for more than a mile along the stream, all the while keeping out of sight, then had deliberately encircled ahead to surprise Watermann from behind the windfall.

Watermann's story at first got little notice when he related the encounter in Canon City, for this was a raw land where danger and sudden death were commonplace in the brutal scramble for gold. He did draw, though, a few open guffaws when he described the thumb-sized fangs he'd seen in the gaping jaws. "By God, I'd swear that bear was grinning at me!"

Then as more and more cowboys and prospectors brought to the little stone and log and false-front outpost on the Arkansas tales of cunning traps and hair-raising encounters on the lonely trails, Watermann was vindicated. When the stories of the four-toed grizzly filtered over to Antelope Park country and back again, people realized that the outlaw bear had moved his headquarters into their midst. When the chilling tales—compounded and recompounded in the telling, with many an eyewitness claim thrown in, with fact and fancy tangled into an inseparable whole—began to take

(Continued on page 49)

STOPPERS

—you had both if you lived in a house by the side of the road and tried to be a friend to man!

SOME TIME ago G. W. Patterson of Carpie, North Dakota, interviewed Peter Lee of Blaisdell on his recollections of the capture of the men who blew a bank safe at Sawyer in October 1906. Lee was a part-time deputy sheriff under his brother, Sheriff John Lee, when it happened.

Peter had an active part, along with Deputy Sheriff Ed Kelley, an experienced lawman, in capturing the five nondescript men—Hays, Conroy, Sullivan, Robinson and Duffy—who were fleeing from Ward County on foot with the loot in their possession. The five were arrested, two in one place and three in another, in the territory east of Max. They were assembled at Max and returned to Minot, where they readily pleaded guilty to charges filed by States Attorney George McGee. Eventually they were taken to the penitentiary.

Lee recalled that when he and Kelley drove the five defendants from Max toward Minot, using three buggies and teams, the party made a stop at Henry Gasmann's for a late supper.

The Henry Gasmanns were among the very first settlers in what is now Ward County, having established their home along the Mouse River near Gasmann Coulee, west of the site of Minot, in 1882. They were hospitable people, as real pioneers usually were. Many an early settler along the Mouse came to their log house for a meal at one time or another.

At the time of the bank burglary in Sawyer, the Gasmanns were not living along the river but were engaged in cattle raising in the hills twenty miles south of Minot and ten miles north of Max. They had moved to the hills in 1892, after it appeared that tracks of the Soo Line would pass too near to their dwelling for comfort. When they relocated in the hills, they supposed they were getting away from the press of settlement, but by 1906 homesteaders were beginning to crowd them.

The Gasmanns did not keep an inn or an eating house. They simply tried to be friendly to those who stopped, and the commonly used wagon road between Max and Minot ran past their ranch house, with its horse-and-buggy traffic.

Peter Lee's pause at the Gasmann ranch is remembered by Ella Gasmann Curry of Whittier, California, a daughter of the Henry Gasmanns. She clears up a point or two for the record.

"HOW WELL I remember the morning when we children came downstairs to find everyone excited because early that morning the sheriff's deputies had come by asking if we had seen any of the Sawyer bank robbers. A broken pearl-handled pistol had been found in a grain bin at the Manna King farm east of our place.

"The road ran by our house, much to Mother's distress, for it brought 'stoppers' and flies. The stoppers were the worst, because they were hungry and their horses were tired by the time they had come the distance from Minot, often with loads of lumber to build shacks and sheds on their new claims. This part of North Dakota had a land boom that started in 1902.

"Mother was just too soft-hearted to turn them away, and as she and Father were some of the first settlers, they never locked their doors or refused those in need of food and shelter.

"We went to school on the day of the search for the robbers and often looked out the windows to see if we could see them. That evening when the men came in from work, no one had any news. After we were through dinner and the dishes were washed, a stopper drove up. Mother was disgusted, but there was no place closer than Max where he could stay. So she got him a hot meal.

"Before he was through eating, and it had been dark a long time, in came Dad. The sheriff's men, including Ed Kelley whom Dad knew well from the early days, had also driven in and were hungry, and the prisoners were with them. Could they be brought into the house? 'Yes,' Mother said, as usual.

"Four prisoners were brought in. They were handcuffed together, and chairs were placed around the back side of the coal-burning range. Mother said afterward she could hardly get to the range to cook.

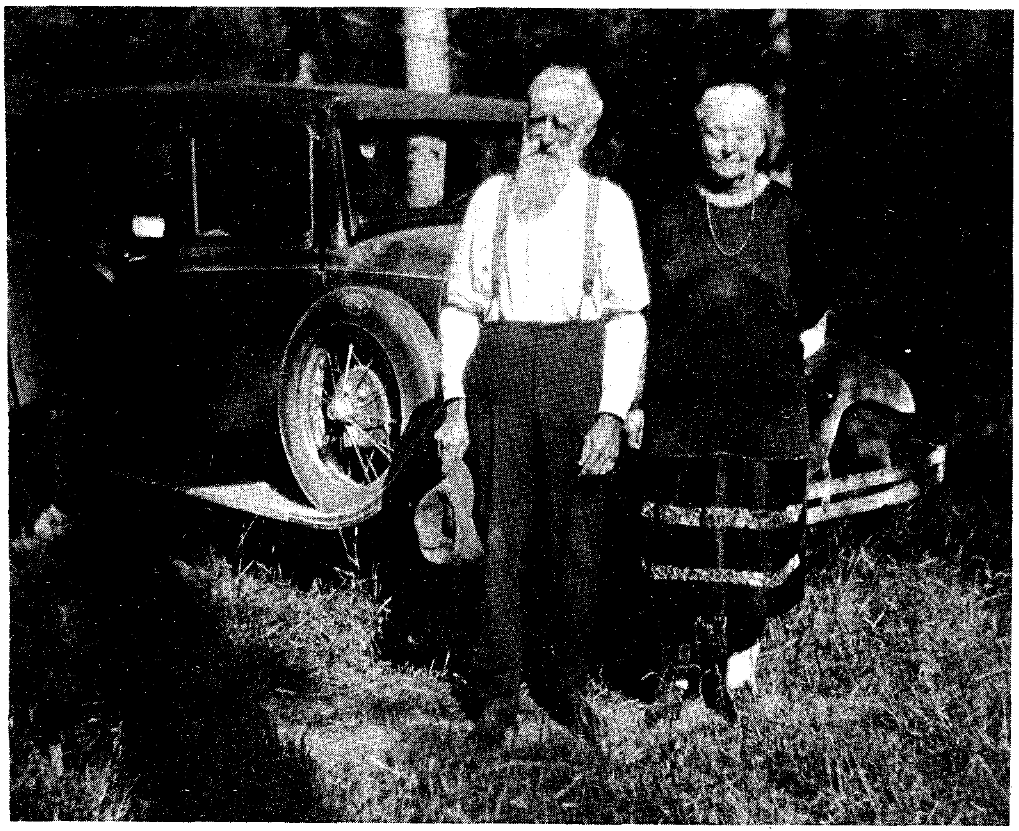
"When she ran short of meat, she sent me down to the cellar to get some fried ham out of a jar that had been packed for the winter. She remarked when I brought it up that I should have been more careful not to break up the slices.

"A stray kitten had come to our house a few days before. This kitten jumped up on the oldest robber's knee and he petted it. He found some scar tissue on the kitten's paws, and passed the kitten on to the other prisoners.

"When the meal was ready, we children watched the prisoners eat with only one hand free. One of us saw that the butterknife had been slipped down the youngest prisoner's sleeve, but we did not tell Mother until they were all out of the house. Then Mother called Dad, and the prisoners were searched in lantern light but no knife was found.

"Mother had sent out a lunch to the wounded prisoner who was in the wagon, and also had sent out a quilt for which the sheriff had asked. The lawmen even looked in the prisoner's wagon for the

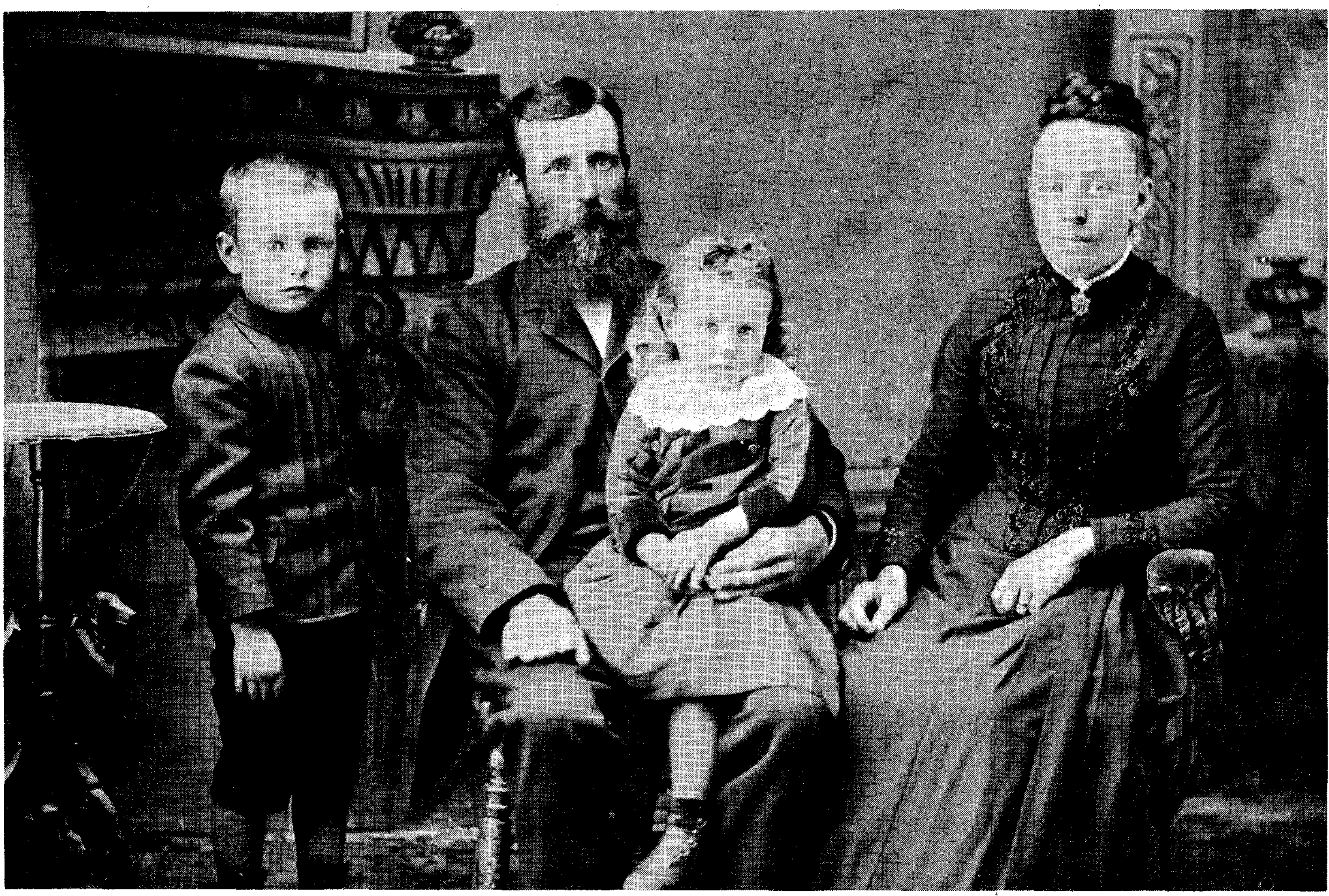
Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Gasmann on a trip back to North Dakota from Oakland, California in 1930.



and FLIES

By ROBERT CORY

Photos Courtesy Author



The Gasmanns with children Charles and Mamie. Photo was made at Minot, North Dakota.

knife but did not find it. Years later we found that butterknife near the barnyard fence, right where the rigs had been standing, and I still have it.

"After they were all gone, Dad came in again. He gave Mother some money, and she was surprised at the amount. It was twice what she had mentioned to the sheriff as the pay she thought she should have for feeding prisoners. It pleased her that her trouble had been appreciated by the sheriff."

The price that Mrs. Gasmann mentioned to the sheriff was 25 cents. That was a figure she had started quoting to strangers who stopped for meals, after the stoppers became such a problem she wanted to discourage them.

MRS. CURRY says her mother "drove herself relentlessly to help people" in those years, besides boarding the teacher, cooking for the hired men, doing the family washing, and taking care of the house.

"Conditions were better for Mother after people got settled, and Max had eating places, but she still had to board the teacher in the spring and fall (there was no school in winter)."

It had been one of the country school teachers who suggested to Mrs. Gasmann she should charge strangers for meals, after so many started coming. The 25-cent charge she quoted when anyone offered to pay may have reimbursed her mother, thinks Mrs. Curry, for things she actually had to buy or provide from the garden, but certainly not for her work. And, of course, Mr. Gasmann usually had to furnish oats for the horses.

Their hospitality sometimes was abused, as when a stranger helped himself to oats for the horses without asking, and or when the Gasmann horses were infected with glanders from a stopper's sick nag. Yet they did not like to turn anyone down, whether he offered money or not, because as Mrs. Gasmann knew well enough and often said, "They will need their money. If they were rich, they would not be out here."

"I remember one stormy winter evening," Mrs. Curry continued, "when Mother sat down to read to us, saying 'Well at least a storm is good for something. Tonight there will be no stoppers.'

"All of a sudden she quit reading and asked, 'Did anyone leave the cat in the kitchen?'

"She got up and opened the door, and there by the washstand, holding a lantern up to the mirror and rubbing snow on his frostbitten face, stood a man who had come from Minot, and was on his way to his claim with provisions.

"At such times it would have meant almost certain death to have turned anyone away."

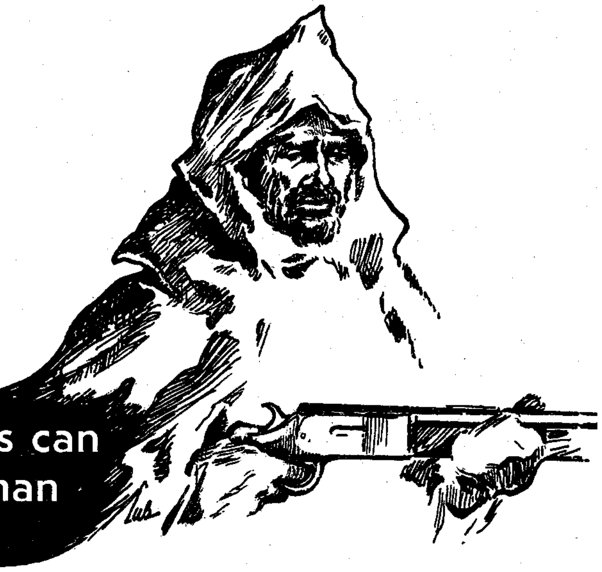
Several of the newcomers in the hills might have perished on their claims, says Mrs. Curry, had it not been for her parents' concern.

After a severe storm Mrs. Gasmann would be worrying about some family likely to have come unprepared for such conditions, and she would say to her husband, "You had better go up there and see." And probably she would send fresh-cooked food.

Once, Mrs. Curry says, when her father went to a lone homesteader's shack with bread and meat after a storm, he found the homesteader trying to cook cracked wheat that he had found in a coffee mill. To cook this not too palatable porridge, he was burning pieces of wood from a chair he had broken up.

About 1889, the Gasmanns moved south of Minot to start a cattle ranch, and their cabin, which had represented shelter to so many lonely travelers, was given to a neighbor who needed the logs.

BLUE PARKA BANDIT



Freedom or bars? Sometimes circumstances can hold a man tighter and punish him more than a cell...

THE "BLUE PARKA BANDIT" had struck again! People were chuckling over his latest exploit, although usually his holdups were no laughing matter. This time, however, Alaskans felt they had a good joke on Bishop Rowe, popular Episcopalian missionary who was in the last party to be robbed by the daring highwayman.

As always the bandit's mask and blue parka had hidden his face. He pointed a Winchester at his victims and ordered, "Line up, put your pokes and valuables on the trail, and mush on."

Bishop Rowe had no poke of gold, but he placed his little wad of money on the heap with the rest. He couldn't resist chiding the bandit, however.

"Friend," he asked in his gentle voice, "is this the way you treat a minister of the gospel?"

"Are you a minister?" asked the man in the blue parka.

"I am Bishop Rowe of the Episcopal Church."

"Oh," said the highwayman in surprise. "Well, I'm pleased to meet you, Bishop. Of course, I won't rob you. Take your money back and take that poke with the shoestring on it, too. Why, damn it all, Bishop, I'm a member of your church!"

Although people were amused at this incident, the depredations of the bold bandit in blue generally evoked curses from miners scattered along the gold producing creeks near Fairbanks. No longer did they dare travel singly or even in groups with their gold.

Finally, they organized a posse to make the rounds of Cleary, Pedro, Dome, Little Eldorado, Vault, Fox, Ester and all the rest of the streams. The posse picked up the gold, and escorted by a half-dozen armed and mounted men, the little processions traveled toward Fairbanks with a man behind, a man ahead, and four men guarding the gold.

It was 1905 and stirring times in the newest Alaska mining camp. All manner of men had crowded into Fairbanks and the outlying creeks to get their share of the gold which a forty-two-year-old immigrant Italian miner had first found in the vicinity three years before.

Felix Pedro had joined the Klondike rush in 1898, going there from the Carbonado coal mines in Washington State. His lucky number failed to come up, however, so he and Frank Costa, another Italian prospector, wandered over into the valley of the Tanana to prospect its streams and creeks. Deviled by mosquitoes, and forced at times to eat some of their dogs, they traveled through the wooded valleys, climbed the rugged hills and faced moose and grizzly bears.

Pedro struck gold in July, 1902, on a small stream just twenty-four miles from the spot on the Chena which later became Fairbanks. A short time after, Dan McCarty struck gold on Fairbanks Creek, J. A. Mathieson located more on Little Eldorado, D. A. Shea found rich prospects on Dome Creek and T. M. Gilmore struck it rich on Vault Creek. It was a bonanza!

Rich dump at Fairbanks Creek.

Kelley and White No 6 B Fairbanks

WHILE Pedro was poking around searching for gold, a trader was beating his way up the Tanana, on the riverboat *Lavelle Young*. Captain Barnette wanted to established a trading post on the upper river at Tanacross, but by chance he got into the Chena, a tributary of the Tanana. It was a lucky accident for he and his trading post were in on the ground floor of the new strike.

A horde of prospectors rushed in to the diggings during the autumn of 1902 and winter of 1903. By summer of 1904, the news had spread far and wide, and stampeders were hurrying down the Tanana from the Yukon, resorting to any craft that would float. On May 20, as soon as the ice went out of the river, scows, rafts, steamers and small boats rushed pell-mell from Dawson following the ice down the Yukon. Boats were hastily repaired—even some which had burned to the water's edge. Down the Yukon and the 300 miles of the Tanana sailed the motley flotilla. Across from the Koyukuk and Rampart regions rushed more stampeders. Up from St.

By PHYLLIS D. CARLSON

Photos Courtesy Author

Michael came the unfortunate ones who hadn't struck it rich in Nome. They streamed in from Valdez and the Copper River Valley. Trails converged on the new gold camp from every direction.

When they reached their destination, it was to find a small clearing in a forest of spruce. There were a few log cabins clustered around several large, corrugated iron warehouses—a scene of utter confusion. Household goods, barrels of whiskey, kegs of beer, lumber, steam-thaw boilers and crates of food were all jumbled together in chaotic disorder. The smell of freshly cut lumber was everywhere. Saws whined, and the sound of hammers rat-a-tat-tatted day and night as cabins, hotels, stores and saloons were hastily thrown up among the stumps. Saloon doors stood wide open. When there was no more room inside for the beer barrels, they cluttered the sidewalk.

Tall brass scales took the place of cash registers and gold dust the place of money. Miners tossed their pokes over the counter to the bartender to weigh out enough dust to pay the bill—$16.00 an ounce in trade was the current rate. Lined up to supply liquid refreshment and entertainment were the Northern, the Tanana, the Senate and Washington Saloons, the Pioneer, the Minook, too, and the Flora Dora Music Hall. The Fairbanks Hotel not only offered a restaurant and saloon, with "Monte Carlo games on the square," but also offered a family concert every evening.

And, "I'm sport enough to give the preachers a square deal," said proprietor Marston when he heard that an Episcopal missionary and a Presbyterian preacher were looking for a place to hold services. He offered his saloon, and politely covered the glasses and decanters with his only white sheet.

By 1905, Fairbanks was a seething, exciting, feverish center of trade and vice. If the stores stayed open all day and half the night to sell their wares, the dance halls, saloons and gambling houses got even by remaining open all night and well into the day to vend *their* merchandise. Gold shipments rose from $35,000 in 1903 to $3,750,000 in 1905.

The man in the blue parka had been getting his share of the gold, too, but suddenly the jig was up. A man named Hendrickson, a fugitive from prison, had often been seen in the vicinity of the holdups. When various circumstances connected him with the robberies, he was captured and jailed. And evidence disclosed he was a constant visitor (when his "work" permitted) at the Episcopal church library where he was known as a reader of good books.

The Blue Parka Bandit was caught, but the citizens of Fairbanks weren't to hear the last of him for a while. The federal judge was out of the country, and a trial couldn't be held until he returned. The long winter in jail awaiting trial proved too monotonous for Hendrickson and another inmate—a horse thief named Thornton. In some manner, they secured a knife, and when their guard opened the door to bring them food one day, they knocked him down and stabbed him so badly he was crippled for life.

Again the miscreants were captured. When the judge returned in late summer each was given a fifteen-years suspended sentence for breaking jail and stabbing the guard. Then they were sentenced to serve time for their other misdeeds in a federal prison in the State of Washington. When the citizens of Fairbanks saw them aboard the *Lavelle Young* in charge of a federal marshal, they breathed a collective sigh of relief that the two wouldn't be in their town jail another winter.

THE *LAVELLE YOUNG* was one of the last boats going out that season and was crowded to the gunwales with miners, prospectors, gamblers, confidence men, capitalists, merchants, musicians, theatrical and vaudeville performers, respectable women and some not so respectable. Also on board were about twenty miners with their dogs, canoes and provisions, bound for a new strike reported up one of the Yukon tributaries. The crowded discomfort was disregarded, for everyone was anxious to get out before freeze up. For a while, it looked doubtful if they would. Whether the Blue Parka Bandit was the Jonah, can't be stated positively, but bad luck dogged the *Lavelle Young* on this journey.

First off, a piece of machinery broke, and repairs took a whole day. After steaming for only a few hours it broke once more, and a cylinder head blew into the river. There was nothing to do but tie up to a small island. Ice was floating by, warning that winter and freeze up was almost upon them. Provisions were limited, and there was no telegraph station nearer than 150 miles. Fortunately, a boat coming up the river agreed to take a message to the nearest telegraph station, and the *Lavelle Young's* owners were notified of their boat's predicament. On October 3, another of the company's boats, the *Seattle Number 3* arrived to connect her cables to the stricken ship and propel her up the river.

The passengers remained good-humored. Concerts and vaudeville entertainments by trained talent took place every evening. Playing cards and gambling occupied much of the spare time. And there was always conversation. One of the most interesting topics among this diverse assemblage was the presence of the Blue Parka Man on board their boat. Before long everyone knew that he was in a center stateroom which opened off the dining hall.

"Thornton is in there, too, and a couple of more prisoners—a forger, and the fellow who got away with gold from the Express Company," they gossiped.

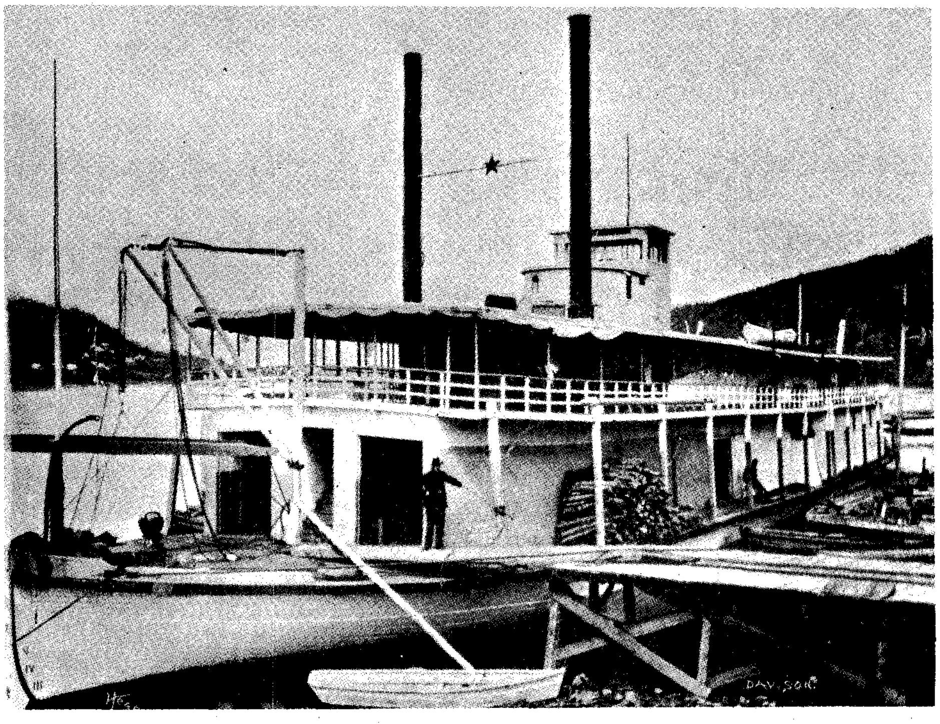
The stateroom which held the four prisoners was a double one with three berths on each side, one above the other. The door's handle had been taken off and the marshal kept the only key on his person. The one window was barred and guarded night and day. The marshal himself always attended to the prisoners' meals, and spoons were their only eating utensils.

"They surely don't take any chances with those fellows," the passengers commented, as they watched the precautions with interest. "There's always a guard in front of the door and one pacing back and forth before that barred window. Guess the Blue Parka Man won't get away this time!"

The marshal was certainly doing his best. Both Hendrickson and Thornton

(Continued on page 50)

A lower river steamer.



The YEAR of the COUGAR

Cabins became armed camps. The scoffers grew silent. What did the forest hold? What waited at the bend of the path?

By HIRAM SAVAGE

Photos Courtesy Author

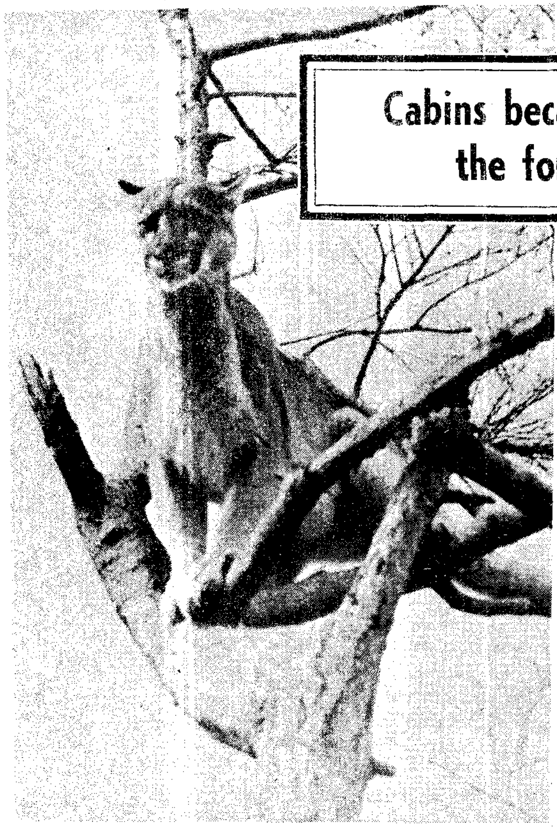


Photo from Collection of Rev. Erle Howell

Cougar "treed" by hunter Lloyd Beebe. Photo was taken by Beebe just before he made the kill.

RIGHT UP until that moonlight night during the fierce winter of 1910—the "Year of the Cougar"—Fred Stutler scoffed at legends about the big cats. Cougars didn't scream in the night to imitate a woman, or steal babies from open cabin doors, or follow people for miles on lonely trails, he insisted. They were cowardly animals and nothing at all to fear.

That year made history for its weather. After an unusually hot and dry summer, the settlers on Washington's Olympic Peninsula waited with anticipation for the usual torrential rains of November. But it snowed instead. At the end of December, snow was still on the ground. Wells and creeks on Leland Hill went dry for the first time since the settlers had come. Before Christmas nearly every homesteader on the hill was hauling water by wagon from creeks in the lowland.

The first incident in the Year of the Cougar was not too unusual. The older Currier and Thomas boys, returning home from skating at Lord's Lake, two miles by trail beyond the fringe of homesteads on the hill, saw a cougar cross the trail in front of them.

Seymour Purdy, a bounty hunter, was notified, and three days later he came out of the hills behind Leland with a big tom cougar, which was put on display at the post office on the lake. The animal measured eleven-feet, two-inches from his nose to the tip of his tail. Even in death his black masked face looked cruel. Though stiff and lifeless there was an ominous potential in the long, lithe body. It was easy to imagine the twitching of his great tail as he lay in wait, crouched for a killing leap. The sight of him frightened enough children that schoolteacher Fred Stutler had to lecture them quite sternly before they would start the walk home up Leland Hill after classes were dismissed.

Three days after Purdy killed the cougar near Lord's Lake, Gus Thomas' youngest daughter came in from getting the cows and announced a "new dog" had followed her home. The Thomas homestead was farthest back on the hill, and strange dogs didn't appear often, so Dorothy's mother went to the door with her to see the creature, but there was nothing in sight.

The next evening Dorothy's twelve-year-old sister, Frances, went with her to get the cows from the pasture at the far corner of the homestead.

"See it?" Dorothy said, pointing to a place where a cedar fence crowded against the trees. "It has a big tail like a rope, and it's sure the biggest dog you ever saw!"

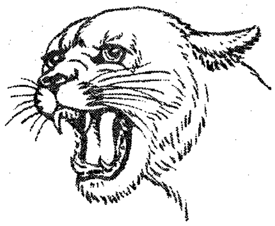
As Frances looked, the animal leaped from the ground to the fence and crouched on a rail. Quickly Frances started the cows for home. She was sure no dog could leap onto the fence and stay there—besides, it looked an awfully lot like the big animal Seymour Purdy had killed.

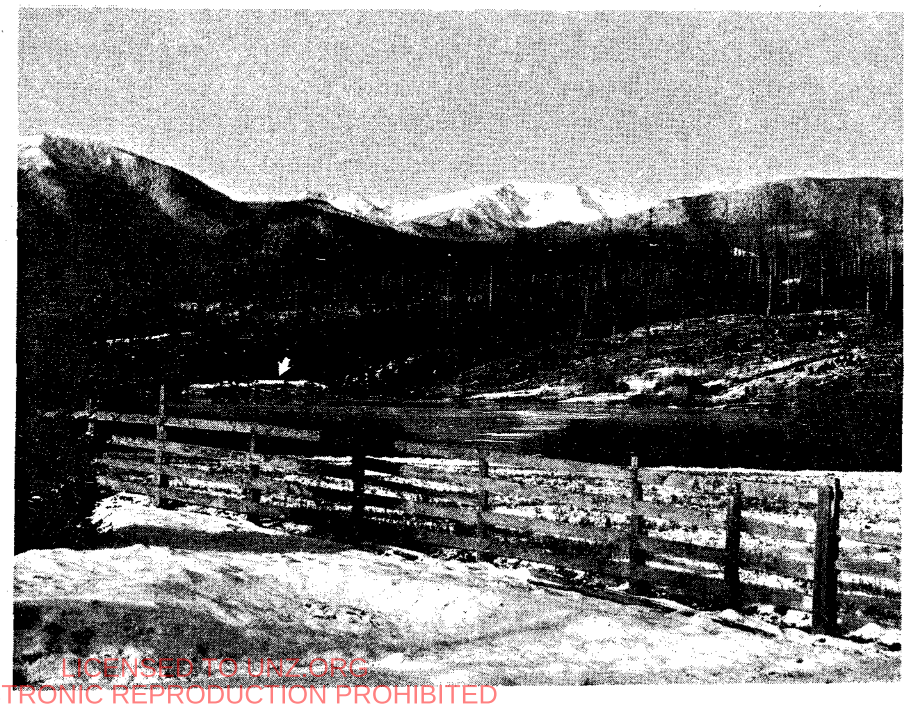
As they crossed the pasture, Dorothy called, "Here doggie, here, doggie." The cougar followed. "See?" she said, "He follows me just like he did last night."

Frances hurried her sister and cows along. The cougar followed for more than a quarter of a mile, keeping in the shadow of the fenceline. When they were within sight of the house, Frances shouted, "It's not a dog, it's a cougar! Run!"

They galloped the cows and the cougar followed with big, bounding leaps until they entered the gate by the barn.

Gus Thomas didn't take the story of his children seeing the cougar seriously until two days later when he found the branch-covered remains of one of his jersey heifers. At school the girls' story brought only an amused smile from the teacher and the comment that someone's imagination was running a little wild.





Early photo of Lake Leland. The post office and Munn homestead are faintly visible at left center, (arrow). A road led up the hill to the Stutler and Thomas places. Mount Townsend, snow covered, is in the background.

Frances Thomas Currier (right in dark coat), and Sarah Munn Bryan on a Leland farm lane.

THE CURRIER BOYS, whose stepfather, George Thomas, was homesteading the eighty acres adjoining Gus Thomas' place, poked fun at the girls, too. Then that weekend, hearing their little fox terrier barking down in the woods, they decided to investigate. Once in a while a bear came out of hibernation and the little dog would get it up a tree.

The settlers took bears in stride. The kids thought it great fun to get one up a tree and poke at it with a stick. They thrashed through the salmonberry brush and found the dog barking up an old growth fir. Twenty feet up a cougar was precariously balanced on a branch. His tail lashed the tree as he glared down at them. They dropped their sticks and scattered. Later they went back to the tree with a rifle but the terrier had given up and they couldn't get him or any other dog on the hill to take the cougar's trail. The call went out to Seymour Purdy again.

The next evening the Andrews homestead, several miles north of Lake Leland, received a visitor. Mrs. Andrews looked out the window to see a cougar perched on top of the eight-foot fence around their pig pen. The cougar leaped into the pen, grabbed a pig, and cleared the fence with ease.

The following morning the Taylor children, who lived just below the Thomases on Leland Hill, insisted that a cougar had crossed the road ahead of them as they walked to school. They were told by the teacher that they had been listening to too many cougar stories.

At church the next Sunday, which was held in the schoolhouse, Mrs. Walker, who lived four miles south of Leland, told of climbing a split-rail fence and *almost jumping onto* a full-grown cougar lying on the other side.

Suddenly cougars were everywhere and people began to be afraid. It wasn't the thrill of a good story told by firelight, but a fear which lasted night and day and entered into everything they did.

Young children were no longer given the freedom of the homesteads. Women hesitated to visit their neighbors. There was talk of closing the school but Fred Stutler told the community not to be foolish. So classes continued to be held, but the children did not leave home until it was full daylight and they were met at the school in the evening by one of the parents.

The men assured the women and children that there was nothing to fear. Cougars didn't attack people. The animals were attracted by the cows, pigs, and chickens and everyone probably had seen the same cougar, no doubt an old one too feeble to chase deer anymore. They would send word to Seymour again and ask him to come right away.

But Seymour didn't come and the next week Gus Thomas himself saw a cougar kill a calf in his pasture. A day later his daughter, visiting her grandmother down by the head of the lake, watched a cougar stalk and kill a rabbit. A farmer, driving a wagonload of beef to Port Townsend, told how a cougar had jumped into his wagon and dragged out half a beef. Without a gun there had been nothing he could do.

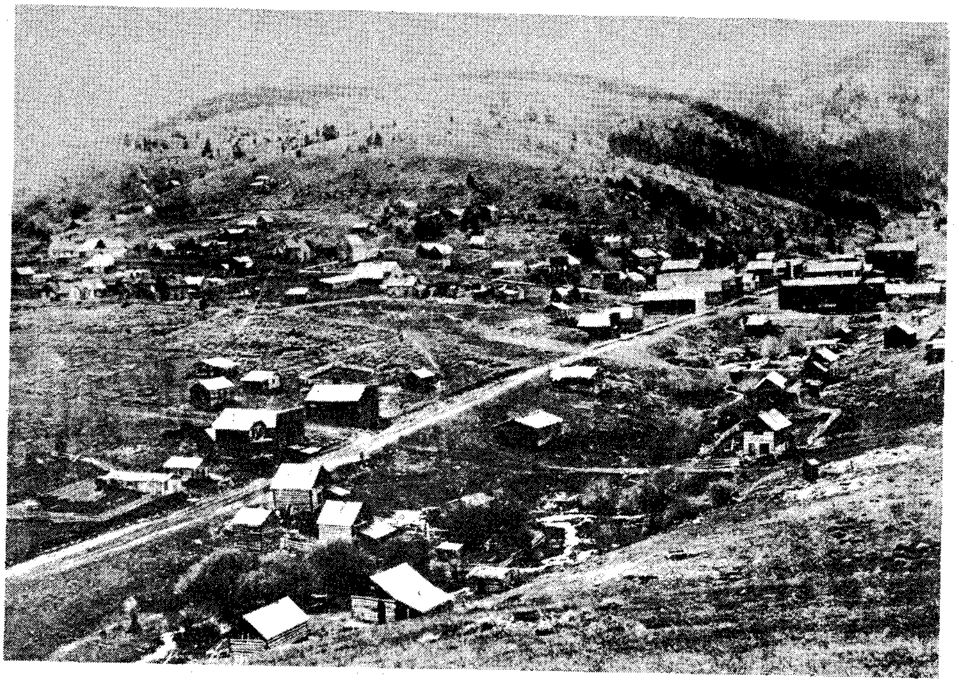
THE YEAR of the Cougar was on them and Leland became an armed camp. In previous years the men had thought nothing of spending weeks in logging camps while the women took care of things on the homestead. Now they carried rifles with them when they went from the house to the barn. They gave the boys the use of their guns, too, saying only, "Don't waste ammunition."

Of course, they knew the quick-moving cats would never stay still long enough to get a sight on them. It took a hunter with a good pack of hounds to run down and tree a cougar, and often the dogs were outsmarted after being on the trail a day or more. Still Seymour didn't return to Leland. He sent word instead that he was on the trail of a cougar which was raiding the Dungeness homesteads.

Cold weather continued into February. When the sky clouded over, the settlers hoped for a break but the clouds brought two more inches of snow and the homesteaders continued feeding and watering stock, hauling wood and water.

By the middle of February, Gus Thomas' winter wood supply was nearly gone, so he hitched up his team and headed up an old skid road to some logs half-a-mile behind the house. The road led through a swamp where there was a little frozen pond. The kids cleared it of snow and began sliding on it while he

(Continued on page 72)



Montana Historical Society, Helena

Castle about 1910, several years after the silver panic of 1893 had caused the town to die.

Home of the Jaw Bone Railroad

(Continued from page 27)

a gang of claim jumpers who had settled on the mountain slope across the creek from Castle's main district.

One night the vigilantes rushed the cabin where the jumpers were holed up, but unbeknownst to them the jumpers had stationed a guard nearby who gave warning of the vigilantes' approach. One of the jumpers called out from the cabin: "The first s—o—b who tries to enter this cabin will get his guts shot out."

The vigilantes' reply to this was to seize a log from a woodpile and batter the door in, but by the time they had gained entrance their prey had escaped from a rear window and disappeared.

Bill Gay, accompanied by his brother-in-law Gross, arrived in Castle in 1890 and managed to stir up considerable excitement. Gay's past included such misdemeanors as wife desertion, robbery, horse stealing and murder. Gross wasn't too far behind him.

Gay obtained work doing odd jobs for G. K. Robertson, but soon found himself involved in an altercation with a Mr. Benson, a newspaper editor and owner of a print shop. Gay, it seemed, had discovered a coal lead at the edge of town, where he dug a twenty-foot shaft. When he found Benson, who had jumped the mine, in the mine shaft, he ran Benson's hoist man down the mountain and threw the windlass rope down the shaft. This incident developed into a lawsuit over the mine. The case was tried in Helena and fifty witnesses from Castle were summoned to appear in court. On the way, differences of opinion among the witnesses ended in a bloody fight and they looked like a group of refugees from a concentration camp when they appeared in court.

After the trial was over, Gay and his brother-in-law attempted to burn Benson's print shop and set fire to some other buildings in Castle. They were spotted just as they were about to fire Fowlie's Saloon, but made their escape. A posse of men headed by Sheriff William Rader of White Sulphur Springs, who suspected Gross of several burglaries, followed him to his cabin which was well barricaded.

Sheriff Rader called to Gross saying he only wanted to search the cabin. Gross came out and was handcuffed while the deputies searched for stolen goods but found none. The arson charge was not conclusive, so the sheriff was forced to release Gross, who immediately left Castle. The sheriff was still suspicious of him, however, and initiated another search of his cabin which revealed a large cache of stolen goods cleverly concealed under the floor. The hunt for Gross was on again. The posse, after a two-day search, found him holed up with Gay in some nearby hills.

The two cornered men decided to fight it out and in the ensuing gunfight Gross killed Sheriff Rader. Later the two outlaws were spotted in a willow thicket near the Musselshell River. The posse was greeted with gunshot, and a bullet from Gross's gun killed Jim Mackay. Gross was also about to fire on Robertson, but Gay remembered the hospitality and many kindnesses shown him by Robertson and threatened to shoot Gross if he fired on his former friend. While the posse was planning its next move the two outlaws managed to escape.

On the other hand, Castle had the reputation for stressing the more cultural way of life. Mixed choruses, debates, plays and phonograph parties were popular year-round activities. For the literarily inclined, a beautifully equipped reading room was an excellent substitute for a public library where the ladies could read their favorite periodicals and keep informed of the latest New York fashions. The men could keep up on world mining activities and other male interests. On the lighter side were sleighing, skating, skiing and popcorn parties. School children looked forward to Friday night taffy pulls and coasting parties in the winter. Summer brought baseball, horseshoe and rock drilling contets, picnics and dances.

MOST OF THE abandoned mining claims were sold at a county tax sale to J. F. Brophy of Red Lodge. In 1936 Castle still had two residents, Mayor Joseph Hooker Kidd and Joseph Martino. A hard Montana winter isolated the two men, one of whom was past seventy-five years of age, the other seventy, and they were unable to get out to secure provisions. When they got down to where there was too much water and too few beans in the soup, Kidd decided to take his team and cutter and set out for Lennep, eight miles away. The first day he made three miles and stayed overnight at a sheep camp. He arrived at Lennep the next day, where he stocked up on food and with much difficulty made it to a ranch about seven o'clock in the evening.

He left at daybreak and fought his way through huge snowdrifts. Late that night when he was but a mile from Castle his team completely gave out. He turned the exhausted horses loose and made his way on foot to his friend Martino's cabin. After a short rest and a couple of cups of hot coffee he set out for his own cabin 500 yards away.

Martino held a lantern at the door to light the way for his friend and watched him go, but halfway to his cabin Kidd staggered and fell down dead. Martino was unable to move the body but placed a blanket over it. The next morning he skied to the sheep camp and told the sheepherder about his friend's death, and ultimately got word to the sheriff at White Sulphur Springs. Three days later the sheriff, accompanied by the coroner, skied over the mountain from White Sulphur Springs and dragged Kidd's body out on a toboggan. So ends the story of the last citizens of the mining town that fought so hard to live.

Many of its buildings have been torn down and hauled away for the lumber. During the long winter months, it sleeps peacefully beneath a coverlet of deep snow visited only by wildlife and an occasional hunter or trapper. Each spring it emerges from its hibernation with its buildings a little more weathered and forlorn. Sagebrush and weeds are rapidly taking over its streets and mercifully hide from view the rotting remains of former business houses and fine homes. On the north side of Allabaugh Creek several sagging frame and log buildings still dot the mountainside, some of them once the headquarters of outlaws. Only ruined foundations mark the sites of Castle's early-day saloons where a miner was always assured of a hearty welcome on payday.

Often visitors claim it gives them an eerie feeling to visit this old ghost town and all agree that it would make a perfect setting for a murder mystery, yet they cannot deny a feeling of sadness for this once rich mining town which during its rather short life basked proudly in the glory it so richly deserved.

Go Down, Mose

(Continued from page 41)

on a tone of awed and proprietary pride, then the bear belonged.

Old Mose had claimed Black Mountain.

AS HIS notoriety spread, hunters came from afar, eager to claim his scalp as a prize trophy. Famous names cropped up, among them that of Dall De Weese, a hunter and explorer of international reputation who settled on a Canon City ranch virtually at Old Mose's doorstep. Once a companion of Teddy Roosevelt on African safari, De Weese entertained T.R. at his two-story log ranch house, where it's a better than an even bet the talk eventually got around to Old Mose.

Then into the picture stepped Wharton Pigg, a Cripple Creek blacksmith who had struck it rich when his mining claims were swept into the golden tide of the Portland Mine, maker of millionaires. Casting about for a spot befitting the moneyed and landed gentry, Pigg settled on the Stirrup Ranch, a rolling spread of timbered grassland at the foot of Black Mountain.

Free with his bounty, Pigg entertained lavishly, bringing in relatives and other guests to hunt and ride and bask in the Portland glitter. Wrangling a post with the U.S. Biological Survey, he established the Stirrup Ranch as the heart of a private conservation and shooting preserve—with Old Mose the prime target. Pigg is known to have referred to Old Mose as "my bear" in a voice which had grown unnecessarily loud due to partial deafness. He spent years studying, tracking, getting to know Old Mose, scouting out his dens, examining his kills. He trained a fine pack of bear dogs, whose yapping must have carried to Old Mose as they followed along the trail of the tame bear Pigg used as training quarry.

Other hunters were just as anxious to claim Old Mose. One of them was Jake Ratcliffe, who hounded the huge animal for years until he got his big chance in the fall of 1886. Leading a hunting party which included Hank Seymore, R. M. Pope, and R. W. Foster, Jake stuck to the trail for ten days. On the last day the party split up to scout out the confusion of sign which radiated from a tortuous box canyon high up on a spur of Black Mountain.

Great sprawling tracks led Jake to a jumble of boulders, bramble covered, laced with dead-end passages, pocked with shadowy recesses. Peering into a black hole, Jake caught the unmistakable sound of deep, heavy breathing. Bear smell, rank and permeating, flowed from the hole. Tense, rifle ready, Jake leaned down and over to squint closer at an indistinct shadow in the blackness. When his boot knocked loose a rock, the shadow came alive.

Jake managed to get off one shot with his Henry before he was hurled across the canyon, scalped and unconscious. Mose cut short his pummeling to pace quick-legged, sniff, and peer as Jake slowly came back to awareness—numbed, suffering from shock and choking down blood. His gurgling scream was smothered as the hairy snarling fury enveloped him again, tearing, raking, crushing.

Theodore Roosevelt, on his visits to Old Mose's country, reportedly shot deer from the balcony of this house, then owned by Dall De Weese, pioneer Colorado dam builder and a companion of Roosevelt on African safari.

When Jake's companions reached him, Old Mose was out of range, heading up the aspen slope in a long-swinging, rocking gallop, unconcerned by the man figures hovering over the smashed Ratcliffe.

Sickened by what they saw, the hunters tied Jake on a horse without trying to patch him up. There was nothing they could do about the splintered bone which speared through Jake's left forearm, the scalp which hung over the pulp of his face, the five great bloody gashes which made his back resemble the work of a dull axe.

Jake's dying words as he lay in the bed of a buckboard on the way to the nearest doctor, fifty miles away in Fairplay, went unheeded by other hunters in the years which followed. Despite Jake's warning, "Boys, don't hunt that bear no more," James Asher was to meet Ratcliffe's fate on Mount Tallahasse, flanking Black Mountain.

THE DEATH of a cowboy, whose skeleton, spurs, and emptied gun were found on Thirty-Nine Mile Mountain, also was laid to Old Mose. The great bear was blamed, too, for the death of a hunter whose mutilated body was found on Cameron Mountain, a hundred miles northwest and clear across the Continental Divide. Though Mose was convicted of this killing only on circumstantial evidence, it was well within the realm of possibility. His foraging trips were known to take him in a 300-mile swing through the sawtoothed Sangre de Cristo Range, up and over the Sawatch Range and down onto the western slope of the Divide, back over the Divide again and east to the Arkansas to his known crossing at Spike Buck, then back through the broken hills along Beaver Creek to his haunts on Black Mountain.

As the hunt for the killer bear intensified, Old Mose knew little peace. He heard the whine and felt the slap of many bullets; his painfully keen ears felt the hysterical yelp of the pressing pack; and all the while his wilderness domain was being carved away. Narrow-gauge trains were rolling through the hills carrying cars of ore; Cripple Creek at his doorstep was a roaring camp of 35,000 souls, hell-bent for gold and the pleasures it would buy; cowmen were fencing off the waterholes and farmers were breaking up the land.

Mose grew more and more cunning as he fought for survival. G. A. Hall, a cattleman living near Fairplay, built in his pasture a stout log enclosure three feet high with a gap on one side. To get at the steer bait inside, Mose would have to trip the jaws of a gigantic steel trap set in the gap—or so Hall hoped. Three nights in a row, Old Mose simply reached over the logs, lifted a steer out bodily, and carted it away. And each time he smacked a new gap in the pasture fence.

John Douglas, young son of a rancher living near Black Mountain, came as close to getting Old Mose as anybody ever had—apparently closer than he wanted to get. With a teenage chum he built a shooting platform in a tree overlooking a small pond on the north slope of Black Mountain where Mose was known to go for a wallow. For three nights they kept vigil on the platform but when Mose finally showed, they could only cower in the tree while a playful Mose rolled and splashed and grunted in the moonlight.

"Sure, sure we know they *say* a grizzly can't climb," Douglas later said in defense of their loss of nerve, "but when he started sniffing around that tree with his hackles up we weren't going to risk a shot to find out for sure."

John Douglas' father, Charles, once hauled his camping and hunting gear twenty miles around the foot of Black Mountain to get at Mose's lair from Agate Creek. Rising before daylight, he and a companion scrambled over the rocks all day without sighting the bear or even any fresh sign. Bone-tired, they returned at dusk to their camp—or what was left of it. The wagon was overturned, its canvas ripped and bows smashed, everything else battered to devastation by Mose's bulldozer search for edibles. The spooked horses were long gone, so the hunters footed it home, all twenty miles of it.

ALL THE WHILE Whart Pigg was finding out more about the bear, tracking, learning, pigeon-holing as he strove to out-think Old Mose. He knew just about when the bear would take off on a foraging trip and pretty well where the cyclical jaunt would take him at any given time of the year. He knew that Old Mose always bedded down on the north slope of Black Mountain after describing a wide precautionary circle; he knew from the weather and from long study of the bear's habits almost to the day when Mose would waken from his winter sleep.

In the spring of 1904 Pigg was joined by James W. Anthony of Indiana, who had piled up an impressive bear hunting reputation by way of Idaho. With ill-concealed impatience, Anthony chafed as

Pigg watched the sky, sniffed the warming air, examined the new growth bursting out on the land.

"He'll wake up any day now," Pigg said, "but you know as well as I do those dogs can't find a scent that's not there yet."

Anthony shook his sandy head, slapped his hat back on, and swung long-legged toward the dog pen, where he was trying to make friends with Pigg's surly lead dog, Ray. The pack was a mixed bunch, part Walker, part bluetick, and a little bloodhound had crept in somewhere along the line. Scrapping, scrambling, yelping in the confines of the pen, they showed an impatience that matched Anthony's.

Finally Pigg said it was time. Leaving the Stirrup Ranch, they trekked around Black Mountain to set up camp on the Ed Simmons Ranch near Dick's Gulch. It was big country; twenty miles away, riding in hazy solitude above the rolling foothill swells and finally the dark-forested ridges, was the granite fortress of Old Mose.

They found his trail the first day out. Huge, deep-cut, crusted over, the prints awed even Anthony, who had bagged a scattering of grizzlies along with his many blacks.

For three days they climbed, sweated, swore, tracked, and retracked without hitting fresh sign. They found where Mose had grazed on meadow grass with a garnish of wild flowers, where he had paused to scratch his back on the rough back of a pine, where he had rooted out an occasional mouse or cony as he slowly distended his sleep-shrunken belly. They found where he had backtracked, circled, and crisscrossed, where he had scooped out a shallow depression to lie in watchful vigil high on a ledge.

"He sure knows we're after him," Pigg said on the fourth day, watching the pack that milled and circled, confused by scent which seemed to lead in all directions. The hunters decided to split up, with Anthony taking five dogs on up the gulch and Pigg backtracking with the other four in an effort to untangle Mose's slyly contrived puzzle.

"One thing, though," Pigg demanded, "whichever one gets him at bay has to wait for the other to shoot. Agreed?"

Anthony nodded, already striding up the gulch. They were less than an hour apart when a first questioning, then risingly confident, chorus from the dogs told him the trail was fresh.

ANTHONY broke into a scrambling, panting run, shifting carbine from crook of elbow to hand as the dog sounds rose to a primitive kill-wail, carrying an undertone of almost human hysteria.

Old Mose made his stand in a grassy swale dotted with aspen. At his back was Black Mountain; in front at first, then circling, were the dogs. In and out they darted in mixed bluff and terror, pulling fur and barking.

The first slug from Anthony's .30-40 Winchester, aimed too low in a try for the head at seventy yards, cut through the wattle at Mose's neck. The bear turned, rose half erect to peer, to assess, slipped down on all fours again, shifted weight from left to right and back again, then turned to move almost indifferently up the draw.

Now profiled to Anthony, the bear took another, high in the shoulder. He spun around to move down-draw, but took two more, this time through the other shoulder. The fifth slug missed, cutting an aspen which splintered into Mose's face. Confused and deviled by the dogs, the bear roared and slapped at the tree, uprooting and shattering it like a weed. Another slap smashed the bitch Mitzi into a quivering, kicking mass.

With neck arched and head swinging searchingly, the bear finally located Anthony. The sixth and last shot took him between the eyes at sixty-two feet. Old Mose went down.

It was all over when Pigg got there. Anthony threw up a cairn to mark the spot; then remained the vital statistics:

Date of death: April 30, 1904.

Age: Probably 45 years.

Weight: Eight hundred seventy pounds, hog-dressed.

Size: Ten feet, four inches long; nine feet, six inches wide, claw to claw across the shoulders.

Print: Fourteen inches long, nine inches wide.

They hauled Mose down to Canon City and hung his stripped, grotesquely manlike carcass in the butcher shop where hundreds gathered to view him as word of his death spread. Those who tried his meat said it was "tough and terrible, best washed down with a mouthful of jelly."

Blue Parka Bandit

(Continued from page 45)

had "Oregon Boots" attached to their shoes—circular disks of iron, weighing thirty pounds and clamped around the men's ankles by means of an inside hinge. These were secured by bolts sunk in small sockets, locked by screwing them tightly with a key. Iron bars, with the ends bent upward, were screwed to the soles of their shoes, and the upturned ends attached to the boots in such a manner that they were held off the ankles. This didn't make for easy walking and the prisoners got little exercise. As the trip wore on, Hendrickson and Thornton grew weak and pale from their close confinement, and some of the passengers even expressed sympathy for them.

"Why can't you give them some relief from those cramped quarters, and take off the boots for a while? They can't get away," they said.

The marshal, however, was adamant. "These are desperate men," he answered patiently. "They've broken jail before and they aren't going to get away while I'm guarding them."

Brave words, but spoken too soon!

IT WAS 5:30 on the afternoon of October 6, and the *Lavelle Young* and *Seattle No. 3* were tied up at the Nation City woodyard to take on fuel. When the dinner gong sounded, passengers gathered around the tables with good appetites. Just as they were starting on the main course, they saw the outside guard burst in. He hastened to the marshal, whispered to him, and then ran out. The marshal jumped up, pulled out his revolver, rushed to the door of the prisoners' stateroom, and quickly inserted his key in the lock. Pointing his gun ahead of him he pushed open the door. The inside guard backed him up, also with drawn revolver.

"They've escaped!" somebody shouted. Instantly panic ensued. Women screamed, and a few fainted. A confused rush in all directions followed, with some of the passengers hiding under tables, others running to lock themselves in their staterooms, and some rushing out on deck.

The marshal found only two prisoners left in the stateroom. The Blue Parka Bandit and his horse thief sidekick were gone. The marshal and guards frantically searched both vessels, going through all the staterooms and inspecting every corner above and below decks but no trace of the daring escapees could they find. Both steamers immediately threw their searchlights up and down the river bank against the thick, dark woods bordering it. The boats were held until midnight while a search went on for the fugitives, to no avail.

Everyone knew the desperate characters of Hendrickson and Thornton, and one of the men from Nation City took off over the trail to warn the miners on the creek. An Indian, who happened to be at the community, jumped into his canoe and started downriver to warn a camp of his tribesmen, fifty miles below.

"It's going to be a hard job finding them," one of the miners remarked. "Hendrickson used to work a claim around here, so he knows the country. It won't be any cinch to catch up with that bird."

And so it proved. Finally, the marshal had to let the boats proceed, and about midnight they started up the river again. A reward was left with an old Montana ex-sheriff occupying one of the cabins at Nation City for the capture of the fugitives dead or alive, and the marshal hoped to get further instructions from Fairbanks when he got to Eagle and could send a wire.

While the searchlights had been probing the darkness along the riverbank, Hendrickson and Thornton were hiding in the thick woods nearby. Their getaway hadn't been too difficult. The escape artist, Hendrickson, engineered it. Somehow, he had obtained a broken piece of jeweler's file before leaving Fairbanks. Inserting the file into his pipe he had smoked a crust around it so that when the pipe was examined, the presence of the file wasn't noticed. In the stateroom he found that two small hooks had been left screwed into the wall of the room. The curtain which had hung on a thin brass tube about two feet long had been taken away, but the brass tube and hooks had been left. The rod, the hooks, and his jeweler's file were all that Hendrickson needed.

A most ingenious mechanic, he filed off about eight inches of the brass tube and divided it into two pieces. One was flattened out and filed into a small saw. The other piece was used as a key to unscrew the bolts locking the Oregon Boots. The ceiling of the stateroom presented no problem. It was only a half-inch thick and constituted the roof of the steamboat. Forward of this room was a ladder descending to the lower deck.

With the hooks, Hendrickson made adjoining holes through the roof, and lying on their backs in the upper berth, he and Thornton took turns sawing, while the other two stood close to the window to obscure the guard's view. After each period of work, the holes and saw incisions were carefully filled with soap, the white substance completely obliterating the evidence. Finally, a section exactly fifteen inches long and ten inches wide was cut out of the ceiling, but left in place until the right opportunity arrived.

The opportunity came when the boat stopped at Nation City. Taking out the screws which attached the iron bars to their shoes, the miscreants were ready. While the dinner gong was loudly ringing, Hendrickson ripped out the ceiling. The other prisoners backed up against the window. Then he and Thornton climbed up through the hole, and Hendrickson led the way as they descended the ladder and crossed over the other boat to shore. One mishap occurred. As Thornton descended the ladder and stepped out on deck, he met the outside guard who looked at him, but without recognition. On shore, the prisoners immediately ran into the woods, stumbling in the darkness.

Back on the boat, the outside guard who had run into Thornton, did a double take. Coming face to face so suddenly with him, he hadn't credited his vision and continued to pace back and forth a few times before he realized what he had seen. Then he ran to the window, saw that two of the prisoners were missing, and rushed inside to tell the marshal that Hendrickson and Thornton had escaped.

AND HERE the two fugitives were, shivering in the northern wilderness, with winter approaching and temperature already close to zero. In a weak physical condition to start with, their lot was indeed desperate, for they were without warm clothing, matches or food.

"God, it's cold," Thornton shuddered. "And I sure wish we could have waited until after dinner to escape!"

"Eat some nice frozen blueberries," was the unsympathetic reply. "You wanted to come along, so quit bellyaching. This is better than dragging around that Oregon Boot, isn't it? I tell you I know this country. We'll find a cabin, get in out of the cold, and pick up some grub and warm clothes."

Nation Creek is about 100 miles below Eagle which is on the boundary between Canada and Alaska. Three miles above its mouth was Nation City, three or four cabins and the wood camp where steamers "wooded up." Twelve miles above Nation City was a roadhouse, and scattered up and down Nation Creek about a dozen cabins, some occupied by miners who intended to work their claims all winter.

The fugitives first tried to find an empty cabin near the woodyard. They crept silently to the settlement but it was astir with men milling around talking about the escape and reward. There seemed no chance to break into a cabin here, so the two escapees turned away to find something more available. Off they struck across country for the roadhouse which Hendrickson knew about. He had to urge his companion on, for by now Thornton was about at the end of his endurance.

They finally reached the almost deserted roadhouse, whose occupants were afraid to keep the desperate men out. Food was given them and they were allowed to sleep there. Early next morning, however, they left, intending to make their way down the river.

Finally Thornton could go no farther.

"It's no use—I'm done up," he panted, and weakly sagged to the ground.

"Stay here, then," commanded Hendrickson. "I'll get hold of a boat somehow, and it will be easier traveling."

He hadn't gone far when it looked like his luck had turned. Over the bar he saw a man come towing a canoe. At once Hendrickson ran into the woods bordering the stream and found a heavy club. He let the man come near and then jumped out with the upraised weapon.

"I need that boat," he said threateningly. "If you don't row me, I'll kill you and if you don't row where I tell you, I'll upset the canoe."

He compelled the other to get into the stern while he pushed the boat out to deeper water. What he hadn't noticed was a gun in the bottom of the boat, and when he leaped into the canoe it was to find himself looking into the barrel.

"All right, Hendrickson," said the gun's owner, the ex-sheriff from Montana. "Start rowing!"

In the meantime, Thornton had seen the marshal approaching up the river, and had gone back to the roadhouse to give himself up. He had had enough of freedom in the wilderness, and considered the price too high to pay for liberty.

The marshal had received telegraphed instructions from Fairbanks to go back to Nation Creek and retake the fugitives. He got there just at the right moment and lost no time in escorting them to the federal prison at McNeil's Island in Washington State. We can imagine that he turned them over to the authorities with a sigh of relief.

Even then, Hendrickson wasn't through. He had one more escape to his credit. After he was recaptured that time, he was turned over to the government prison at Leavenworth, Kansas. There the authorities managed to hang onto him until he was discharged February 11, 1920.

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The Long Riders

(Continued from page 19)

who were gathered at the track, begged him to keep on trying to complete the 300 miles. He was then so far ahead of schedule that it didn't seem possible he could quit. A record victory was almost within his grasp. When he refused they booed him even as he was being carried away.

Although this long ride failed, it was remarked upon by an admiring press that the mustangs were still going strong when their rider threw in the sponge.

A FAST RIDE of 1878 from Camp Harney, Oregon to Baker City is another example of what stamina a man and a horse are capable. Fandango was an outlaw roan weighing 1,000 pounds. His rider was Maurice Fitzgerald who raised cattle in Harney County.

While gathering strays in June he rode into Camp Harney at the same time a messenger arrived from Idaho reporting to the commanding officer, Colonel C. E. S. Wood, that Paiute and Bannock Indians had gone on the warpath.

Colonel Wood first asked a cattleman named Smith to speed north to Baker with dispatches to be sent to General O. O. Howard, then in the field.

Because he was a married man with a large family, Smith refused to risk making the trip. Since the Indians might plunge out of Idaho into that region, he and two sons began rounding up their cattle at once to get them to safety. While they were doing so, a raiding war party killed all three.

Turning to Fitzgerald for help, Colonel Wood requested that he make the fast trip. After brief consideration he agreed to go. Since his own horse was worn out, a friendly Indian named Savage was sent out to bring in Fandango.

On the way in, Fandango threw Savage and killed him. The horse had been foaled near San Diego. He had been an outlaw from the first, knowing a succession of owners until bought by the army at Fort Bidwell in northern California.

Some soldiers caught Fandango and brought him to Fitzgerald, who cinched on his saddle and mounted. As he hit leather, Fandango started bucking hard and rearing backward. But Fitzgerald was a hard-fast rider. Giving him time to get winded somewhat, Fitzgerald dug in the spurs. When the horse sprinted into a hard run Fitzgerald let him have his head until he slowed down of his own accord.

From there on Fandango was kept at a trot on the upslopes, and in a run on flat land.

Newspapers later reporting the singular ride described Fitzgerald as being 6 feet, 3 inches tall and weighing 200 pounds. A very strong man, he was also a little heavy for any horse to pack in a run under the conditions Fandango encountered.

At the Malheur Indian Agency he found two companies of soldiers on maneuvers. The commanding officer, learning of his mission, gave him more alarming dispatches for General Howard.

In Malheur City Fitzgerald paused only long enough to feed Fandango and grab a bite to eat.

Expecting to send the dispatches from a station forty-eight miles farther north, he arrived to find that the operator had gone hunting for the day. There was no one else in town able to work the telegraph key.

Mounting up again, Fitzgerald sped on for Baker City, reaching there at six-thirty that evening. The dispatches were telegraphed to General Howard.

Fitzgerald and Fandango had covered 148 miles in 23 hours. The Pacific Coast press hailed his long ride as most outstanding. However, it did not actually end at Baker City. Fitzgerald rode on another 112 miles to the general's camp on Clover Creek. Remaining with him during the following Indian campaign, he served as scout and courier.

Controversy always existed between western horse raisers and the army concerning breeds most suitable for cavalry needs. For decades the army was skeptical and derisive of the ordinary western stock horse (cold jaws). Raisers claimed they were better suited for army requirements than blooded stock. The argument reached a climax in 1908. Because of these claims and counter-claims a test was arranged called the Rocky Mountain Endurance Race.

To make the competition fair all around, other breeds were allowed to enter. In addition to western raisers' plain but big cow horses, there were standard-bred, Morgan and thoroughbred. Twenty-five of the best horses were entered for the test.

The 552-mile race track beginning at Evanston, Wyoming swung through the southwestern part of the state, then south, southeast and to the finish line in Denver, Colorado. The selected terrain was a good one to bring out any faults involving plains, desert, mountains and turgid streams.

The twenty-five horses and riders left Evanston's starting line at six a.m., May 30. Tremendous excitement developed all along the course and progress was telegraphed continually. As horses began dropping out, unable to stand the rough country and fast pace, bets were placed on those remaining. Cody, Wyoming people especially were wagering large sums on their entry. This was Teddy, a dark bay cow horse ridden by cowboy Charles Workman.

In prime condition, the tough, hardy Teddy led all the way. Somewhere in the van, taking it easy until the final spurt, was Sam, a sorrel cow pony ridden by another grizzled cowboy, F. T. Wykert.

Teddy was far ahead of all the rest after crossing the Colorado border. Then surprisingly Sam came up. The horses and riders ran neck to neck, not giving an inch. With news having been flashed ahead of them, the dirt road they followed was lined with spectators who drove out from Denver. As they appeared and passed by, loud cheering filled the air.

The pace set was a killing one. Riding close together, neither able to leave the other behind, Workman and Wykert concluded not to finish their brave horses off. Thus they came to an agreement to split first and second prize money.

Together they crossed the finish line in Denver at 2:30 p. m., six days after leaving Evanston, averaging 86.14 miles a day. The other six horses that finished were either mustang descendants or range broncs.

While the outcome was definitely decided, the army refused to accept the decision until World War I erupted in Europe. Range raised horses, if seventeen hands high, were then sold at a premium.

AFTER AUBREY completed the three longest and fastest rides in the history of the West, the great freighter Alexander Majors said, "The man who attempted to ride 800 miles in the time he did took his life into his hands. There is not one man in a million who could have lived to finish such a journey."

Aubrey was that millionth man. A Frenchman born in Canada, he went to Santa Fe in 1824, engaging in the Santa Fe trade until his untimely death. During the 1830s he spent several years in what became Arizona Territory. His name is preserved there on many places and landmarks.

Aubrey's long rides were made on the wiry mustang descendants of Moorish barbs, running 750 to 850 pounds in weight. Their legs were not long but firmly jointed and they were sure in their footing. They had long pasterns which made them springy on their feet. Very hardy, they could withstand the vicissitudes of climate and terrain and could live on browse which would starve a goat.

A man named Tobin made the first long ride over the Santa Fe Trail to Independence, Missouri in August, 1846. His accomplishment was widely hailed as unbeatable and he received considerable acclaim.

Aubrey was disdainful of the time Tobin used up, declaring that it could be done in far less. When he boasted too much, his wagers that he could beat Tobin's record were accepted.

In preparation for the grueling ride, he sent horses ahead on the trail with eastbound wagontrains. They would be picked up when he overtook them. He set out for Independence on December 22, 1847. For part of the way five others accompanied him but were soon left behind.

Consuming fourteen days, Aubrey reached Independence January 5, 1848. Even so, he expressed keen disappointment, besting Tobin's record by only ten and a half hours.

Returning by wagontrain to Santa Fe he fumed about it, insisting that he could make the 800 (actually 830) miles in 8 days. One of his friends who advised caution was Kit Carson. But when Aubrey was offered a stake bet of $5,000 he covered it immediately.

For the second ride Aubrey left Santa Fe on May 19, having sent his six change-off mustangs up the trail as before. Three friends started out with him but they couldn't stand the rigors of the fast pace and turned back after 300 miles.

Twice he was attacked by Indians; he rode three mustangs to death and walked nearly forty miles on the Staked Plains to reach his next mount. For three days he went without food. Despite these handicaps he reached Independence May 27, making the run in eight days and ten hours.

Reported the Santa Fe *New Mexican*, "This gentleman travels with a rapidity almost supernatural."

Still refusing to be satisfied that the distance couldn't be covered in less time, Aubrey prepared for a third ride. This time he refused to allow anyone to attempt accompanying him. As proof that he set out at the hour stated he carried a letter from Santa Fe properly dated and notarized.

Aubrey departed on his famous racer, a yellow Palomino mustang mare named Dolly. The wagontrain taking his first change-off east made faster time than he had counted on. This resulted in Dolly's having to cover 200 miles in 26 hours.

Far east of Wagon Mound, halting only long enough to change saddles, he spurred on, eating jerky as he rode. He dared not pull off the trail to sleep for Indians might find him. Only when overtaking a wagontrain at a ford on the Arkansas River did he snatch a little rest.

The trail for the last 600 miles was muddy, 100 of it ridden through a driving rain. Aubrey used seven mustangs altogether, walked twenty miles, ate six meals and slept a total of four hours.

On September 17, his lathered mount staggered into Independence. Exhausted also, Aubrey had to be lifted from the saddle and walked around between two men until his warped legs straightened out.

The third ride was completed in 5 days and 14 hours, for an average of 140 miles per day. Contributing most to his success this time was Dolly.

Later Aubrey made other fast trips, but all were shorter. In 1853 he drove a flock of sheep to San Jose, California from New Mexico, disposing of them at a high price. He had followed the 35th parallel into California through northern Arizona. On the return to Santa Fe early in 1854, he drove a wagon all the way. With him was a herd of Spanish horses and sixty men.

After his death this exploit was published in the *Missouri Republican* with details of the route followed. From his description government engineers selected that course to survey for a transcontinental railroad to the West Coast. The Atlantic and Pacific Railroad (now the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe) followed closely through mountain passes and across rivers which Aubrey had scouted for the easiest road to and from the Pacific Coast.

Major T. C. Weightman of the U. S. Army at Fort Union disliked Aubrey immensely. Small arguments between them suddenly erupted into a violent quarrel. From the records, the major seems to have been the aggressor. He was a crack shot, and killed Aubrey in Santa Fe, New Mexico, August 18, 1854.

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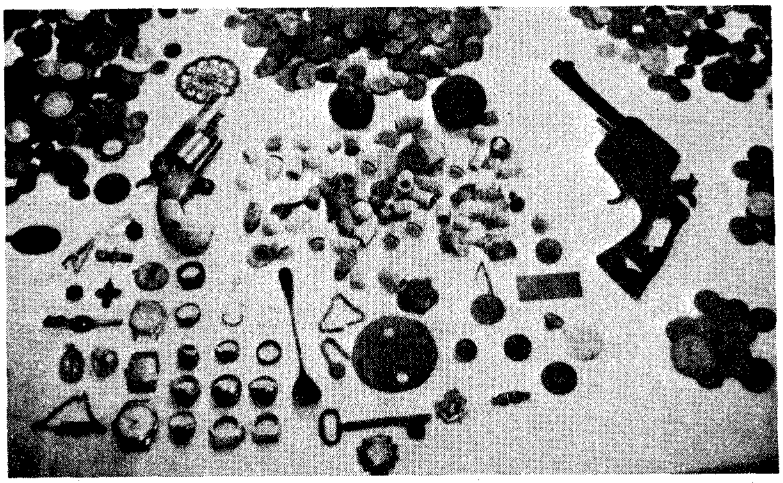

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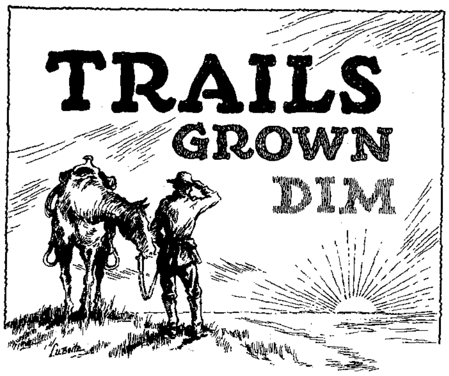

TRAILS GROWN DIM

If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.

Morgan

John Jasper Ozment, born somewhere in Tennessee, lived in Mississippi, returned to Tennessee and married Anna Mae Morgan, and returned to Mississippi where Anna Mae died. He married Margaret E. Morgan and had five children in Mississippi. Their first child, A. Clinton Ozment, was my grandfather, born 1844. They migrated to Texas around 1850 and settled on Indian Creek near old Burns City, Texas located about fifteen miles southwest of Gainesville, Texas in Cooke County. I am told that Margaret had a brother Henry. Can anyone tell me of Margaret E. Morgan's family?—Mrs. Willeen Davis, 605 E. Hill Street, Brownfield, Texas 79316.

Williams

I have tried every source I know and am appealing to your readers to help me find my father whom I have not seen since I was a small child. He is William N. Willams, born around 1898 at Quanah, Texas into a family of ten. He married my mother, Bessie Quinn Cook at Stanton, Texas December 31, 1926. They lived at Marland Camp, Borger, Texas, where my sister Imojean was born in January, 1928. He was a truck driver. I was born in Stanton, Texas, 1929. My Uncle Carlton saw him in 1932. In February 1966 he was in Uvalde, Texas looking for me. He should be about 6' tall, 175 pounds, blue eyes, balding and has a bad limp.—Mrs. Juanita Franke, 157 Edgemont W., Belleville, Michigan 48111.

Flexsige

Would you please publish a whereabouts notice concerning a Richard Flexsige who in about 1900 left home in Chicago to become a cowboy in Nebraska or the Dakotas. He lived on Dickens Avenue, near Lawndale, in what was then the far northwest side. He had two brothers; the younger one, Fred became a painter. I lost track of him about 1925. Any information from or of his brother Richard Flexsige also would be greatly appreciated.—Otto Baumgarth, 22 Birch Pl Route 1, Carmel, California 93921.

Rickabaugh

My great-uncle, Lou Rickabaugh, was a partner in the Oriental Saloon in Tombstone, Arizona along with Wyatt Earp. I would like any possible information about him. He went to Texas at one time and had Wyatt join him, but have no idea where or when he died, or if he ever married.—Mrs. Frank Barrett, P.O. Box 943, Florence, Oregon 97439.

Skancke

I am interested in contacting the descendents or relatives of Laurence George Skancke who was born in Norway in 1847 and came to the U. S. in 1866. He was a clerk in the Salina, Kansas land office in 1872, and later operated stores in Salina and Lindsborg, Kansas. He left Lindsborg in 1882 and was in the lumber business in Chicago for some time. He moved to Denver, Colorado where he died in the 1890s. He married Alice Norton of New York State in 1870, and they had two children—Mirriam and Marcus. Mirriam was born in St. Louis in 1872, and married Mark McDermott of New York. She was an actress and lived in Hollywood. In 1935 she was a hostess for the Clark Cruising Co. vessels. Marcus was born in New York in 1886, was married and had a daughter, Mirriam. In 1935, he was in the insurance business in New York State.

Mr. Skancke was prominent in the founding of the City of McPherson, Kansas almost one hundred years ago, and we would like to contact his descendents to find out more about him, and to secure a picture of him.—Linn Peterson, City Clerk, 540 E. Hill, McPherson, Kansas 67460.

Biem-Bartelson-Trumble

I would like information about Alvin Biem, a boyhood friend who lived in Montana, north of Brockton on Smoke Creek in Roosevelt County, and whom I last saw in 1940; also my first cousins, Myrtle and Adolph Bertelson, Jr. who lived at Cut Bank; also my uncle Frank Trumble, who passed away there. I shall be glad to repay postage on any letters with information.—Leroy F. Trumble, 1813 Kerr Street, Boise, Idaho 83705.

Edwards

Wanted, information about descendents of Morderia (Mord) Edwards who left Nixa, Missouri after the Civil War and settled in Texas.—James L. Edwards, 2729 California Street, Eureka, California 95501.

Burke

I am interested in obtaining information on the Burke family of Virginia and Kentucky. I have been told that my ancestor, Jonathan Oxford Burke, supposedly born in Martinsville or Martinsburg, Virginia and who subsequently moved to Missouri and then to Jessamine County, Kentucky, married Mary James, who was either an aunt or a close relative of Jesse James.

I would like to correspond with anyone connected with the Burke or James families of Virginia, Missouri and Kentucky or with anyone who has information on these families. I have been told by members of my family that my ancestor, Jonathan Oxford Burke, was a lawyer and that at one time he was the "mouthpiece" of the James gang. He was supposedly killed in a duel of honor though I do not know the date or place. Also interested in hearing from descendants of the Boren-Boring family of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky.—Mrs. Georgia J. Burke Boren, Box 292, Manila, Utah.

Farman

I would like to hear from Richard B. Farman, nicknamed "Native." He used to work for H. S. Anderson Construction Company in or around San Francisco, California about 1925. He should be about seventy-two or seventy-three years old.—J. D. Cook, 606 S. Buckner Boulevard, Dallas, Texas 75217.

Fred Charles Morris

For years I have known that I am related to Brigadier General Reno—either my great-great grandfather, or great-great uncle. My grandmother was Sara Reno, born at Fort Snelling, Minnesota about 1885 or 1890. She was married to Fred Charles Morris and later divorced. Her name was "Hill" when she died in 1931 at St. Paul, Minnesota. If I could locate Fred Charles Morris, last seen in 1934 in Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, I think he would know the connection. He disappeared and was last known to be near Gold Beach, Oregon. My grandmother's full name was Sara Reno Morris Hill.—Fred Morris Bartlett, 141 E. Fifth Street, San Dimas, California 91773.

Low

I am interested in corresponding with anyone who knows about the Low family. My great-grandfather was Jacob Low who lived somewhere near Nashville, Tennessee, when my grandfather (William Jackson Low) was born in 1844. He, my grandfather and another of his sons were in the Civil War. However, this is all the information I have.—Mrs. Boyd Bradford, 4408 Humble, Midland, Texas.

Breazeale

I would like to hear from anyone who could give me information on any members of the Breazeale (also spelled Brazeal, Brazzel, Brassell, Brazil) family. Stories concerning members of the family, copies of Bible records, family records, tombstone inscriptions, etc., as we have lost track of many family members as they migrated westwardly. Can anyone tell me anything about the J. Brazil family who were living in Lincoln, Kansas in 1879?—Mrs. Taney Brazeal, Route 2, Box 5, Fairhope, Alabama 36532.

Adams

My great-grandfather, John R. Adams, was born August 31, 1819 in Nicholas County, Kentucky and was married to Eliza Craig also of Kentucky in Thornton, Indiana, February 13, 1840. They settled in Rock Island County, Illinois, Hampton Township by the Illinois census of 1860. There were six children listed then; Hannah, George, Mary Cerilda, Harriett, Anjanett, and John M. who was my great-grandfather. John R. Adams had a freight line in which they carried supplies to the gold fields in California. He disappeared on one of these trips and the reports were that the whole train was ambushed and killed by Indians in New Mexico. Nothing more was heard of him or the train. His wife Eliza died November 10, 1886 and is buried in the Hampton Illinois cemetery. I'd appreciate any information.—John D. Adams, Box 178, Matherville, Illinois 61236.

Camper

I would like to hear from anyone having information on a Julia (Julie) Camper born July 28, 1868 in Tennessee. She was either full-blooded or three-fourths Cherokee. It was said her grandfather was a chief and that she was kin to White Horse. Julia was married around 1880 or 1882 to James K. Polk Collins in Tennessee and settled in Denison, Texas around September 1885. Her father came with them. I'd like also anything concerning the Cherokee Indians, religion, customs, etc.—Mrs. Roy Jaynes, 326 N. W. 13th Street, Grand Prairie, Texas 75050.

Hopkins

I have not heard from my father, Orville Hopkins, since my mother left Texas thirty-two years ago. His parents were Jess and Irene Hopkins, two sisters Opal and Katie and one brother, Selmer. The last place they lived was Belton, Texas. My mother's name is Ruby Hopkins. Will deeply appreciate hearing from anyone who has information.—Mrs. Norman Helwig, 2843 Hooper Road, Marysville, California 95901.

Cody

My great-great-grandfather and his family moved from North Carolina some time after the Civil War and left some household goods behind with someone and never went back to get them. Among these things was their family Bible, which I would very much like to have. His name was John Cody, and his wife's name was Emory. Their children were John and Barney, twins, James M., Tib, Billy and Mary. They were all listed in the Bible. I'd also like to hear from anyone who knows any of the North Carolina Codys.—E. L. Cody, 2436 Pennsylvania, Maryville, Tennessee 37801.

Cornett

I am trying to locate the children of Sidney Cornett of Fort Smith, Arkansas who was the husband of my sister, May Brame. The last contact I had with them was in 1924. I was living in Kansas City, Missouri. My sister is dead and I believe Cornett is also dead. There were twin girls from this marriage, Helen and Hazel, also a boy named Stanley, and also a boy of my sister, Inez Brame. Her husband owned a theater in Tulsa, Oklahoma and also the Hippodrome theater in Dallas, Texas. His name was Cauble. The son's name, I believe is either Morro or Maury Cauble, as near as I can make out.—Earl M. Brame, 3420 Merced Street, Los Angeles, California 90065.

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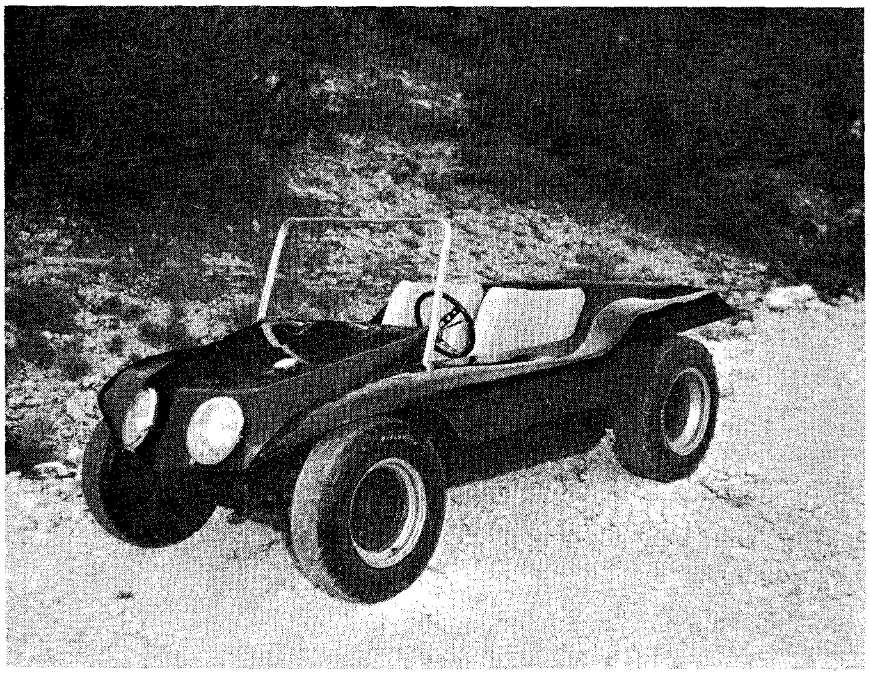

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LETTER RIP!
Beitz

Dear Editor:

The "Mosaic in Seeds" of Cochise, which appeared in the Winter '67 issue on page 11, was done by our crafts leader, Ruth Bruner, in collaboration with our Cochise 4-H Club. It was part of our prize winning Cochise County 4-H exhibit at the 1966 Arizona State Fair. The children obtained the seeds from their 4-H garden projects and from the desert. Several helped in the final gluing on of seeds on the portrait in addition to the posters and other objects all made or based on their theme: "4-H is Fun, See'd for yourself."—Mrs. Betty Allaire, 1966 Community Leader, Cochise 4-H Club, Cochise, Arizona 85606.

Dear Sir:

I am writing a story of my parents. I have gathered quite a bit of old history and back dates so far. I hope maybe some of your readers may help me with this one. This dates back prior to the Civil War. The following was obtained from the Lackawanna Historical Society, Scranton, Pennsylvania.—In question is a Dr. James Hostetter.

"Hostetter Bitters" was a very sound product, in the early part of this century but to its origin, they have no recollection. It was particularly good for "Hangovers."

In the Scranton *Tribune-Rebublican* of May 25, 1912, as follows:

"Everybody's doing it. Doing what? Taking Hostetters Stomach Bitters."

"For all troubles of the digestive tract-billiousness-constipation, headaches and to drive out the blues."

"Sixty years doing it."

If the sixty part is true, it must have been used prior to the Civil War. Would appreciate hearing from anyone who could help me.—Marilyn Davis, Star Route, Grangeville, Idaho 83530.

Dear Editor:

Mr. Harald Strahl (a friend of my Norwegian husband) who hails from Stockholm, Sweden, asked me to relate the enclosed anecdote to you. I introduced Harald, now sixty-six years old, to my collection of your magazines and he along with others finds them highly entertaining.

Harald's maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fredmon, emigrated to Kansas City, Kansas in 1863, from Sweden. They opened up a saloon and restaurant. Fourteen children were born to them, Harald's mother being one, born in 1876. Her name was Emma Louise Fredmon. When Emma was nine years old the family returned to Sweden as Joseph, the father, had developed diabetes. When Emma grew up she married Harald's father. They had several children. The grandparents kept the new youngsters happy with many tales of the American pioneer days. (Ships moving back and forth from the European continent kept the two hemispheres familiar with all news.) One story was about Jesse and Frank James.

On several occasions the Fredmons had as their customers two dapper, young, but conservative men who partook of food and drink in a quiet way. Jesse and Frank James, though alive, had already become a legend and Axel Fredmon, nine years old and make-believe gun in hand, ran through the saloon hollering, "Jesse and Frank James eat here!"

The two quiet gentlemen jumped up and demanded, "Are those two gentlemen here?" The customers tittered and no one answered. Quickly the two men paid their food and drink bill and tossing a couple of ten dollar gold pieces towards Axel, they hurried out and rode away. It wasn't until Jesse's death that the Fredmons learned who their guests had been. Axel grew up and became a doctor (Harald's uncle).—Florence Moland, 61 Clements Street, Liberty, New York, 12754.

Dear Editor:

Just finished the Rube Burrow story in OLD WEST. I wasn't around Texarkana in 1887 but was born here in 1901. The story tells of the train robbery at Genoa, Arkansas, and states that it is thirty miles north of Texarkana, near Red River. Genoa, Arkansas is seven miles southeast of Texarkana and twelve miles from Red River and is on the St. Louis Southwestern Railroad (Cotton Belt). However, this could have been called the St. Louis Arkansas and Texas Railroad at that time. As you can see from enclosed map the only town north about thirty miles is Ashdown, Arkansas, and it is twelve miles from Red River and is on Kansas City Southern Railroad.

If the robbery was at Genoa and the direction and distance was wrong, would like to hear from any reader who has information on this. I enjoy all your publications and read them from cover to cover.—Perry DeMarce, Route 2, Box 455, Texarkana, Texas 75501

Dear Joe:

Les Mooman told me about a horse he had named Dynamite. Les said, "Joe Hudspeth owned him first but found out he couldn't ride him and no once else could, so he decided I should have him as I was just starting a bucking string at the time. He wrote me telling me of the horse so I agreed to trade a big black team for the bucker.

"I got him in 1919 and bucked him until he died in 1937. In his career he bucked off many 'top riders.' Frank Woods, champion bronc-rider was flown to a rodeo at Okanogan, Washington to see if he could ride him, but Dynamite bucked him off, just as he did the beginners, and Frank was the champion bronc rider at that time.

"I took my outfit to Sumas, Washington and several good hands were bucked off; then I shipped them back to Ellensburg where world-champion Howard Fegland drew him and was bucked off. Several weeks later we roaded them to Ritzville, Washington about 150 miles. Howard Fegland drew him again and got bucked off again. Black Bart drew him and went the same way. Ray Bell was his next victim. I had Dynamite at the Pendleton Roundup and don't recall having him ridden there; also had him at the Lewiston, Idaho Roundup and don't recall him being ridden there either.

"In July 1937 I took him to a rodeo at Nespelem, Washington, but he didn't act right so I didn't buck him there. On the way home about five miles from the pasture he dropped out of the horse herd, so I left him and left the gates open after we got home. Next morning he was with the saddle horses and seemed to be all right so I put him with the rest of the horses. He went about two miles and died and my men and I buried him where we found him and put up a marker. This was on July 7, 1937, about ten miles northwest of the Wild Goose Bill ferry. I owned and was in partnership on a lot of other top bucking horses, including Badger Mountain, Shake-em-Down-Sally, Blue Blazes, Widow Maker, Snake, Devil's Dream and John Doe which was voted the best bucking horse at the Calgary Stampede in 1967."

Les retired from rodeo business in 1960 due to failing health and lives on his ranch about two miles from Omak. He still has some cattle and quarter horses left.—Walt Thayer, Box 75, Wenatchee, Washington.

Dear Joe Small:

There are six families living in our apartment building. We have a magazine stand in the small lobby and use it to exchange magazines with each other. When someone finishes a magazine, he places it on the rack so his neighbors can read it. Your publications disappear pronto and make the rounds. After everyone has read them, we take them to a convalescent hospital or nursing home. Your magazines are much too good to hoard!—Walter L. Britt, 45 Galilee Lane, #1, San Francisco, California 94115.

Dear Sir:

I rode for Scorup and Somerville Cattle Co. in San Juan County, Utah during the years before World War II. One day we were on the trail from Blanding to the winter range between the rivers. Our pack mules were loaded with supplies, bed rolls and war-bags, and with tools and some dynamite for working trails. Boss Harvey Williams intended to put in a month, while the weather was cool, hunting "wild ones" and building trail before time for spring roundup.

What cattle were still in the broken, tree-covered bluffs along the foot of Elk Mountain, were sure to be snaky ones; so when Harve left the lead of our cavvy along some fresh tracks in the snow, Henry and I knew what was up. We left the horses and mules to drift down the trail, if they would, and fell in behind Harvey on those running cow tracks.

We were just getting into stride, letting our horses run as fast as we dared (while ducking tree branches) when Henry slowed ahead of me and pulled to a stop out of my way. Henry had never done a thing like that before on a wild-cow chase; but I couldn't stop to ask questions—Harve was already fumbling with his rope!

Soon we were crowding them. When they split up, Harvey took the largest track; I ran a smaller one, and soon had an unbranded heifer tied to a tree with my neck-rope around her horns. Then I backtracked to get on Harvey's track and help him with his big "cow."

When I got to him, he was kneeling beside a tied-down bull, with his de-horn saw in hand. Just then Henry came jogging along our tracks.

"Hank, is something wrong with your horse?"

"No."

"Are you all right?"

"Sure."

"How come you pulled up, Hank?"

"Just happened to think of the concussion caps I've got in my slikker roll."
—Mark Gudmundsen, Box 403, Lander, Wyoming 82520.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed is a copy of a letter from my Uncle John David Vance written before his execution. Thought perhaps your readers could throw some light on his death. My father, who was also a Confederate veteran, told us that his brother left Mississippi for Texas and with a detail chased a Federal payroll across the Rio Grande. They were surrounded by the Mexican authorities and captured. These were Northern sympathizers.

Matamoras, Mexico
November 10, 1864

Dear Mother:

It is with a sad heart I write you this letter. I am now under the sentence of death and expect I will be executed. Shot is the sentence. God forbid that I should have come to such an end. Ma, I want you to take good care of my little daughters and wife. Whiskey and my crazy brain has brought me to this. You have been a good Mother and if I had taken your advice it would have been much better. Ma, if Lovey should die I want you to raise my children. Get Lovey to come and live with you so you can take care of her and the children. You know more about raising the children than she does. Tell Brother to quit drinking and never touch whiskey or cards for they are calculated to ruin any man and especially young men. Tell him to live an honest, upright life. It is the best and happiest. Don't ever go to the expense to come after my body. I don't want any remains moved after they once put me away.

Oh to God, I could recall a few days. But it is too late—regret. Remorse. Oh, if it had not been for this war I would now be at home a happy man. But I am now lost. I am no coward but I hate to die. A person can't imagine the tears Death brings with it. I have been in battle where I expected to be shot down any minute. But this is quite different when you know you are to be taken out and executed. You stand no chance of being wounded. It must be certain death and then you have time to ponder and reflect on it in all of its horrors. Oh God, have mercy on me. Ma, I am not afraid—I am ready to die. If I had gotten out of this without being shot I intended to be a different man. I have reformed from all my bad habits. I never intended to drink any more, or touch a card, not even for amusement. But, it's all too late.

Goodbye, God bless you, and all of the family. You must not let this grieve you for I brought it on myself. You always cautioned me about my associates. I am too proud to acknowledge I was pressured by others into a thing that has cost me my life. Tell Brother, for God's sake, to lead another life. It is a family failure to love whiskey, and it will ruin him if he doesn't make a vow never never to touch it. Tell him never to play cards; for dissipation and ruin is sure to follow gambling. I am trying to be ready to meet my doom. If I succeeded in preparing myself, a thousand guns pointed at me could not shake my nerves. Goodbye. God preserve me. Your son, John David Vance.

Will appreciate any information that you may have. I like to read your magazines.—Calvin B. Vance, 206 College, Batesville, Mississippi 38606.

Dear Sir:

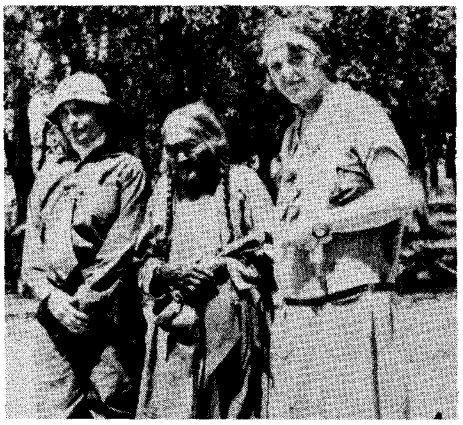
I received my copy yesterday of OLD WEST, Spring 1968 and as usual put it aside for evening reading. With four children put to bed I picked up my copy and began to scan through when on page eight I saw a familiar face and a story that I was raised with back in Haire, Montana. I am the granddaughter of the late Guy Hockett (spelled with two ts) mentioned on page eleven. I immediately called my mother, Gladys Hockett Wodarz, in Haire to let her know of this article.

Long George was a very good friend of my grandfather as his barber shop was the center of many get-togethers for cowboys in town for a few days. It also was the only hot bath in town for them. My mother was born in the back apartment of the shop and remembers so well as a child how Long George would throw her in the air and carry her piggy-back up and down the sidewalk.

Long George knowing of his future years ahead in prison gave Grandpa his saddle, bridle and typewriter to have as they were such close friends, not knowing that he was soon to die. For his funeral they borrowed the saddle, etc., from Grandpa to use on his horse Tony, but my grandfather was never to see them again as they quietly disappeared. He never knew even until his death who took them.

Montana is so full of colorful history with beautiful friendly people. Though I live here in commuter-land only a few miles from New York City, my heart is in Montana. I care only to be known as another misplaced Montanan. We venture to Haire every three years, spending the summer and letting our children enjoy the wide open spaces. Haire seems now to be getting smaller as the people I went to school with in the 1950s are looking for their horizons elsewhere.

Thank you for printing this article on Long George and spotting the name of Guy Hockett because just seeing it in print brought so many pleasant memories of him not only as a grandfather but as a grand-man.—Sharon Wodarz Toscano, 83 Holmes Avenue, Darien, Connecticut 06820.



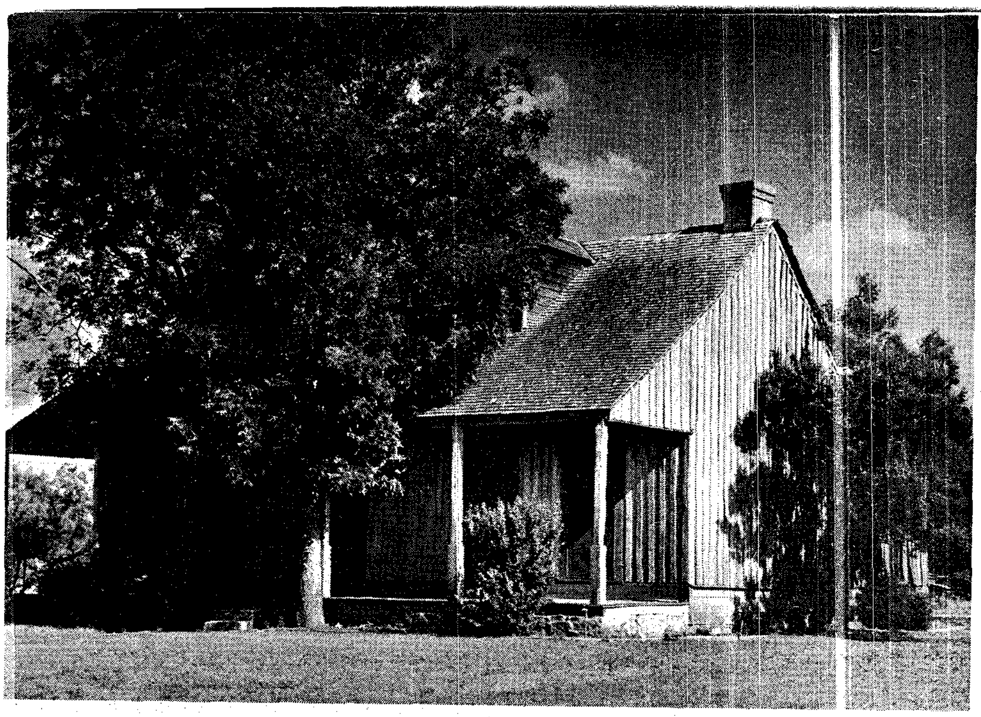
Center figure is the wife of Curley (Custer's scout). At left is Curley's daughter.

Dear Carolyn:

I am enclosing a picture taken July 14, 1925, during a 5,400 mile Model T trip from Indiana through the West. I remember we had fifteen blowouts, used up six sets of bands, but still managed to have lots of fun. We had no roadmap or schedule to follow, just drove. While washing up in Sheridan, Wyoming, we were told about the Custer massacre, so we traveled to Cody, Wyoming, by way of the Crow Reservation in Montana. The guide there told us only one of Custer's Indian scouts escaped. This Indian, named Curley, had been sent by Custer to find Reno and tell him to come with his troops.

When the guide added that Curley's Indian wife and daughter lived at the agency, we decided to look them up. Curley's wife, as I remember, did not speak English but her daughter, Mrs. Colter, told us the story as she remembered her parents telling it. They let us take a picture of them (the tall woman on the right was a "fill-in" to balance the snapshot). I would like to hear from anyone who can give me more information about Curley's wife and daughter.—Zaney the Chief, Land of Kapoosh, Coldwater, Michigan 49036.

HOME BASE of 6th CAVALRY



Officer's Quarters at Fort Richardson, Jacksboro, Texas. Constructed of cottonwood, it is said to be the only structure of its kind still standing in the United States. Building was used as Regimental Headquarters of the 4th and 6th Cavalry.

UNTIL A YEAR AGO you could not find Fort Richardson listed on the road maps of Texas. Yet its function was far more important and its glory far greater than many of the better known forts whose thin line spread across the western plains.

During July, 1866, Major and Brevet Colonel S. H. Starr with two companies of the 6th U. S. Cavalry arrived at the little village of Jacksboro on the northwest frontier of Texas and set up headquarters on the southwest corner of the square. One company was on the west side of the square behind the buildings and one company bivouacked on the southeast corner of the square. Major Starr chose to dismiss the Indian problem and proceeded to erect log picket houses for the command on the square—six houses 14 by 20 feet in size with mud covered roofs for each cavalry troop. By the early spring of 1867 the command had increased to six troops plus a whole tribe of Tonkawa Indians acting as scouts. The Tonkawas numbered about 180 including women and children.

For reasons known only to the army, Jacksboro was ordered abandoned in April, 1867, with two troops to go to Buffalo Springs and four to old Fort Belknap. The Tonkawas were ordered to Fort Griffin. After spending thousands of dollars, the army found the water at Fort Belknap unfit to drink, and almost nonexistent at Buffalo Springs. By a twist of fate, this element of nature caused the birth of the Forgotten Lady of Frontier Forts—Fort Richardson.

ESTABLISHED November 26, 1867 on Lost Creek, a tributary of the Trinity River, Richardson was the most northerly Texas outpost. In February 1868, it was named in honor of Major General Israel B. Richardson, U. S. Volunteers, who died of wounds received at the battle of Antietam. Special Order No. 27, Headquarters, Fifth Military District, states, "It shall be manned by six companies of cavalry and two companies of infantry."

With the establishment of Fort Richardson, the main line of defense for the western and northwestern frontier of Texas commenced at Fort Duncan on the Rio Grande and extended to Fort Clark, Fort McKavett, Fort Concho, Fort Griffin, and Fort Richardson.

The 6th Cavalry, for all her glory in the War between the States, just didn't get the hang of Indian warfare and did little to relieve the Indian problem in Texas. However, she did turn Jacksboro, a frontier village of four or five buildings and a dozen or so log houses with a delapidated rawhide courthouse, into a boom town.

Being the jumping-off place of civilization, Fort Richardson was a hub of activity. Over a dozen saloons going night and day helped cut the west Texas dust. Some of the better known drinking places were The Gem, Little Shamrock, Emerald, Sunflower, Island House, First National, Last Chance, Coffee House, Jimmy Nolan's Dance House, Jim Kramers' Union Headquarters and the Wichita Hotel Saloon. The sound of the fiddle and the crack of the six-gun were heard the livelong night.

With the flow of easy money came such people as Doc Holliday, Wyatt Earp, Joe Horner, and Lottie Deno. Many are the stories of this highborn lady who held her own among the best gamblers of the Old West. She went to Fort Concho in 1870 and was known as Mystic Maud. When she arrived at Fort Griffin, she assumed the name of Lottie Deno. There are numerous legends of her few months at Fort Griffin before she vanished. Old court records at Jacksboro show that from 1874 to 1876 she paid occupation tax as a saloon operator and paid many a fine for running a "disorderly house."

While the wild side was part of the growth of Fort Richardson, there were also the builders. Men such as Charlie Goodnight, Oliver Loving, John Slaughter, Dan Waggoner, and Burk Burnett strengthened the tax roll.

In the late summer and early fall of 1868, Lt. Col. and Brevet Brig. General James Oakes assumed command of Fort Richardson and made it regimental headquarters for the 6th U. S. Cavalry. By the summer of 1869, four buildings for barracks were completed; one 20 by 100 feet, and three 20 by 85 feet, being 550 feet from the officers' quarters and constructed of pickets. Eight buildings were erected for officers' quarters.

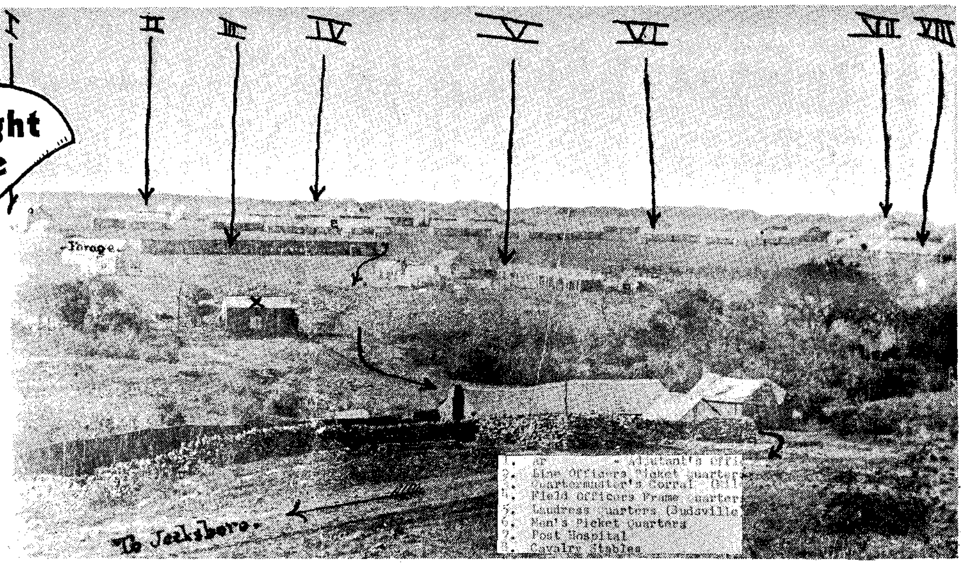
SOLDIERS working as laborers received forty cents a day extra, but building a fort can only take so long, and eventually a trooper has to quit being a mason or carpenter and turn his attention to the military. When Fort Richardson was established, the community felt relieved regarding the Indian problem. With the soldiers present, they could get about the work of rebuilding their homes which had been badly neglected during the war. However, it did not take long for both the settlers and Indians to discover that the soldiers, new to this sort of warfare, were of little help in coping with the Indian problem. The entire frontier was hit by raids. A week seldom passed that the soldiers at Fort Richardson were not called on to pursue redskins who had entered the settlements for horses and scalps.

Worse than the soldiers' lack of experience, the politicians back East were ill-informed as to the seriousness of the problem. Being a safe distance from the frontier, most took the attitude that the settlers were blowing the whole thing out of proportion. It was easy to criticize the soldiers, saying, "Why can't our men on fleet horses overhaul the Indians who are mounted on scrub ponies?"—further proving their lack of knowledge. The Indians were not on scrub ponies, but on the very best of horseflesh, stolen from the settlers. When making a raid down into Texas from the reservation they would bring their string of horses with them and stake them out at points along the way where they would have a change of mounts if needed when returning north of the Red. The soldiers with just one

The boys might not have been the greatest at putting down redskins but they sure had a knack for livening up a fort!

By RUSSEL JONES

Photos By the Author


I
II
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Forage
To Jacksboro.
1. AF – Adjutant's Offi
2. Line Officers Picket Quarter
3. Quartermaster's Corral (Gil
4. Field Officers Frame Quarter
5. Laudress Quarters (Sudsville
6. Men's Picket Quarters
7. Post Hospital
8. Cavalry Stables

Early photo of old Fort Richardson. Official plat designates structures in the fort complex as follows: Located upon the southern side of the Fort: one marked A and two BB; 2BB on the plat are frame buildings, the remainder are picket houses marked CC and D. C and C are 16 by 47 feet and D is 18 by 73 feet. A back building, 15 by 33 feet, containing two kitchens, is in the rear of each of these buildings. The adjutant's office was a stockade building 16 by 47 feet. The quartermaster's office was a stockade building 16 by 77 feet. The quartermaster's commissary and store house, M & M on plat, were built of sandstone, each 29 by 86 feet and 19 feet high with a 20 foot frame structure connecting the two buildings. The guardhouse, built of sandstone and pickets, was 24 by 37 feet. The hospital, of sandstone, was 128 feet in length from north to south; consisting of a main building 33 by 35 feet and two stories in height, two wings being 24 by 44 feet each, and a kitchen in the rear of the main building 12 by 20 feet; a veranda of 12 feet in width surrounded the whole building. A laundry was erected 60 feet behind the hospital and was 16 by 17 feet. The post bakery, marked F on the plat, was 26 by 26 feet and of sandstone. The sandstone magazine is 18 by 18 feet with walls four feet thick. The stables, marked K and K on the plat, were built of pickets; the one nearest the guardhouse was 200 feet in length and 35 feet in width; the other was of the same length and 30 feet in width.

horse each were easily outdistanced by men who could change to fresh mounts when necessary.

Although the 6th Cavalry was in constant pursuit of the redmen, they never quite managed to catch up, although they did engage the enemy on one occasion, going backwards! On July 12, 1870, a scout of about fifty men of the 6th, under command of Capt. C. B. McClellan, was attacked by a band estimated at more than 200 Indians near the south fork of the Little Wichita River, some sixty miles from the post. They were evidently en route to the settlements. Capt. McClellan fought them for several hours while retreating at the same time. He suffered a loss of two enlisted men killed and ten wounded including the surgeon accompanying the scout. It was noticed that this band of Indians was armed with breechloading firearms. There was no way of knowing the number of casualties inflicted upon the Indians at the time.

The next spring when the 6th was on its way to Kansas and stopped at the reservation, the Indians recognized Capt. McClellan and there was much talking and fingerpointing among them. A scout comprehended from parts of the conversation that the casualties among the raiders had been very heavy. The Secretary of War struck a special medal in honor of Capt. McClellan and the men, carrying their names on the reverse side.

On March 20, 1871, regimental headquarters and six companies of the 6th Cavalry moved out for Fort Harker, Kansas. A month later the four remaining companies departed with their guardhouse dog, "Old Taylor," who had attached himself to the command back in 1867 at Buffalo Springs. The mongrel would have nothing to do with anyone who was not in the guardhouse, even the men who had been confined in the guardhouse for long periods of time and had become very friendly with him. When they went back to regular duty he would have nothing to do with them.

ON APRIL 20, 1871, Fort Richardson got a new commander, Brevet Major General Ranald S. Mackenzie and the 4th U. S. Cavalry. According to General U. S. Grant, Mackenzie was the most promising young officer in the army. He was only thirty-one when he assumed command of Fort Richardson and was already a full colonel in the regular army.

General Mackenzie did more in a few years to tame the West than had been done in the preceding decades. He was never defeated in battle and suffered eight severe wounds in the service of his country. He did not seek fame by carrying a host of newsmen, photographers, and artists into the field with him. Upon taking command of Fort Richardson, he began preparing the regiment to do battle with the Indians on their own grounds. He stopped the building and told his officers to drop the red tape. They were not here to build buildings—they were here to make the frontier a safe place to live.

Mackenzie was the first to adopt the Indian tactics of warfare. He whipped together a striking force the likes of which had not been seen before. An expedition of the Mackenzie "Raiders" went prepared down to the last detail. There would be no running out of supplies or carrying unnecessary baggage. He was a disciplinarian when it came to duty but, on the other hand, he abolished the time-honored custom of hanging a man by his thumbs all day for some minor offense. He also did an unprecedented thing for a general—he went swimming with his enlisted men in the creek behind the hospital every afternoon (weather permitting).

Being a bachelor and a dedicated soldier, Mackenzie gave little time to the social life of the fort or Jacksboro and spent most of his off-duty hours going over maps of the surrounding terrain. He memorized each foot of it down to the smallest hill and waterhole and planned battle strategy accordingly. With hundreds of miles of territory to patrol and protect, nothing was left to chance.

Having rare foresight, Mackenzie realized there was more to the Indian problem than just fighting a battle or two and returning to the fort. He worked out a four-point plan of attack in the hope he could get someone to give him the go-ahead. When he received word that General Sherman was making an inspection tour of the forts, it seemed the answer to his prayer. Sherman was a soldier like himself who talked his language and had the President's ear. This was not some politician from the East who could not understand the gravity of the situation.

ON APRIL 24, 1871, General Sherman arrived in Galveston to inspect the line. He was accompanied by Generals Tourelotte and McCoy of his personal staff and Major R. B. Marcy, Inspector General of the Army. They traveled in an ambulance and were escorted by fifteen or twenty selected cavalrymen. Sherman was not aware as he drove through picturesque hills and valleys that at Salt Creek Prairie 150 Indians lay in waiting. Even Sherman felt that the reports of "massacres" had been exaggerated.

"The women and children are as safe as in Illinois. I have heard stories, but actions are more significant than words." Such were the words of Sherman as his escort passed through Salt Creek Prairie. If Maman-ti, the great medicine man, hadn't held Satanta under control while waiting for more wagons, General Sherman would have had enough action to have lost his scalp.

Sherman arrived at Fort Richardson on May 18. After the officers had paid their respects, he received a delegation of Jacksboro citizens who stated their grievances regarding the Indians. He promised to investigate the complaints when he reached Fort Sill. Sherman then turned his attention to the inspection of the fort. He shook hands with the old sergeants and with cheery words to the wives and a pat on the head for the children, he praised the courage and devotion of these families sharing the isolation of their husbands and fathers on the frontier.

In the early hours of the morning of May 19, two men appeared at the stables of Fort Richardson asking for the commanding officer. Thomas Brazeale, a wounded teamster, made this report to General Mackenzie and Sherman: "At 3:00 p.m., May 18, 1871, the Warren wagon train, owned by the firm of Warren and DuBose, government contractors, had been attacked by over 150 Indians on Salt Creek Prairie about 20 miles west of Jacksboro. Seven of the men had been killed and the remaining five who had escaped were all wounded." General Sherman immediately directed General Mackenzie to send couriers to Fort Griffin for the two companies there and to move his entire command at Fort Richardson in pursuit of the Indians.

Rain had fallen throughout the night and continued as the troops hurriedly left the fort for the scene of the massacre. General Mackenzie's report to Sherman read: "I reached here about dark and find statements concerning the wagon train not exaggerated. The rain is still coming down in torrents. The bodies of several teamsters, swollen and bloated beyond recognition, were lying in several inches of water. All bodies were riddled with bullets, covered with gashes, and their skulls crushed. One body, horribly mutilated, was found fastened with a chain to the pole of a wagon, lying over a fire with face down. He had been disembowled and his tongue cut out." The mutilations of some of the victims were of a nature too horrible to repeat.

All seven bodies were placed in a wagon bed and buried in one grave. The soldiers placed two stones at the site and cut seven marks to show the number buried there. In February 1872, Captain Wirt Davis and Company F of the 4th Cavalry placed a rude monument on the grave. It was made of oak and was pyramidal in shape, being about eight feet from peak to base. The plinth was six feet in width and two feet high. Painted an olive color, it covered the entire grave and had the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of seven brave men who died while defending their train against 150 Indians; Nathan S. Long, N. J. Baxter, Samuel Elliott, James Bowman, James Elliott, James Williams, John Mullins, May 18, 1871." Sixty-four years later, a large granite monument was erected at the site by the State of Texas.

Following the burial of the teamsters, General Mackenzie took the trail in a west Texas wind and rain storm. He attempted to follow it but the rain had worked in the enemy's favor making it impossible to do more than take a general direction toward Fort Sill.

GENERAL SHERMAN and a party of civilians from Jacksboro reached Fort Sill before Mackenzie arrived. Sherman contacted Lawrie Tatum, the Indian Agent, who thought he could find out if the reservation Indians had committed the crime.

When the Indians came in four days later to receive their rations, Tatum called them into his office. He asked if they could tell him who had made the raid. Satanta, noted for his egotism, said, "Yes. I led the raid!"

General Sherman, hearing Satanta's pronouncement, requested a council be held at General Grierson's headquarters at which all the chiefs would be present. Expecting trouble, he took precautions to have guards armed and concealed behind closed window shutters. Each Indian, as soon as he arrived, would be covered.

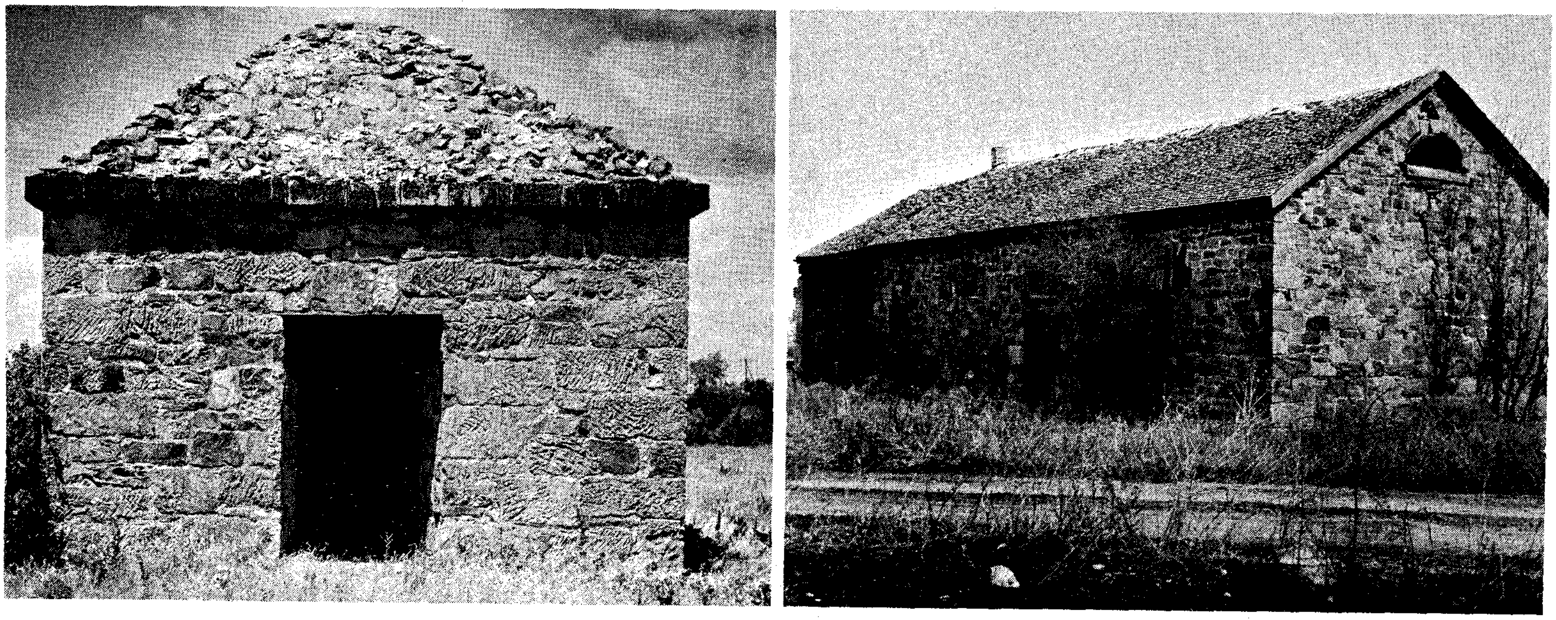
Satanta stalked in followed by Quirl-Parko, Satank, Big Tree and other chiefs, all with blankets wrapped closely around them. Underneath the blankets were their weapons. The guards behind the blinds watched closely for a signal. General Sherman ordered the Indians seized and put in double irons. The Indians threw back their blankets, some starting to use their weapons. When Sherman gave the signal, soldiers emerged from everywhere. Satanta gave a yell of surprise. Lone Wolf, Big Bow and other chiefs scattered in all directions with the garrison firing at them.

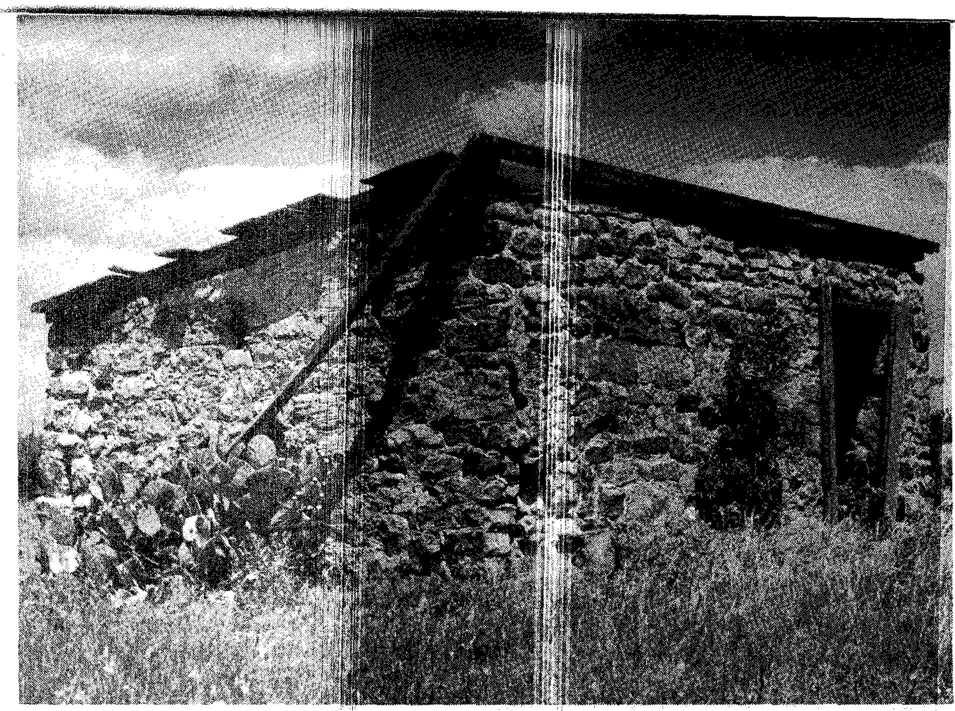
Satanta, Satank and Big Tree were placed in irons to be held until the arrival of General Mackenzie. General Sherman's orders were, "Take the prisoners back under heavy guard to Fort Richardson to be held until tried by regular process in the criminal courts of the locality where they committed the murder in question. The Indian Nations are now doubtless at their camps debating peace or war and you should take all due precautions on your return journey to Fort Richardson."

Mackenzie reached Fort Sill on June 4 and rested his command until June 8, at which time he began the grueling journey back to the fort with his prisoners. Satank sent a message to his people, "Tell them I died the first day out of Fort Sill. My bones will be on the side of the road. Tell my people to gather them up and take them home." He then drew his blanket over his head and began a most weird death song.

Somehow he managed to conceal a scalping knife with which he cut him-

Below left, ammunition magazine at old Fort Richardson. It is noted for its unique stone roof which is so ingeniously constructed that no supports are necessary. A commissary building is shown at right. It is one of two original commissary structures used to store supplies for Texas' northwest frontier.





The Guard House, Fort Richardson. Built of native fieldstone, it is one of seven buildings remaining on the old fort site.

self loose from the handcuffs which bound him. With a sudden yell, he jumped to his feet, stabbed Corporal Robinson in the leg and knocked him out of the wagon. Satank had seized Robinson's rifle but it jammed.

Corporal John B. Charlton, guarding Satanta and Big Tree, realized the situation in an instant and shot Satank near the heart. Yet, with almost superhuman effort the Indian rallied after falling to the ground, and sat up. Charlton fired a second shot which went entirely through Satank's body and he went down again, never to rise. Satank's body was placed by the roadside. Thus ended the life of the old Kiowa Chief who had been characterized by some as the most bloodthirsty Indian on the plains. He had become insane from grief of the loss of a son whose bones he carried in a red blanket to remind him of his hatred for the Texans.

The Kiowas followed behind, waiting for the chance to free Satanta and Big Tree. The chance never came. On the 15th of June, the weary troopers rode into Fort Richardson with the closely guarded prisoners. It had taken 8 days to make the 123-mile journey from Fort Sill to Fort Richardson.

FEELINGS were running so high among the settlers that twenty-six guards were placed around the wagon which brought Satanta and Big Tree the one-half mile from Fort Richardson to the newly completed courthouse in Jacksboro. The trial was held July 5, 1871, Case No. 224, State of Texas vs. Satanta and Big Tree. It attracted national attention, being the first occasion in which Indians were tried in a white man's court. The verdict was rendered in short order—Satanta and Big Tree were sentenced to be hanged September 1, 1871.

Much pressure was brought to bear on Texas' Governor Davis. On August 2, 1871, he commuted the sentence to imprisonment for life. After more pressure by President Grant, Governor Davis released Satanta and Big Tree August 19, 1873, over General Sherman's bitter opposition.

General Mackenzie's four-point plan was approved by General Sherman. First: Hit the Indians in their lodges and take the offensive instead of the defensive. Second: Destroy their horses and stop their means of travel. Third: Open up the Texas plains to the buffalo hunters to destroy their food. Fourth: Run down the renegade American and Mexican traders who supplied the Indians with guns and means to make war.

In his raid on the Palo Duro Canyon in 1874, Mackenzie incorporated all four points. He took the offensive against the Indians, destroyed their lodges, and killed 2,000 to 2,500 of their horses. With the opening of the Texas plains to buffalo hunters, the Indians' food was soon gone and there was no further trade for the *Comancheros*.

Thanks to General Sheridan's permission to cross the border into Mexico, Mackenzie, on May 17, 1873 near Raymolina, halted Indian depredations along the border. His troopers rode 160 miles in 32 hours, fought 2 battles, and returned to American soil before removing the saddles from their horses.

Fort Richardson's commander did an excellent job of opening up the frontier. As the settlers moved west, the need for Fort Richardson came to an end. The flag was lowered for the last time on May 23, 1878. The fort's buildings were used for rent houses and storage barns. The hand of decay lay heavy upon this once proud outpost. In 1935 when the City of Jacksboro purchased the fort for a historical site, only nine of its buildings remained.

Seven now stand intact for all to see and share. I wish to invite all lovers of frontier history to come to Jacksboro, Texas, and view the fort's remaining buildings and walk its hallowed grounds.

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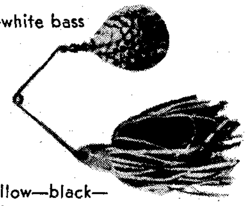

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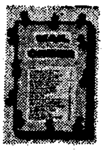

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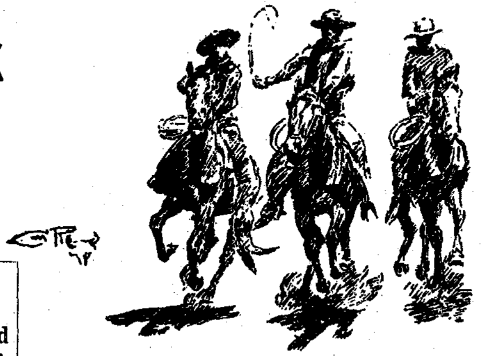

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward.

GOING WEST?

A delightful and practical guide to Western trails for outdoor recreationists is *High Trails West* (Crown Publishers, Inc., $4.95) by Robert F. Leslie. The book is a well-balanced mixture of maps, directions, descriptions, instructions, experiences and personalities. Snake River and Rogue River enthusiasts might challenge the author's description of Green River as the "Number One Float Trip," although they would have to yield on length. The book has something for everyone—hiker, canoer, rider, and campers of all kinds. To make your trip even more enjoyable, the author describes on-the-spot-assay of ore, Indian relics, and collecting gemstones. Here's a book to read before you leave on that trip, and then take along for handy reference.

INDIAN LIFE

Customs, beliefs, and everyday life of the American Indians are authentically depicted in twenty seven stories in *American Indian Life* (Bison Books, $2.95) edited by Elsie Clews Parsons and illustrated by C. Grant La Farge. This book was first published in 1922 and the authors were authorities on Indian groups from North, South, East and West. Crow, Blackfoot, Iroquois, Apache, Zuni, Tepecano, Nootka, and Eskimo are some if the included tribes. The authors presented the Indian customs and principles through the experiences of fictitious heroes and heroines. However the stories are based on authentic Indian customs and culture. Worthwhile.

TRAVELING WITH PIKE

Albert Pike was one of western America's first admiring tourists, traveling the Santa Fe Trail just ten years after its opening. He visited the Taos-Santa Fe area and returned from Mexico through uncharted Comanche domain in Texas and Oklahoma. Pike's original book was published in 1834 and few copies are known today. He combined poetry, short story fiction, personal experiences and observations. Albert Pike chronicled the times, places, and people, perhaps as no other author has done. *Prose Sketches and Poems Written in the Western Country* (Calvin Horn, $7.50) by Albert Pike, edited by David J. Weber, and with a foreword by Tom L. Popejoy is a new edition of the Western classic which includes material Dr. Weber extracted from contemporary newspapers. This new material includes four short stories and makes up about one-fourth of the new book. Dr. Weber is Assistant Professor of History at San Diego State College. He has written for *The Mountain Men and The Fur Trade of the Far West,* edited by LeRoy R. Hafen and for the New Mexico Historical Review.

OUTDOOR WASHINGTON

In 1911 Jack Nelson took his bride, Kitty, to spend a summer with him at Bumping Lake in the Washington Cascades. Jack had a temporary job as gate tender for the Bureau of Reclamation. The summer honeymoon extended into a lifetime. Both Jack and Kitty fell so in love with beautiful surroundings—flowers, trees, birds, animals, seasons and other outdoor attributes that Jack forgot his profession of pharmacy entirely. *We Never Got Away* (Franklin Press, $3.95) by Jack Nelson recounts the experiences Jack and Kitty enjoyed in their idyllic home. Jack is a storyteller of note and an authority on the out-of-doors. His tales of people, wildlife, and events are told with humor and warmth. The book has an introduction by William O. Douglas, Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court.

TEXAS RANGERS

Now You Hear My Horn, the Journal of James Wilson Nichols, 1820-1887 (University of Texas Press, $7.50) was edited by Catherine W. McDowell for the Daughters of the Republic of Texas. Nichols wrote his memoirs in 1887 from diaries and journals he kept from the age of twelve and from his recollections of participation in the events described. He was sixty-seven at the time and died four years later. Nichols gave his narrative the title *Life and Adventures of an Old Texas Ranger* and he described it as being "Written by Himself with a Concise Account of All the Campaigns and Battles in which He partisapated with a thrilling Account of Personal Adventures and Encounters from Early Boyhood to Mature Age and the Lives of Some of the Most Noted Officers that he Served under and with." And that is just about the story! Nichols arrived in Texas on December 16, 1836 as a lad of sixteen and not much in the way of fighting took place after that in which he did not have a part. He served in the Rangers under Hays, Mathew Caldwell and James Callahan; he fought in the Battle of the Salado against Woll in 1842; he was with Hays and McCulloch in the Mexican War; and being for the Union, feuded with his Confederate neighbors and fought the Indians during the Civil War. The delivery of the manuscript to a representative of the Daughters at the Alamo; the filling of the gaps and the search for verification reads like a fairy story. The book is illustrated with facsimiles, some good drawings by Eldridge Hardie, a photo of the author with his wife and youngest daughter, and with maps. The footnotes are informative and there is an adequate index. The design and typography is by Carl Hertzog and for the dedicated Ranger (and Hertzog) buffs there is a limited numbered and signed (by the editor) edition in a stout matching slip case of 250 copies at $15. Strongly recommended.

WASHINGTON GOLD

You're at Liberty Here—Mines and Miners of The Swank (Franklin Press, $3.50) by Josee Jordan is a small book about the Swank mining area on Blewett Pass in Central Washington. The author covers the usual types of gold mining—panning, hardrock, hydraulic, and later on—dredging. Gold was first discovered on the Swank in 1867, but activity was light until 1890 when an assay office was set up at Ellensburg. The Chinese actually took out considerable gold before white men arrived on the scene. In time, smaller claims were taken over by larger companies. But miners of the Swank were doing so well in 1897 that few left the area for the Klondike. From 1926—1932 the camp was closed down. Then new strikes were made in 1932, and activity was brisk again. Today, the Swank is still active with dredging being employed. As a Swank prospector said years ago, "There's a lot of gold up in that Swank, but there's a lot of gravel mixed up with it."

SINGING SOUTHERNERS

Folk-Songs of the Southern United States (University of Texas Press, $6.00) by Josiah Combs is available in a new edition edited by D. K. Wilgus. It was published for the American Folklore Society as Bibliographical and Special Series Volume 19. *Folk-Songs du Midi Etats-Unis* was published as a doctoral dissertation at the University of Paris in 1925, and has stood as the classical study of the folk-song of the Southern Appalachians. All songs in the Josiah Combs Collection in the Western Kentucky Archives at the University of California (Los Angeles) have been appended to the original manuscript to form this edition. Combs contends that the passing of the folk-songs was the result of reducing them to print. As long as folk-songs and superstitions were transmitted orally, they were perpetuated, but "the spell was broken" when they were printed. Texts of many interesting songs are included and the narrative describing the people who sang them is most interesting reading.

ANOTHER LOOK!

Back in Cripple Creek (Doubleday, $4.50) is by Mabel Barbee Lee, the author of *Cripple Creek Days* (Garden City, 1958), and is really a sequel to that minor classic. In this book she tells about gathering the material for her first book. Mrs. Lee went to school in Cripple Creek and later taught school there. One of her pupils was Lowell Thomas, who wrote the introduction to this book. Lowell expresses mild surprise at the types of characters—Two-Bit Lil, Jack Dempsey, Eddie Egan, Agnes and Jack Dewar et al—that his former teacher wrote about. He remembered her as a beautiful redhead, the youngest of his high school teachers and ultra-feminine. Mrs. Lee writes well and her research assures that what she has to say is soundly back-stopped. There is an index, and a map of the Cripple Creek area appears on the end sheets. Good reporting.

A WESTERN BOOKSELLER

Some Random Reminiscences (The Holmes Book Co., 274 Fourteenth St., Oakland, Calif. 94612, $7.50) by the late Harold C. Holmes is a different kind of "Western." Harold Holmes spent three score and ten plus years as an antiquarian bookseller—and to sell as many books as he did in his long career he had to find them. Harold found them everywhere—in attics, barns, luxurious libraries and on the shelves and in the basements of his fellow dealers. He mined the Mother Lode and there was book gold there. Harold issued his first catalog in 1905 and one of the high spots in the book is his comparison of his 1905 prices with the 1946 prices of several of the California favorites. In the last chapter, "Pioneer Letters," Harold chose several to reproduce from his own collection—eye-witness history of early California life was one of his loves. He also collected labels of California booksellers and forty or so are reproduced on the end sheets. Your reviewer had the privilege of knowing Harold Holmes for the last quarter century of his life—and he was a delight. He had a pixie sense of humor and your writer remembers with much pleasure the banter at some of the "Saturday Club" sessions when the collectors in the Bay Area gathered in the California Room at the store. After reading the book, one has the feeling that death cut short Harold's recollecting and that with a few more months he might have told us a few tales of the Saturday Club members and more about other collectors, writers and bookmen. The book is illustrated with photos and there is an index. Entertaining and worthwhile.

YAKIMA VALLEY

Blowsand (Franklin Press, $4.95) by Roscoe Sheller, first published in 1963, is available in a new printing. This is the story of the transformation of sagebrush and bunchgrass country of the Yakima Valley in the 1890s to one of the most productive irrigated areas of the nation. Tearing up sagebrush and bunchgrass turned the blowsand loose until it could be "pinned down" with irrigation water and crops. *Blowsand* is not a technical book on irrigation and control of erosion. It is the story of people overcoming natural hardships and making the land produce a better living for them and their children. Photographs of people and events of the time supplement the narrative.

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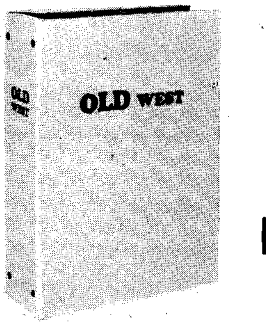

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Mickey Free—Manhunter!

(Continued from page 11)

yon to Skeleton Canyon, the trail led into the maze of tule swamps of San Bernardino Springs Rancho, owned by John H. Slaughter (1841-1920). The trail of the fugitives was so plain that it was boring. But when spoor of Apache Kid suddenly appeared, Mickey perked up. It was so fresh his manhunter instinct predicted that The Kid, with five warriors, would be audacious enough to set up an ambush.

The cavalry saw nothing to worry about and he did not enlighten them. Here was his chance to finally collect $15,000 if he handled things right. When Averill suggested that they get permission from Mr. Slaughter to camp on his ranch for the night, Mickey concurred. A rest would be welcome and a good dinner at the Slaughters' bountiful table was just what he needed after a month of packsaddle hardtack. They rode into the plaza between the house and barns and were greeted by John Slaughter and his wife Viola, and were invited to stay the night. What Mickey did not like about this was the fact that Nino Cochise of Pa-Gotzin-Kay also happened to be visiting with the Slaughters at the time.

Mickey and Nino knew each other well, and for various reasons did not like each other. Although they were not enemies, they were not friends. In white man's vernacular, they were "leery of each other." Mickey was a notorious manhunter, Nino was chief of the hold-out Chiricahua Nameless Ones in Mexico. When the conversation between Slaughter and Averill came to the reason for the cavalry's being there, the name of Apache Kid popped up.

Slaughter and all American cattlemen in northern Mexico wanted to see The Kid dead. Nino was in league with the ranchers, their friend as well as their champion against the corrupt powers of certain Mexican generals. Mickey believed, however, that in a showdown Nino would side with The Kid.

Nino surprised everyone by suddenly turning to Mickey and in guttural Apache saying, "I have seen the place where Apache Kid and four or five outlaws camped last night in the tule marshes."

Had Nino spoken so freely to him alone Mickey would have been happy. Now he sensed a subterfuge of some kind. Averill sensed something too, for he demanded that Mickey translate. Mickey, with his usual cold, emotionless face, translated: "Nino said a few strange Indians camped near the San Berdoo tule swamp four-five days ago."

Nino Cochise growled, *"Ahagaha!"* and turned away.

Twilight was falling so the cavalry made camp in the plaza for the night. Mickey rode off by himself after he had talked Slaughter's Mexican woman cook into packing a bit of food. He ate as he rode along. Mickey had easily avoided the cavalrymen. The moon was not yet up, but he had no trouble finding the tule springs, traditional camping grounds of Apache war parties in by-gone days. He was deep within the Sierra Medio when the Big Dipper told him that daybreak was close at hand—and back at the ranch Lieutenant Averill was making a notation in his Morning Report that his scout, Mickey Free, had deserted in the face of the enemy, The Apache Kid.

THAT AVERILL was being presumptuous Mickey was not aware at the time, for he was hot on the trail of the bane of his existence while the lieutenant dawdled in comfort. He knew the outlaw's trail would lead into places where no cavalry could possibly enter, and that even he had less than a 50-50 chance of making it, especially if The Kid knew of his pursuit. Faded and poorly written notes made by Mickey Free himself show he followed the trail to Ocho Rios, lost it, picked it up a week later and followed it south into Sinaloa, Durango, then back north through Chihuahua. One by one he had picked off all The Kid's followers, and had had one long-range shot at The Kid himself.

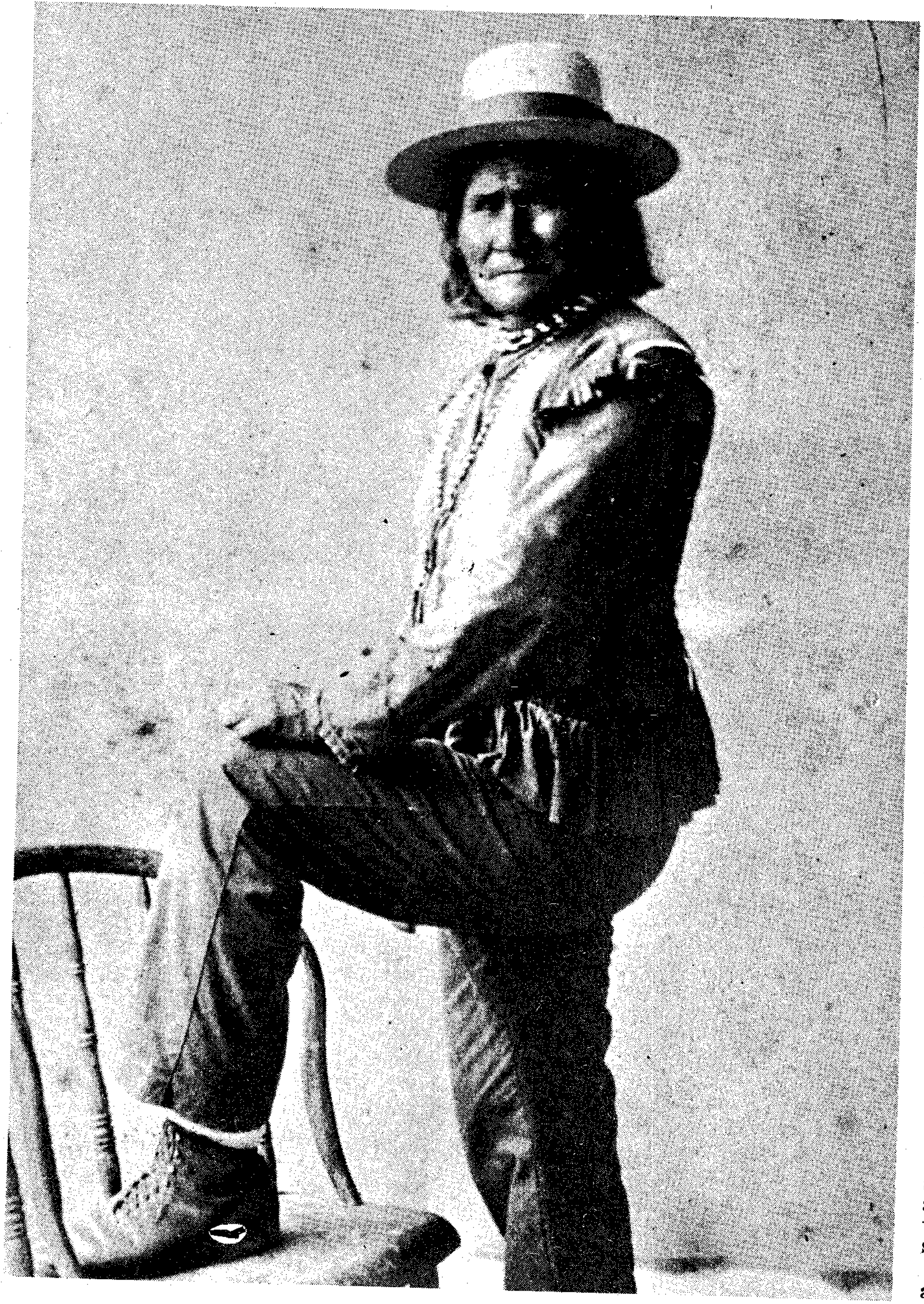
Living only on what nature provided in an inhospitable land, Mickey dogged his man's tortuous trail through tropical barrancas, desert canyons and snow-clad mountains, and eventually crossed into Texas at Lajitas. Up through the Chisos Range, the desolate Davis Mountains, over into New Mexico and the drifting White Sands region—and there the winds obliterated the trail.

Mickey's intuition led him westward to the network of tributary canyons which drained into the Aravaipa. This was The Kid's old stomping grounds. Here The Kid had grown up, and here in this maze of mysterious canyons he had fought with, and hidden from, his enemies many times. Although Mickey knew the country well, he did not know every canyon and cave in the wild terrain, but The Kid did, and Mickey had the feeling that the outlaw was close by. One day after a week of systematically searching the myriad caves in the sandstone canyon walls, Mickey picked up an old familiar smell, the smell of a wild Indian, but it was mixed with the stench of death.

Mickey found the body of an Indian about his own size stretched out face

Geronimo

Photo Courtesy Hendrina Hospers



up in a low but deep cave, high up in a canyon wall. Rodents had already been at work on the partly decomposed cadaver. He did not recognize the distorted facial features, but on the forehead were the unmistakable lines of a W tattooed by reservation tannin ink. Even Mickey was slightly nauseated as he cut the dried skin off that forehead, careful to preserve what was left of that identifying W.

He then examined everything in the cave, finding several Mexican gold coins, a rusty Bowie knife, a fouled Colt revolver, a single-shot Springfield rifle, and an empty cartridge belt that had the U.S. Cavalry insignia on it. After 8 months, 7 horses, and over 2,000 miles of treacherous trails, Mickey took the road back to San Carlos, only to face a charge of desertion.

THE U. S. battleship *Maine* had been blown up in Havana Harbor on February 15, 1898, and war was imminent. President William McKinley called for volunteers. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt was recruiting riders from Arizona, New Mexico and Texas. By the time the Spanish-American War started on April 25, most all of the troops had been recalled from their southwestern posts and sent east to war. As in Civil War days, it left the settlers unprotected and obliged to make do for themselves. This was the situation Mickey Free found when he arrived at San Carlos in March, after his long hunt. For once he was not grilled by a swarm of news hawks, as they had left the Indian country to follow a potentially bigger and bloodier war in Cuba. The only journalist to meet Mickey was his aging friend, Charles D. Poston, and Mickey took him along home for the interview while he got reacquainted with his family.

The partial scalp he'd packed along from the Aravaipa cave had rotted in his hip pocket—the stench was so awful that when Mickey pulled it out, Al Sieber virtually threw him out of his office. It was too decomposed to be worth anything as evidence of The Apache Kid or any other Indian, and Sieber said so. The Chief of Scouts also informed Mickey that he had quashed a desertion charge against him and that Lieutenant Averill and his outfit had been shipped east to war.

Then Sieber changed the subject to things at hand: Apaches, especially the discontented ones, were again raising hell on the San Carlos, Whiteriver, and Mescalero Reservations now that the troops were gone, and his police had their hands full.

"Hits th' same old story—poor housing, poor food, dishonest agents an' clerks. Agent Sedg Rice is in a helluva bind here, and Agent Major Bill Bishop at Fort Apache is keching hell. So, Mick, git back in th' saddle again!"

After five years as a free-lance scout and bounty hunter, Mickey applied for reenlistment and was rejected as "too old and too frail," the personnel officer said. Al Sieber interceded and Mickey was given his old grade of First Sergeant and again became Sieber's chief assistant. He proceeded to organize a company of ten former Pinaleno and Coyotero warriors and continued his duties as a man of many capabilities, although his true metier was killing.

There followed a period of ruthless warfare with white outlaws; Mexican bandidos who found the pickings better along the border side of America than in their own downtrodden country; and Indians who were busy making tulepa and tiswin, and fighting among themselves or neighboring clans. The Apache Kid and Massai officially were still at large.

Edith (nee MacIntosh) Free, and Fanny Free.

The World Exposition was to be held that year in Omaha (August, 1898) and the promoters propositioned the Bureau of Indian Affairs to have a delegation of the most famous Apaches brought in as a feature attraction.

The BIA saw a chance to divert attention from their troubles with the Apaches on the reservations, and went for the idea all the way; $50,000 was appropriated for the venture. The BIA promised to send Geronimo, Naiche, and a dozen other former Wild Ones up from Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where all the *Netdahe* Chiricahui were now held—except their children at Carlisle—having been transferred there from Florida in 1894. Jimmy Stevens, son of George H. Stevens, whose five sheepherders Geronimo had murdered in mid-April 1882, was put in charge of the delegation.

Geronimo and his Wild Ones arrived at Omaha on Army Day—the day General Nelson A. Miles arrived to be the Guest of Honor at the Exposition. The promoters and the press waited eagerly for the "famous renegade" and the dauntless general to meet face to face to decide once and for all whether the general had captured Geronimo or if Geronimo had surrendered at a time and place of his own choosing.

Jimmy Stevens translated the lengthy conversation between the general and the Apache, and when it was over neither side had gained a point. The general withdrew, but Geronimo's instant popularity sold for him a bagful of Apache trinkets and hundreds of autographed photos.

THE WAR in Cuba had already ended, but it had broken out in the Philippines. The troops were dispatched to those troubled islands, and from there to China to quell the Boxer Rebellion.

The outlaw situation at home worsened again, and the Legislature enacted Territorial Law 74, forming a company of twenty-six men into a group called the Arizona Rangers on March 21, 1901. Burton C. Mossman was appointed captain.

Theodore Roosevelt (1858-1919) became President September 6, 1901. He was the first Chief of State who had lived in the West, loved the West, and understood its problems. He, too, made some appointments—western men for western problems—and sent troops back to Arizona, New Mexico and Texas.

Geronimo in the meantime had become more famous than ever; he was the featured guest at the Exposition in Buffalo in 1901, and later at the St. Louis Exposition in 1905.

The grand climax came on March 4, 1905 when Theodore Roosevelt was being inaugurated for his second term in office as President of the United States. Westward, down Pennsylvania Avenue, flanked by thousands of cheering citizens, came the parade with Teddy leading, then the Guard of Honor, next the Army band—and then, astride a calico pony, wearing fringed buckskin clothes gaudy with Apache ornaments, his long hair decorated with Sioux eagle feathers and his swarthy face ferocious with Pawnee war paint, the Wild One rode again!

"Geronimo! Geronimo! Hooray for Geronimo!" the crowd yelled, and the former Most Hated Man was now Public Hero Number Two.

AL SIEBER was a scout, and Chief of Scouts most of the time, in the Apache wars from 1869 through 1906. He was getting old and tired, suffering from old wounds and rheumatism. Early in 1906 he called in Mickey Free and said, "Not much doin' anymore, Mick. What say we go git drunk?"

"It is dull, Sibi," Mickey replied. "Let us retire and live in peace."

"Yeah! We could draw a pension an' live in clover. I could hole up on my one-hoss ranch."

"Let us get drunk and then retire. I want to live with my family."

The pair of old-timers bought two quarts of whiskey at the post trader's, and after taking care of them, proceeded to Captain "Rosey" Walsh's office to put in for their retirement.

Shortly thereafter, one spring-fever day, Al Sieber and Mickey Free agreed to meet in the Pascoe Hotel in Globe for a drink to celebrate their life of ease. Sieber arrived first. A group of itinerant writers for eastern publications, lolling at the bar, saw him come in and bought him the first drink. Newsmen considered this veteran a prime source of information; they sensed a golden opportunity and invited him to a table. Sieber always had a distaste for publicity and rarely submitted to an interview, but on this occasion, he responded in an amiable mood to one question, “Who was the wildest and most feared killer Indian you ever knew?”

“The wildest Injun I ever saw was th' bronco Ma-si (Massai). Mickey Free and th' 'Pache Kid were the worst killers. The Kid killed just for the hell of it; Ma-si only when he was cornered; Free was a executioner, but he ain't 'xactly a Injun, bein' just half Injun, the rest bein' pure copperhead. Mick was like a snake. He made no noise. Near's I can figger he killed 'bout eighty people.

“But that bronco—Ma-si! Waugh! He's been runnin' wild ever since he 'scaped from th' train back in '86. Fust he showed up on the Mescalero, stayed there a while, then dis'peared. Everbody tried t' find him, but no show. Back in th' fall of '91, he showed up at Fort Apache, killed three people and stole a young woman. I ordered Mick up from S'Carlos to help hunt 'em. He was younger'n me an' had been on the bronco's trail off an' on for years. We took three Injun scouts an' found two trails. We knew one was false, but not which one. Mick pointed t'one and said it was Ma-si's, and I had a hunch he was right. We put the three scouts on th' other trail.

“That trail met ours a couple days later where the Blue and th' Black meet t'make the White then the Salt. We found tracks an' figgerin' they were Ma-si's an' the woman's, we follered it. The next day th' trail split three ways. I took one, Mick took one, the other scouts took the third. I got nowhere. A week later I was back in 'Pache, plumb disgusted. Next evenin' Mick came in alone; he stunk, looked mean, dirty, plumb ornery. He said his trail led to th' others who had found Ma-si's camp; he found 'em there—dead. There was plenty sign Ma-si an' th' woman had camped there, but no more. It was rainin' but Mick took two days lookin', then gave it up for th' time bein'.

“'Bout a week later we got word from our man Sanchez in Alchesay's tribe in th' Forestdale country, sayin' they'd seen Ma-si and th' woman but were 'fraid t'do anything about it. Alchesay's people were scared th' military would claim they'd been hidin' th' bronco and would make trouble.

“I figgered Alchesay was bein' foxy, so I sent word for him t'come in pronto, which he did, and I demanded that he tell me th' whole story or I'd turn him over t' Captain Bullis. He was plumb scared an' really talked. When he left I told Mick t'foller him. Mick follered 'em south to th' mescal pots in Bronco Canyon. Right there he found where Ma-si had camped a while. He let Alchesay an' Sanchez go back home, an' he stayed on the Ma-si trail. Down at Dos Cabezas he found where th' bronco had tied th' squaw to a tree while he went deer huntin'. Some meat was still in camp, like invitin' Mick t'eat.

“Frum then on only Mickey Free could've follered what trail, if any, was left. He scouted fer a week. At times he'd find moccasin tracks—th' woman's—but no Ma-si tracks, but they had t'be there as she wouldn't go that way alone. After a couple days he found where they'd made camp in Skeleton Canyon. He figgered they were headin' fer Mexico but it was windy an' that wiped out any trail they might've left.

“MICK got into one of his don't-give-a-damn moods, so he headed back t' Fort Apache an' as much as said if I don't like it I could go t'hell.

Photos by Mike Griffith

Alfred Burdette, and Rosa (Free) Burdette.

“I figgered Ma-si was hid out in th' Sierra Madre and we was rid of him, so I gave up, too. A couple months went by when in rode th' young squaw on a heap good hoss an' a cowboy saddle. She had a bundle o' *serapes* an' a tote-bag o' greaser jewelry. She said Ma-si gave her th' stuff, said he' found a Yaqui women he liked better, gave her th' boot an' told her t'go home. A cowboy came across her totin' all that stuff an' felt plumb sorry for her. He spent a night or two with her then gave 'er his hoss an' saddle. It had a C-C-C brand on th' hip so I figgered her story was true as th' 3-C brand stood fer Cananea Cattle Company, Bill Greene's outfit in Sonora. She told us how they'd made it into Mexico an' judgin' frum what I already knew—she was right. She said they'd seen Mick trailin' them in Madrona Canyon, but they'd lost him on th' rimrock. She was a good girl, so I let her keep th' hoss an' stuff an' go home t'her folks. She'd done earned it.

“'Bout a year went by an' nothin' much happened . . . just stories of people kilt an' stock stolen. Maybe just doin's of white outlaws, or The Kid, or some drunk bucks offn th' reservation. Same old story. I had th' agent tighten up on passes an' we kept lookin' but got nowhere.

“One day Free an' me 'vestigated the killin' of a San Carlos woman at Salt River Crossin' an' th' dis-pearance of her daughter. Th' sign showed it must've been Ma-si what did it. But trackin' him was like lookin' fer a shadder after th' sun is down. On a hunch we went down to th' Aravapy country t'see if th' bronco might've holed up in th' old Haunted Corral for a while. Sure 'nuff he had. But if he left any trail out o' there it was cold. Then some white man, who looked like a mountain man from th' old days, told us Ma-si and The Kid had been there a couple months back. They'd holed up a month, got two squaws, then kilt a couple cowboys an' took their hosses an' headed out.

“We looked into that an' found it true. We follered spoor all th' way to Burnt Ranch below th' border. There we found th' S'Carlos woman. She was tied to a tree with a lass-rope 'round her neck, an' her feet were snubbed to a rock. She couldn't move an' was damn nigh dead frum thirst and no food.

“She said she'd been there seven suns. Ma-si'd got tired of her, but she begged him not t'kill her, so he just tied 'er up an' vamoosed. She told th' whole story of their doin's—how he kilt about ten greasers an' robbed them an' kept movin'. The *Rurales* were on their trail all th' time, so they kept movin' deeper into th' mountains, snow an' rain an' hot weather. He told her that women were a bother to a warrior; then he'd tie her up an' take off fer a few days. Ever-time he cum back he'd have stuff t'show he'd kilt people. Once he cum back with two hosses an' two rifles an' six-guns an' plenty of shells t'fit. She said they rode so far she could see water so big she couldn't tell where it ended. I figgered they made it all th' way to th' Gulf someers 'round Kino Bay.

“They backtracked for 'bout three moons an' came into New Mexico 'round Cloverdale where he kilt two gold miners. Th' newspapers'd reported that killin'. She was so wore out with this goin', goin', goin' all the time she was about t'tell him t'kill her an' git it over with. Another time, near Santa Rita, she did ask him t'kill her, but he was in no black mood; he told her he'd leave her where some *blancos* would find her. but he'd hafta cut her tongue out so she couldn't talk. That scared her so she begged him t'take her along. When they got down t'Burnt Ranch they were shy on food so he tied her up an' went huntin'. That was where we found 'er.

“I WAS plumb give out, too, but Mick scouted 'round some an' found sign that led him t'believe th' bronco had seen us cut her loose an' had watched us a while but took off agin wit-out us knowin' it. We took her back t'San Carlos an' got her settled with some kinfolks.

“My mem-ry on dates may be off some but it was right about here that

Mickey Free let his enlistment run out an' he quit th' 'Pache Scouts so he could hunt The Apache Kid. Th' Kid had been raisin' hell and a heap big reward was put on his head—dead or alive. Mick aimed t'collect. I got me three good Injun scouts an' we follered a report on Ma-si that took us down th' old bullwacker road an' crost th' hogbacks to the Mormon settlements in Chihuahua. Onct in the Guadalupes we saw th' bronco sittin' on a high rock like a buzzard, an' when we up with our rifles he yelled a insult down at us then plumb dis-peared. One day we saw where he'd been bedded down; I had a blink of him but Nosey saw him one blink sooner an' took a shot. He must've missed for I saw nothin' but a himper tail dis-pearin' in a patch o' scrub oak.

" 'Nother time we found a empty Sharps .50 shell, an' I knew Ma-si liked the big .50s. We found a couple scared-to-death Papygoes who said they'd been jumped by a long-haired 'Pache who shoved a big-bore rifle in their faces. He held one pris-ner an' sent th' other into town [Sasabe] for coffee, sugar and shells. When he got back with a bagful as ordered, th' wild Injun turned 'em loose. Now they hoped we'd help them, as they were after Ma-si for stealin' one o' their women right after he' left them. We tracked Ma-si and a woman plumb down to th' Big Bend—a Yaqui stronghold. Then red devils damn nigh kilt us.

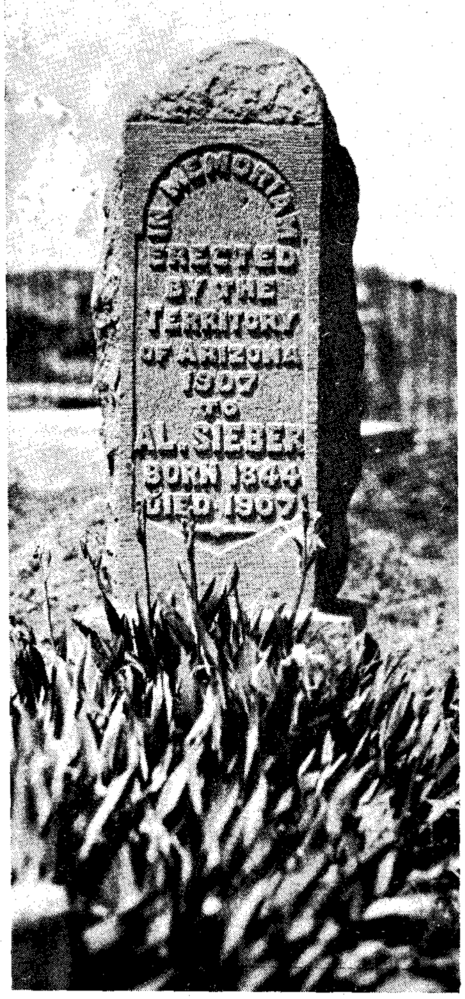
"I've known some tough hombres in my time, but a-tween Ma-si, The Kid, an' Mickey Free, th' bronco was the toughest. I figger in all my days I must've covered 5,000 miles trackin' that sumbidge. But wit-out Free I'd have got nowhere. Off an' on I'd been on th' bronco's trail five years; Free was after him much longer —when he wasn't huntin' for The Kid or some other killer. In th' meanwhile we'd had help frum th' soldiers an' civilians, but Ma-si had none. Ever' man's hand was agin him—how'd he do it?

"That bronco is still loose, I reckon. Th' army is plumb sad about it. Maybe now he's holed up for good wit' them Yaquis. The Kid, I think, is holed up wit' them Cherry-cows in Pa-Gotzin-Kay some-ers in th' Sierra Madre. I don't know. Mickey Free knows, I reckon, where they're at, but he won't tell nobody. He won't go there either no more. Last time th' chief's wife, or his mother, run him out."

A slim man wearing a white shirt glided into the dim barroom from the sunlight outside, and the swinging doors flapped just a little with his passing. "Ah, here comes Mickey Free now. For onct he's got on a clean shirt. We're aimin' t'celebrate our retirement. You hombres better shell out for 'nother bottle, if you want a story out o' him."

ALONG about this time Doctor F. C. Pennel, of Globe, was treating Al Sieber for his rheumatoid-arthritis-old-wounds condition. The veteran Indian fighter responded so well that he became restless on his small ranch. He took a job as foreman over a crew of Apache construction workers during the early stages of building the Tonto (Roosevelt) Dam, at the confluence of Tonto Creek and Salt River. Five months later, on February 19, 1907, while on the job, a rock-slide caught him and crushed him.

The funeral was on February 22, and he was buried in Globe Cemetery. All surviving scouts and soldiers who had campaigned with him, attended and stood with bowed heads as a bugle blew taps. A great headstone, hard and cold as the old Indian scout beneath it, was erected, and can be seen to this day.



Mickey Free, enrollment Number F-1 at Fort Whipple, and Number E-32 at Fort Apache, was pensioned off by Certificate #12-804 on June 11, 1906, at San Carlos. He immediately prepared to move his family to Fort Apache. His son Willy, now twenty-four, and daughter Fanny, fifteen, were reluctant to leave San Carlos. His second wife, Ethla (Spring Day), was happy over the change, as Whiteriver Reservation was home to her. Their little girl, Josie, twelve, was still too young to care.

Mickey loaded two wagons with family belongings and the many relics he'd collected down through the years. Willy and Fanny drove one of the four-horse teams. The trip north took five days, what with the mountain roads being muddy and the canyon crossing flooded from the run-off of melting snows.

In former years Mickey had cannily arranged to have some choice tracts of land allocated to him and his heirs in perpetuity and, more recently, a very choice five-acre tract on his favorite high point between North Fork and East Fork where these mountain rivers merge with the White River. He was determined to settle down on that high point, and he proceeded to buy army surplus building materials, corrugated iron sheeting, tarpaulins and batting for insulation and, with clanspeople and some former scouts helping, built a 20 x 40 foot "tin shack" with a great stone fireplace—a castle on the hill.

When it was complete, he sent Willy back to the U. S. Indian School in Phoenix. Willy was fluent in both Apache and English, smart but unpredictable, and Mickey had visions of his becoming a ly-yer (lawyer), a champion for Indian Rights in the white man's world. Fanny got a job as waitress at the Roosevelt School cafeteria, Fort Apache Indian Agency.

THINGS rocked along comfortably for the retired manhunter until the news came that Al Sieber had met with a fatal accident, then Mickey saddled his ridge-running sorrel stallion and headed for Globe. When the funeral was over he was in a blue funk. He mourned the loss of his old boss and partner on many a wilderness trail. He spent several days fraternizing with other former scouts, gave an interview to newsmen, then returned to Fort Apache.

It was cold and somehow he became disenchanted with the weather in these wooded mountains. There were days when he didn't feel right—when he longed for the one-shirt, semi-desert, better balanced climate of San Carlos. Spring Day did what she could to help him and he gradually settled down to live with it; his neighbors were polite to him, but rarely sociable. Everyone knew him and his reputation, and legends formed an aura around him that is felt even to this day. In fact, there probably wasn't one among the 4,500 inhabitants of Whiteriver Reservation who did not know him and his background. Spring Day had many relatives on the reservation and she and Josie were sociable with everyone. Mickey, himself, went about his affairs with a quiet dignity that did not invite familiarity.

Word of his retirement had been published and white people from distant cities began dropping in unexpectedly, offering to buy items from his collection of frontier relics he'd accumulated in bygone days. He soon proved to be a shrewd bargainer and the income from these sales, along with his pension, left him in good circumstances. There were occasions when others of the Apache tribes brought some of their old and weird possessions for him to dispose of to the antique treasure hunters, and Mickey did all right by himself just collecting commissions.

He also signed up for four more tracts of land. He had another choice plot put in Ethla's name, one in Josie's and one each to Willy and Fanny, both then attending Phoenix Indian School. Some years later, when a relocation for the Roosevelt School was being contemplated by the reservation authorities, a flurry of confusion developed when it was discovered that the old Indian scout had employed some white man's tactics in accumulating property.

BACK in 1912, when I was fifteen, I rode with my father and several other ranchers to deliver some horses to the cavalry remount depot at Fort Apache. On that occasion I had my first opportunity to meet and observe the legendary Indian scout known as Mickey Free.

When I met him I was fascinated and must have stared rudely, as youngsters are likely to do. My recollections are that he wasn't much taller than I was at the time, that he was slim, quick of movement and restless. His hair hung over his shoulders, was black but had a dull red tint; his face was sharp and had neither the true color of an Indian nor that of a white man. When I greeted him he replied in English with an accent I could not identify but had no trouble understanding. I told him who I was. He nodded with a quiet reserve and gave me a handful of piñon nuts. I gave him the only thing I had with me worth giving—a keen Barlow pocketknife. We talked about horses. His daughter Josie and some other Indian youngsters were nearby and he told them to take me back to his corral and show me the pinto colt born that morning.

Outside of the many stories I'd heard about Mickey, and the feeling that I was in an awesome presence, the weird thing about him was his left eye. The left half of the iris, right to the pupil, seemed to be covered with a white membrane and was slightly cocked to the left, as if to see around that halfmoon.

After school the following year I again rode with the horse drive, and remembering what I had been told by someone in whom I believed, that Mickey's half-white eye was blind, I decided to prove it to myself. The opportunity was there so I tried creeping up on Mickey from that "blind" side. He grabbed me like a cat grabs a rat. Had I not been someone whom he recognized I think he would have done me bodily harm. As it turned out he whacked me upside the ear and called me a *"tontoó ciýé"* then shrugged with a thin smile. I was proud that he recognized me. But to be in the presence of the most notorious, the most infamous killer of the old frontier was the main thing. And I did not miss that brief chance to study that half-white eye. The black eye—his shooting eye—needed no study; it was just another Indian eye.

On my next trip—that autumn, 1913—Mickey Free seemed to be sick, but he invited me in. I was amazed. That gloomy tin shack was a storehouse of an unbelievable assortment of relics. The floor was littered. The walls were festooned with everything from scalps to saddles: Indian, Mexican, American. Weird gear from arrows to stuffed *zopilote* hung from the rafters. The only places large enough for one to turn around were at at the smoke-blackened fireplace and near a bearhide pallet which must have been his bed. Only an expert tracker could have found a trail through that conglomeration. He brought up the subject about "winter comin' soon," and he seemed to shiver. As if irritated, he picked up a well-worn leather gun holster from a pile of odds and ends and gave it to me. I still have it. Then he abruptly told me to "go!"

As the years passed I became better acquainted with his son Willy, his oldest daughter Fanny, and his youngest, Josie. I was not overly impressed by the first and the last, one way or the other—outside of their being the old manhunter's children—and I was probably just another white man to them. The resemblance to their father was there, especially in the mane of black hair which reflected a copperish sheen in slanting sunlight. They were three-quarter blood Indians and they had inherited their father's outward characteristics, but their eyes were black and straight. Fanny, as I came to know her in 1915-16-17, had all the untamed traits attributed to her father in his prime and—I imagined—would have been just like him had she not been a woman.

In the past half-century there have been theories that Mickey's weird eye had a cataract, or scar caused by a bear fight, a knife fight, a glancing bullet, a kick from a mule, a fall from a cliff, a blow by a jealous husband, and other nonsensical guesses.

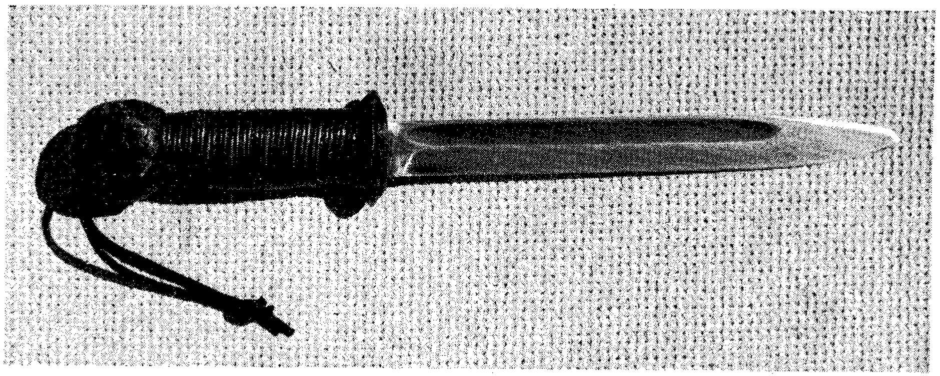


Photo by Mike Griffith

One of Mickey Free's knives.

It is probable that he himself told no one the cause, and it is likely that none of his acquaintances had the courage to ask him. Charles D. Poston, his friend in need since boyhood, may have known. Certainly Britton Davis and Al Sieber—the two white men closest to him—never found out. They respected or feared him too much to make inquiry or even hint about it. While I was in the midst of compiling these notes, I made one more good effort to arrive at a logical conclusion. Consequently I consulted several opthalmologists and each came up a different explanation, none of which satisfied me.

My final source was Dr. Walter T. Altmann, administrator of the Oshrin Hospital, Tucson. He said:

"It happens occasionally—more so in the old days than now. Mickey was undoubtedly born under primitive conditions and at birth his face came in contact with bare ground. A grain of sand must have become embedded in the cornea and was never removed.

"As the baby grew, nature provided a protective glauco-substance around the object in the cornea—an opacity—like an oyster does to a grain of sand—and it thus remained with the eye.

"As the cataract spread, the eye subconsciously slanted so the pupil could see past the slowly spreading opacity which in turn caused the cocked condition. Modern-day surgery could and does easily correct the condition, but in those days [1850s] one probably had enough to do just to stay alive."

WILLY FREE, born in 1882, grew up a "wild one" and would have been called "a juvenile delinquent" today. He was slim, nearly six feet tall, handsome and a nifty dresser. Although he was very popular with young women, his one and only idol, or favorite person, was his father Mickey, who helped him out of more than one teenage scrape, and always sent him back to Phoenix Indian School. Willy wound up taking a mail-order course in law from a Chicago extension school.

In 1908, at the age of twenty-six, he enlisted in the army under his full name: William Neal Free. He was assigned to Troop B, 5th Cavalry, Fort Huachuca border patrol, and the army managed to straighten him out. In 1916 Willy married Edith MacIntosh, daughter of Bob MacIntosh, who was a son of Archie MacIntosh, both of whom had been Indian scouts. They had two children; the first died in infancy. The second, Rosa, or Rosie, was born in 1921.

Willy served as a policeman for a year at San Carlos, then he and Edith moved to Whiteriver. He and Edith both soon complained about the cold at the White Mountain Reservation so they moved back to San Carlos. He worked for a short time as a stonecutter during the construction of San Carlos Dam, at the junction of the Gila and San Carlos Rivers, but the job was too strenuous and after five months he quit. They moved back to Whiteriver where he was needed to help Fanny look after the numerous tracts of land—ranging in size from 5 acres to 120 acres—remaining in the Mickey Free estate. It was obvious that Willy's health was not of the best, but he refused to go see the Agency physician. He applied for and was granted an Army pension, #1573067, to commence on July 29, 1929. Meanwhile the San Carlos Dam was completed and was dedicated March 4, 1930, by President Calvin Coolidge. Will Rogers was master of ceremonies, and Willy Free was one of the honor guard.

Willy died at San Carlos May 8, 1937, of the fever and was buried there. His wife, Edith, died of the same sickness at Fort Apache, June 10, 1941.

FANNY FREE, born July 31, 1889, was reputed to be the prettiest Apache maiden on the reservation. She was too pretty, too vivacious, and too active for her own good. Something of a hedonist, she was frequently disciplined while at Phoenix Indian School, whereupon she'd run away and come back to the reservation, much to her father's annoyance. Mickey would then patch things up and send her back to school. In 1917 she married Cotter-Jose, of the Alchesay tribe, and they soon had one child which died in infancy.

In 1919 Ethla (Spring Day), the second wife of Mickey, died of the fever and was buried in the Apache burial grounds at Fort Apache.

Right after her stepmother died, Fanny's troubles began—as it seemed many envious reservation people now thought the numerous Free tracts, some of which were in the best meadows and desirable for either farming or grazing, were up for grabs. A fighter like her father, Fanny fought the would-be land-grabbers all the way to the Department of the Interior and the War Department. She had little help from ailing brother Willy, but her father's friend, Bill Peterson, became her friend in need. She was gaining in her battles when her boundless vitality suddenly began to wane. Before all her land title cases were adjudicated she died of the fever in the autumn of 1921, and was buried there at Fort Apache.

Josie Free, the only child of Ethla and Mickey Free, grew up a sprightly youngster, and attended East Fork Lutheran Mission School, the Canyon Day, and

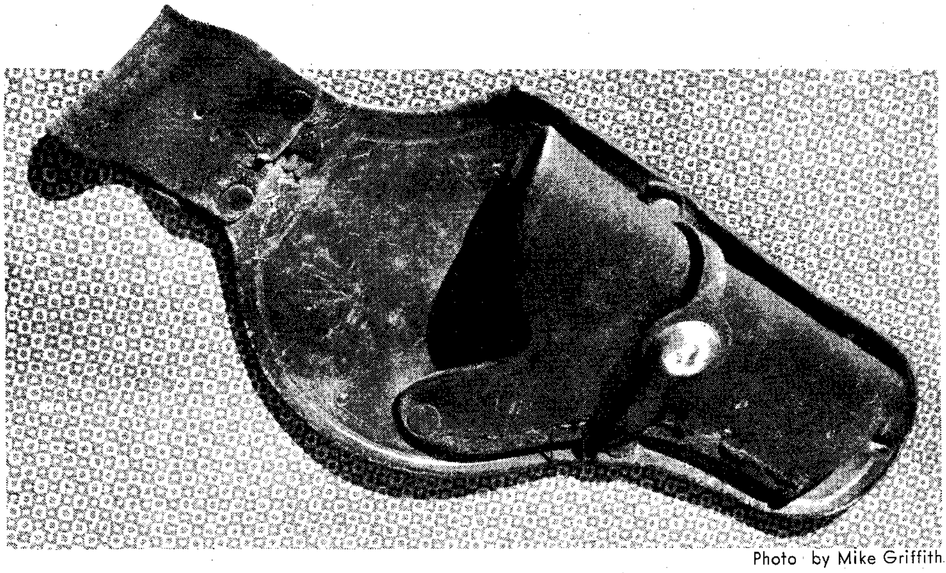


Photo by Mike Griffith.

Mickey Free's holster. It was given by Mickey to A. Kinney Griffith in 1912.

Theodore Roosevelt School. In an old-style Apache puberty rites ceremonial, Josie married Carl Jesay of the Cibicu tribe, and they still live on the Whiteriver Reservation. They eventually had three children, all of whom are still living: Jackson Jesay at McNary, Pauline Burnett at Canyon Day, and Freeda Ethlabah at Whiteriver.

Rosa (Rosie) Free, daughter of Willy and Edith, and granddaughter of Mickey and Juana, lived with her parents until Edith died when Rosa was twenty. In those twenty years Rosa was nearly always at the head of her class in school, and had become the popular reigning maiden (White Painted Maiden) at all the various festivals so dear to the Apache heart.

Rosa became a grade school teacher at East Fork Mission, and there met and married Alfred N. Burdette, a pure Apache gentleman and an assistant pastor in the Lutheran Church. They had no children of their own, but to this day "Rosie" is a teacher at the school, keeps house for her prosperous husband, yet has time to be foster-mother to waifs of other Apache families who have other troubles. She has sharp black eyes, is quick and energetic like her paternal grandfather, resembles him—even to the burnished copper sheen in her black hair when the sun is right—and she is the finest Apache lady I have ever known.

Mary Velasquez Riley, affectionately known as "Mary V," is the matriarch at Fort Apache-Whiteriver today. She is a granddaughter of Chief Unojo, brother-in-law of Sergeant Luke Riley Sr., who took his discharge from the U. S. Cavally and married into the Gila-Mogollon tribe soon after Fort Apache was organized.

Mary V. is one of the few Apache women ever to become a tribal council member; she is also a member of the NCAI and has twice been a tribal delegate to Washington. In 1966 she gave several interviews on life at Fort Apache and included an intriguing incident about Mickey Free whose tin shack was within walking distance of the wooden shack of her parents. She and Josie used to play together. She suggested I interview Mr. Robert Riell, a former trader on the Fort Apache-San Carlos reservations now living in Globe.

ROBERT RIELL, eighty-five, at first annoyed over the thought of giving another interview, perked up when I said I was on the trail of Mickey Free. "Mickey Free!" he exclaimed. "Now there's a man worth writing about! Mickey did more to bring justice to a lawless land than any other man who ever came to the [Arizona] Territory!" And this is the story Riell told:

"Mickey was a manhunter, all right, and when he worked at it he had no equal. He was a killer . . . to hell with courts and jails! And when he retired he just wanted to be left alone. I first met him when I was a lad fresh from Virginia in '96, and had joined in the antique business with my uncle who had a store here in Globe.

"Mickey wasn't an easy man to get along with at first, but when we settled down to a bit of dickering, we got along all right. He was a sharp trader and had a heap of unusual stuff to trade with, and when he moved to Fort Apache, although obviously sick, his mind was still keen and tough.

"We were dickering in his tin shack one day when a fat squaw loped in and said her man and her son had been shot and killed. She said her husband Eshe-Jar and their son Da-cl'n-ty were sitting around waiting for her to get supper fixed when they heard two shots from a direction where nobody was livin' at the time, so the shots seemed strange. Unarmed, with nothing but a pocketknife between them, they walked in the direction of the shots.

"They came upon two white men skinning a yearling steer. When the Indians asked the white men about why they were butchering a beef on the reservation, the cowboys shot them, killing the boy and leaving Eshe-Jar lying there—probably thinking he was dead. She knew her men did not fire those shots, and when they did not come back she got a neighbor woman and they went looking. They found the boy dead, and the father wounded but he told them what had happened. They carried the boy's body and helped her husband home, where he died during the night.

"Eshe-Jar had been a scout under Mickey Free, so she wanted him to help her. In those days the Apache families took care of their own troubles, but now she had no close kin able to help her. They lived along Ash Creek, a point about forty miles south of Mickey's place. She rode their spavined old horse all the way to find Mickey.

"By then Mickey looked plumb mean. He was retired from manhuntin' but he felt a certain loyalty toward the Eshe-Jar family so he said he would do what was needed. He told her to wait there, then he belted on a long knife and went and got his horse. I got into my wagon and went home.

"I found out later he was gone four days. When he returned he was leading two saddled horses; on one was tied a blanket bundle in which he had rolled the personal stuff of two cowboys—one pair of boots, two six-guns, two carbines, belt buckles, money, watch, two hats, one pair of chaps. He was wearin' the other chaps and pair of boots.

"He gave the horses to the bereaved mother and all the other stuff she wanted. He kept the money and the gold watch. And that was the last time Mickey hunted down a man. He was not only getting old, he was sick. He died soon after that."

ONE BIT of memorabilia only a person close to an Apache family could get, was related by Rosa to me many years later.

On Christmas Day, 1913 all of Mickey Free's descendants got together with him in his tin shack and roasted up a huge turkey Willy had shot up in the hills the previous day. They were all surprised to hear old Mickey greet them in English as they arrived, and he persisted in speaking English the whole day, just as if he knew no other language. Five days later he was again back to speaking English only. The following day, a blizzard swept the white mountains and again he spoke in English, ignoring the Apache and Mexican tongues, and if any of his young descendants had trouble keeping up with him—"Well, let 'um learn."

That night, December 31, 1913, Death, the inexorable manhunter, found Mickey Free there in his tin shack on the high point between the East Fork and the North Fork. He died with a Catholic missal—printed in English and with the initials "C. DeB. P." stamped in gold on its cover—clutched in his cold hand.

The records show he was given a full military funeral and was buried at the Fort Apache Military Cemetery. His grave was marked with the standard white marble headstone and inscribed MICKEY FREE, F-1, SCOUT, and the date.

When Fort Apache was discontinued as a military post in 1924, all of the military bodies were removed and reinterred in the National Cemetery at Santa Fe, New Mexico. Mickey Free's remains were, however, removed by his people and buried on the high point overlooking the Apache world.

He now lies in an unmarked grave. Some scoundrel stole his headstone, and the old Apaches still vow, "Some day Mickey will came back and kill that thief."

Thus passed a man who did what he did because he believed he was doing right, and as legends of his life from birth to death closed around him, he passed on to The Spirit World where truth lives and illusions do not exist.

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ASK FOR OLD WEST NO. 16

Dangerous Days of the Horse and Buggy

(Continued from page 35)

sometimes found themselves unintentionally hurried by teams which had just been frightened by the loading of squealing pigs or heavy kegs, and of course, it took a skillful driver to handle the rearing, hopping chargers which were scared by such a racket.

IT WASN'T just sight and sound, however, that would start a horse off and running. Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Higgins and young Roy McGrath arrived in Casper, Wyoming on a rainy August day in 1897. While on their way in from the Big Horn Basin, one of the horses slipped and fell on the muddy road. Higgins went to the front of the team and managed to pull the horse to its feet, but somehow it got astride of the pole on the buckboard. This frightened the other horses and they ran away with Mrs. Higgins and the little boy. Luckily no one was hurt; but the unfortunate horse was badly injured as he tried to run while hung up on the pole. He had to be shot.

A pioneer of Thermopolis, Herman Johnson, recalls an occasion when he and Vede Punteney were hauling lumber with a four-horse team and wagon. They came to a big turn on the steep mountainside. Punteney was holding the wheelers back and giving the leaders too much line. This caused the load to shove up on the wheelers. The stretchers and single-trees began hitting these horses on the rump, and they started kicking and running. Picking up speed, the team was soon racing downhill like a freight train. The animals managed to kick every tug loose so that they started flopping around, adding to the excitement.

Punteney was hanging on tightly to the lines as the wagon bounded over the icy rocks, bouncing him higher and higher off the seat. Suddenly he was pitched down over the end of the wagon and lit astraddle the tongue reach between the horses. Frantically he caught the harness of each wheeler and hung on.

Johnson had been sitting back on the binding chain, even with the brake beam. Before Punteney fell, Johnson had managed to bail off by grabbing the chain, stepping onto the brake beam and jumping down so he could land running.

At the foot of the incline, the team made a hard left turn and ran alongside the mountain about a hundred yards. There was quite a little slope and the wagon appeared to be rolling on two wheels. Punteney had tied the leaders' lines to the wheelers' lines when he had hitched up, then he had run them through the hame rings. Because of this, the wheelers were now forced to pull all the load while the leaders ran out to the end of the line and stopped.

When Johnson got to them, all four horses were standing with their mouths stretched clear back to the jawbones. Punteney crawled up off the tongue with a wry grin on his face. The two men pulled the leader back and hitched up the tugs. Although nothing was hurt, Punteney got sick, and he didn't drive anymore that day.

ANOTHER PIONEER recalled an incident which ended in tragedy. The late Mrs. Fred Freudenthal's father was headed for her grandmother's house to get a load of water. He was driving a team of buckskin broncs which he was just breaking. As they descended a steep hill, a brake snapped and let the wagon down on the horses. This scared them and they ran away. Mrs. Freudenthal's father was thrown from the wagon. Although he lived for nearly a year, his injuries finally resulted in his death.

Mr. Johnson also had a close call with an unbroken horse while running his mail route betweeen Meeteetse and Fort Washakie, Wyoming. As the mare was pulling the steep climb up the Owl Creek Mountains, a single-tree broke loose and hit her on the heels. With a snort, she took off. Johnson braced against the dashboard, gripped the lines, and kept the horse and buckboard together until the mare stopped a little way up the mountain.

Once Johnson hit a large mound in the road. The wheel on his buckboard instantly rose about two feet in the air and the buckboard flew up and flopped over on its side. After brushing off the dust, Johnson pushed the rig back on its wheels, straightened out the lines, tossed the mail back on the rig and went on down the road.

Of course, spooky horses didn't cause all the accidents, any more than defective vehicles do today. Unexpected circumstances and weather often brought trouble to the horse and buggy traveler. In the winter of 1896, Johnson started off on his hundred-mile route, driving his buckboard and team. There was already about a foot and a half of snow on the ground, and then a howling blizzard set in. Soon the road disappeared. The whirling snow drove into his eyes, and Johnson had to keep brushing away the ice which formed on his lids, freezing them shut. He guessed his way home over the long, lonesome miles and arrived safely. After that trip, the nineteen-year-old Johnson decided maybe an education wasn't such a bad idea, and finished out the year sitting in a warm schoolroom.

He wasn't the only one who found the equine postal service a rough proposition. In December 1897, another mail carrier, James Mirray, running the Cheyenne-Horse Creek route in southern Wyoming, got lost in a storm. After three bitter days he struggled into a sheep camp, on foot. He had lost his whole rig—horse, cart, mail and all. Exposure and hunger had taken their toll—the poor fellow was almost out of his mind.

Summertime storms were equally fraught with danger. W. G. Colthorp eyed the ominous July sky as he raced his freight team down the streets of Casper, hoping to get to shelter before the rain started. He didn't make it. Before he reached the livery stable, a severe thunderstorm hit. A bolt of lightning streaked from the sky and struck his team. One horse was killed and the freighter was knocked to the ground, temporarily senseless.

Whenever rain was heavy or a spring run-off was on, the pioneer traveler faced one of the greatest threats of all—high river crossings. Two Deadwood, South Dakota travelers, Herb Whitney and Lafe Vance, were crossing Wyoming's Big Horn River in 1897 when one of their horses became unmanageable. The team upset the wagon, and all of the men's belongings were dumped into the river. Besides losing valuable papers and $60 in cash, two months' provisions which the men had just purchased sank to the bottom.

Often the toll was higher. In three years' time, ten people were drowned crossing the Big Horn. The fatalities occurred in a stretch of the river only about four miles in length. In early June of 1897, Mrs. Sam Close and her two small children were drowned when she attempted an afternoon crossing of the river. They had made a successful ford that morning, but the water level had risen as melting snow poured into the stream's tributaries. Mrs. Close's team stepped off the rocks of the ford and the Close family, along with their passengers, Mrs. Bill Bader and her two daughters, were thrown into the raging current. The Closes were immediately swept away, but the Baders were washed into shallow water and onto an island where they were rescued by horrified onlookers.

Even when the streams were down it took an experienced hand to make a crossing. The trick was to angle upstream along a riffle. Many an upset occurred when a driver would get his team midstream and finding the current too strong would try to turn around.

This is exactly what happened when a Mrs. Mason was drowned in 1901. She was a passenger in a wagon driven by Mr. Slates. They tried to make the Buffalo Creek ford above Thermopolis, but the team couldn't pull against the current, so Slates attempted to turn. The wagon upset, and Mrs. Mason and the team were swept downstream and drowned.

THERE WERE other hazardous by-products of traveling behind horses. One cold winter when the stagecoach was headed for Casper, the team ran away down a steep gulch. Inside the swaying coach, Mrs. S. E. Harris tried to brace herself and also hang on to the lantern which she was carrying to keep her feet warm. It slipped from her grasp and smashed. Mrs. Harris was thrown clear as the blazing vehicle turned over, but she was burned and the stage packages fell on her, causing additional injuries. The woman was in critical condition for weeks.

That same winter a coach broke through the ice while crossing the river, and its occupants were dumped into the freezing water. Fortunately they were rescued immediately.

Traveling via four-footed horsepower was no more dangerous than staying home and working with them. On the farm or ranch, potential disaster awaited anyone who got careless handling his team. Many kids and tenderfeet, despite repeated warnings, wrapped the lines tightly around their fists as they walked a team home from the field or sat daydreaming as they worked. Often nothing came of this practice, but every year someone was killed or seriously injured when runaway horses dragged them bouncing through sagebrush, cactus and rocks because they couldn't drop the lines. And for every accident such as this, there was another when a foot slipped through the stirrup and its owner hung helpless while his mount tore along the prairie, battering the rider's head against any solid object beside the trail.

It was a big moment in a ranch boy's life when he was old enough to have the responsibility of driving a haying team, for this job was an indication that he could handle horses with some skill. It wasn't just the fun of driving, there was always the shivery excitement of danger involved.

Everyone knew that to stay out of trouble it was necessary to remain alert, but somehow when the sun grew hot in the fragrant fields and the flies started buzzing a steady tune, it was awfully easy to let the mind drift from raking hay. One of the easiest ways to be jarred from such a languid state was for the boss or one's father to give vent to a few choice words about the job at hand. The hard way, as many a fellow discovered, was when some small creature, winged or on foot, would explode from the hay's shelter. Then the rake would give a sickening lurch as the horses took off. It was the moment every ranch-hand dreaded—a runaway on a buck rake. The choice was hang on for dear life or fall off and get severely clawed by the rake's sharp teeth as it ran over his body.

Only the steadiest teams were used at the haystack. As the pile of hay grew higher, there was always a moment of suspense when the buck rake brought in another load. The stack team driver would carefully play out his lines until the stacker teeth reached the top of the hay. If the horses pulled too fast or didn't stop in time, the top-heavy, creaking wooden structure would tip over, scaring the horses, smacking anyone who was in the way, and creating a wreck which could take days to repair.

Yes, in the fields or on the road, out for a ride or running a ranch, man was just as dependent on the horse for his pleasure and livelihood as we are on machines for ours. Statistics and traffic jams notwithstanding, I'm still willing to bet money that the accident rates today, per capita, are no higher than they were in the dangerous days of horse and buggy.

Shorty Harris and the Bullfrog

(Continued from page 31)

today and say will survey and plot it at once. At least 50 locations have been made and 1000 is offered for the extensions of the B Frog and not a color of gold been found yet and all kinds of prices discussed by the people that have seen the B-Frog. As to what they think it is worth. None of them less than 50 thousand and from that to 250 thousand.

Since writing the last letter telling about the rich ore. We have opened up another place that is so rich that the rock horns at least 1/10 gold. Sent some of it for essay and expect it to go 30 to 70 thousand dollars per ton of course no need to tell you that there is not that kind in sight. The way it looks now is surely surprising and it makes everyone just crazy and they strike out and go on the run to locate some claims. All the people that are here now are the fellows that just happened to be near here and the people that happened to be going along the road. Now we have a well traveled road to the mine I went out about 7 miles today and put up some sign boards so no one can make a mistake.

The reason I expect people in tomorrow is because they will have had just time by then to get here since our teams got into Goldfield. We will send this letter tomorrow by a man that is going up. Well Tilly dear I expect a letter or two from you tomorrow. That is all the worry I have now is because I can't see you and know you are all right and I am sure you will be for I know Mama will take better care of you than anyone else can. So I don't fear so very much for you. As far as our future is concerned am satisfied that the B Frog will keep us well supplied with money. It beats anything I ever saw in my life there is such rich ore. And such a big ledge and such a long ore Schute over 350 feet long.

I have my lucky penny yet that I told you about finding. Of course I expect mining men down in a few days. If you know where Frank Howard is tell him to write at once to Goldfield or come at once tell him I have the greatest mine I ever heard of for him to handle but to be in a hurry. And come to Beattys Ranch as I want to do biz. . . . Come by the way of Tonapah. . . . I am going to write to him at Ballarat but am not sure if he is there or not.

Sept. 1st 1904 Good morning Sweetheart—the candle went out last night so will finish this morning. Be sure and take good care of the pictures until I get them must be grand all right. The weather here is quite pleasant-but rainy nearly every day. Well Sweetheart take good care of yourself and write me all the news. And tell me if you get the copy of the Gold Field News or not. Good bye with love to you and all the folks.

E. L. C.

A WEEK LATER Ed Cross wrote that silver has been found in the wonderful Bull Frog.

Bull Frog Mine
September 7, 1904

Dear Wife:

As there has been no mail from Gold F. I have received no letters from you although I have written several to you telling you of the wonderful Bull Frog. It is more wonderful every day. Today we found silver ore on the lead that was ½ silver we have bonded it for ten days for 100 thousand to be paid in ten days the balance to be paid in the course

(Continued on page 74)

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The Year of the Cougar

(Continued from page 47)

yarded logs. It was dusk and the moon was coming up when Gus unhitched the third log and went back for another. Most of the kids on the hill had joined his own children and were sliding on the pond.

The turn with a log took about half-an-hour. On his turn with the fourth log, Gus saw fresh tracks. He stopped the team and bent to examine them. The track of an enormous cougar topped those of his and the team and led boldly up the middle of the road toward the pond where the children were sliding!

Only then, Gus remembered that he had left his rifle leaning against the tree where he had hitched the team to the log. He snatched his ax and ran. As he approached the pond he could hear frantic squealing of the kids, but couldn't tell whether they were squeals of joy or terror. He hurried on, his footsteps trampling those of the cougar. The soft, wide tracks led right to the improvised skating rink.

Gus burst into the opening, saw the children playing happily, and a quick count told him they were all there. He paused a moment to catch his breath before continuing on the trail of the cat. It led around the pond. Where the brush came close, a windfall hung over the ice and the tracks on the ground disappeared. Looking up, Gus saw a bare place where the big cat's tail had brushed the log free of snow. The cougar had been there, watching the kids.

After the other youngsters were home in bed, Gus and his oldest boy tried to track the cougar. The trail circled Leland Hill several times, leading at last into a brushy gully. There they had to give up.

AFTER THIS there was no more skating, no more social activities for anyone. No one considered going anywhere except for water and food. Rifles even accompanied the settlers to and from the outhouses. Over the protests of Fred Stutler, the school was closed. Fred promptly left for a visit to Port Townsend, where he said people wouldn't be so busy chasing shadows.

He returned to Leland a week later. Picking up his mail at the post office, he tucked his monthly pay warrant in his breast pocket and stuffed the rest of the letters, magazines and papers into his suit pockets.

Stutler had built his home on the first land above the lake which was level enough for a farm, so there were no inhabitants along the mile of winding road from the lake to the homestead. It was bright moonlight when Fred left the post office, though the thick arch of evergreens over the wagon road held out most of the light.

Near the top of the first steep pitch, a cougar appeared in the road ahead of him, clearly lighted by a shaft of moonlight. Fred picked up a rock and flung it and the beast disappeared into the brush at the side of the road.

Wondering if he'd really seen anything, Fred asked himself if he'd become a victim of community imagination. Then the cougar appeared in the middle of the road again. Still not frightened, Fred bent to pick up another rock. A motion caught his eye. He turned to see another cougar, as large as the first, behind him!

Gurr Photo from Walt Thayer Collection

"Cougar" Stone, now of Alder, Washington, with hounds and "big cat." Photo was taken about 1900 on old boat dock at Lakeside, Washington. The cat was taken from mountains near Lake Chelan.

He stopped. The cougar quartered around him, silently opening and closing its jaws. Fred scooped up a handful of clods from the road and hurled them. The cougars disappeared.

He walked another hundred yards, whistling to himself. Ahead of him the road jogged around a stump and there a cougar waited. Fred was certain the other cougar was still behind him, though he didn't turn to investigate.

Frightened now, he searched his pocket for a match and lighted a magazine. As it flamed he held it aloft and ran a few feet up the road. The cougar barring his way retreated but reappeared as he rounded the bend.

The burning paper scorched his fingers. He paused to light another piece and turned to see if the cougar behind him was still there. It was, crouching in the road twenty feet away.

AGAIN HE threw the shreds of flaming paper and the cat backed off. Fred broke into a run, and the cougars ran with him, so close he could see their eyes shining.

When a puff of wind snuffed out his newly lighted paper, he expected to feel himself being dragged to the ground, claws ripping at his back. He fumbled frantically for another match, talking loudly, shaking the paper at the cougar pacing in front of him and listening to the soft pad of footfalls very close behind. Shuffling his feet, he hoped to kick some gravel loose. The animal ahead paced closer and stopped in a crouch to face him.

Fred took a step backward and let out a wild cry. A huge form had brushed against his legs! He jumped aside and the startled cougar also leaped.

The match flamed; he touched off the magazine and flailed it above his head. Both cougars leaped into the ditch, but in seconds were back in the road. They now refused to jump into the brush when he threw burning embers at them, crouching alongside the road until the flames died low, then bounding in again.

When the magazines were gone Fred burned the letters. They were thin and lasted only a second or two before he had to stop and light another.

He reached the homestead boundary. Though nearly a quarter-mile distant, the house loomed ahead in the moonlight. He dug in his pockets for more paper and found none. Remembering the pay warrant he had tucked into his inside pocket, he fumbled for it. The paper in his hand burned his fingers as he held it against the corner of the envelope. It took several seconds before it caught fire. He nearly dropped everything and fled, but the flame finally came and he flung the remains of the last letter at the beast behind him.

The cougar ahead bounded in as though playing a game. The one in back moved up and came abreast as Fred raced for the gate. As he approached the lane which led to the house, Fred saw that the cougar in front of him had stopped and was waiting at the entrance. The letter in Fred's hand burned out and he was forced to drop it.

He reached into his pants pocket, came up with some change, a pen-knife, and a key to the school. He made a feint at one cat, barking like a dog as he did so. It leaped backwards with an ominous snarl. Turning, he flung the knife, change and key at the other, then charged past in the fastest sprint of his life.

Fred burst into the house, slammed the door shut behind him, and snatched the rifle from the wall. Jacking in a shell, he opened the door, determined to get at least one of the stalkers. But they were gone, as though they knew their quarry had suddenly become a menace. Wearily Fred dropped the gun on the table and sank into a chair to ponder his involvement with the Year of the Cougar.

He didn't keep the story to himself. He told it the next morning with dubious humor as he loaded his rifle and walked down Leland Hill to find Seymour Purdy, and he told it many more times over the years when the Year of the Cougar was mentioned.

Before Purdy and other hunters were able to help out that spring, the rains began and with the change in weather the cougars disappeared as mysteriously as they had come. But the experience left its mark on every settler of Leland Valley. Even the young schoolteacher, Fred Stutler, no longer scoffed about "cowardly cats that wouldn't follow a man on a lonely night."

First Judge in the Panhandle

(Continued from page 29)

by Negro soldiers, with Flipper commanding. Before we could reach them, they had drawn the company into the line of battle, with their guns in their hands. It began to look as if we were in for another war.

I am not sure about the rest of my crowd but I know that if I had been on the ground I would have been rather wobbly in the knees. No one noticed it though or made any comment about it. We got within fifteen steps of them, presented our guns and ordered them to throw down their arms. The Negroes complied manfully, but we had to get right up to the marshals and were forced to use rather strong language before they would yield. Eventually, with the right kind of persuasion, they were just as manful as the Negroes were. We placed them under arrest and told the soldiers to take their brave commander, turn the teams around "pronto" and to take the prisoners back to the place they desired to go. They gladly complied.

We told the marshals that walking was healthful, and that it was only twenty-five miles anyway, and also that we would keep close watch to see that they kept walking. They saw that we meant it and they marched.

The problem that I had to solve was this: What was the marshals' offense under the law, and what was the penalty? I began to see that it was my duty to enforce the law and not to swashbuckle around carrying a big fifty buffalo gun and a brace of six-shooters. Besides, we were just a little bit tired. We had had a strenuous day, a twenty-five mile ride that night, and then had twenty-five miles to go back again.

At last I decided to get some advice so I went to the man I considered the best versed on the majesty of the law. I put my question to Tom Reilly, one of our most enterprising saloon-keepers.

"Tom," I asked, "what is their offense? And what is the penalty?"

"Well," he said, "it is a grave offense and in my opinion hanging is too good for them."

"Yes," I agreed, "but does hanging come under my jurisdiction?"

The next man I put the question to said, "Well, Judge, it sure was contempt of court. Make the penalty enough to teach them a lesson."

That was good enough, I thought, so when we got back to Mobeetie I landed them in jail and fined them $100 and trimmings, which made it come to about $121. They said that they did not have the money, so I put them in jail and told them that they would stay there until they could pay. They stayed only a few hours and then borrowed money from some of the officers at the post. As soon as they got out they took the first train to Dodge City, Kansas.

For a short time our county affairs went along smoothly. We as last received our records and supplies from Austin and ordered more from a publishing house in St. Louis, Missouri, and when this material came I appointed jury commissioners and they selected their jury and we held our first court as the law prescribed.

It was about time for my term to be up and when the time did come, the sheriff and I went arm in arm to open the court. Just about the time we were starting to enter the door, a marshal covered us with a six-shooter and ordered us to throw up our hands. We did. They arrested me on the charge of interfering with United States authority and took us to Fort Elliot and threw us in jail with a bunch of drunks. This was too much, for so far in my checkered career I had escaped guardhouses and things of that kind and this was anything but a joke.

It proved to be a rather bad joke on the marshals, as we saw later that night. The whole country was aroused. The old hunter cowboys and, in fact, everyone who could pack a gun got together to attack the fort and release us. We had a cool-headed sheriff and he controlled the mob, over 300 men, and had them appoint a committee to consult with us.

In the small hours of the night the committee was brought to us and we advised them to disband because we believed that we would get justice before the Federal Court in Dallas.

The following morning the marshals released us on our personal parole so that we would be ready to go to Dallas to the Federal Court at the regular session. Then they rearrested all those they had arrested the first time and they were also put under bond to appear in Dallas. We stated the condition of things to the Attorney General and he advised us to go to Dallas and told us that we could depend on him to see that we got justice if he could possibly do so.

When the time came we started to Dallas. It was a distance of about 300 miles and for over 200 miles of this we did not see a single house. When we came within ten miles of Henrietta, we were met by an escort headed by Judge Plemons. From Henrietta, we were escorted by citizens to Dallas. Before we could reach there we were met by General Cabell, the Mayor of Dallas, and he greatly complimented us on the stand we had taken. We arrived in Dallas on Saturday. I think that this was in the year of 1879, but I do not remember the month. We were made guests of honor in Dallas. The following Monday, court commenced. It was not long until we were no longer prisoners.

The presiding judge severely condemned the marshals and instructed his jury to find indictments against all them and everyone else who had been connected with our arrest. We were held as witnesses at two dollars and fifty cents a day. Johnson skipped the country but the others were arrested and received jail sentences. The commanding officer at the post was fined. Flipper (at a later date and for a different reason) was cashiered and dismissed from the army.

In due time we returned to our homes in Wheeler County and this ended my breaking-in experience as judge.

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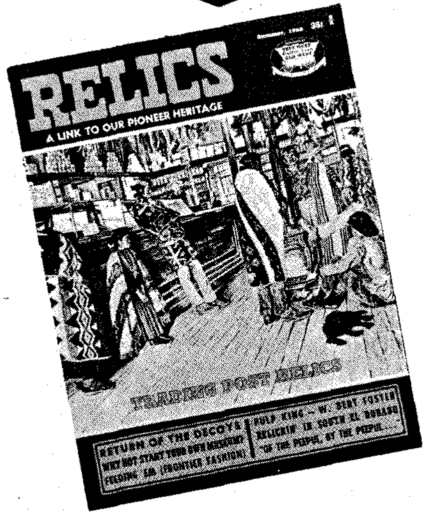

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Dodging a Necktie Party

(Continued from page 39)

to a close yesterday afternoon at 6 o'clock at the fairgrounds. More than 20,000 paid admissions were registered Thursday, Friday and Saturday. It was said by officials of the Roundup after its close yesterday afternoon that the most famous cowboys and girls in the world were here as promised by Harry Hart, John Russell and Milt Hinkle, who promoted the Roundup. Milt Hinkle is due much praise and credit for assembling one of the most remarkable gatherings of celebrities in a place where a Roundup had never been undertaken before.

"The following were declared winners, the average for the three days events being the basis for judging the standings of the participants.

"Steer roping: Fred Beason, first, Ben Johnson, second, Joe Gardner, third. The best record made in roping was by Johnson who roped and tied his steer Thursday in 23 seconds but he fell down below Beason and Gardner the last two days of the Roundup.

"Steer buldogging: Pinky Gist won first honor, Ray Hammond, second, Guy Schultz, third. Bryan Roach carried off the first money on bronco riding. Fay Ward, second, and Skeeter Bill Robbins, third. Ben Johnson, George Weir, Tommy Grimes, L. D. Bland, Fred Beason, R. S. Gentry and Eddie Burgers were the leaders in steer roping. Ray Hammond, Skeeter Bill Robbins and Pinky Gist were stars in the bulldogging. Milt Hinkle who was not a contestant threw a steer Saturday in the fastest time of the show in 10 1/5 seconds flat. Ruth Roach with her fancy trick riding and bucking bronco riding was one of the features also. Mildred Douglas Hinkle and Dorothy Morrell, champion bucking horse riders, performed to the delight of the thousands witnessing it. Pinky Gist bulldogging a steer from the running board of a Studebaker automobile on Friday afternoon was one of the most thrilling stunts undertaken by any participant, while the car was speeding alongside the steer, he leaped to the back of the steer and threw it.

"Red Wolf, celebrated bucking horse, belonging to Milt Hinkle who has a record of throwing 164 men previous to this Roundup here, was ridden by Red Eagle.

"Yesterday afternoon just before closing hour the purse was $100 but Red Eagle, who hails from Arizona, while riding Red Wolf, held on to the saddle horn, thereby losing half the prize money. One of the saddle stirrups was broken. Harry Dunlap attempted to ride Red Wolf Friday afternoon but was thrown to the ground soon after taking his seat in the saddle, with a series of short, snappy bucks. Dunlap was pitched forward, striking the ground face downward. It was first thought that he was seriously hurt, but soon rallied, and apparently is none the worse for his experience.

"Skeeter Bill Robbins of California was one of the best all-around cowboys present. Bill was adept at bulldogging a steer, he demonstrated his ability as a trick roper, he rode wild bucking broncos, and won his way into the hearts of lovers of the cowboy stunts.

"Hank Keenan (Tin Horn Hank) deserves mention. He was the clown, and with his funny exhibition with his mule, and imitation of roping and tying steers, helped to pass off time between the stunts. Yes, it was a great Roundup."

After these successes, Mildred and I bought a new car, and the rest of the season we played all the contests in Nebraska, Iowa, and elsewhere. That winter we worked vaudeville—a shooting act and small bucking donkeys—and then booked our show with a big carnival for the 1921 season. Those were our big days—fun days and paydays.

Shorty Harris and the Bullfrog

(Continued from page 71)

of one year. Five days of the bond are up and in 5 more days we will know. I don't expect to make it but there are several after it red hot and I don't think it will be long. . . . So if you get a telegram from Gold Field any time don't be frightened but don't expect too much and you won't be disappointed if you have written Frank write him not to come as it is not what his people want but the Gold Field people are crazy. They have been pouring into camp here by the dozen, but no one has found a thing yet but they are all crazy about the B. F.

Well Dear I am very anxious to hear from you and to know that you are all right but expect to see you before very long. Am very busy every day from daylight till dark—will write you a longer letter the next time but had an unexpected chance so thought would drop you a line to cheer you up for a bit as I know how anxious the dear little girl is to know what is going on. Now be sure and write me all about yourself as I think about you all the time and wonder how you are. . . . good bye Sweetheart with lots of love and kisses to you and the folks I would send you some pieces of the rich ore but have not got any stamps.

E. L. C.

Shortly after this letter was written. Shorty Harris and Ed Cross sold out their claims. Cross hurried back to his wife in Lone Pine. Shorty Harris bought a barrel of whiskey (which he called "Oh! be joyful") and invited the town folks to help themselves. Shorty was not only generous with his whiskey but also with his money. He was soon broke and took off with his beloved "booros" for the distant hills to seek another pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

Shorty Harris died November 10, 1934 at Big Pine, California. Shorty Harris simply followed a jackass into far horizons, and by leaving a smile at every water hole, a pleasant memory on every trail, attained a fame that will last as long as the sands of Death Valley. His wish was fulfilled when he was buried beside his friend, Jimmy Dayton, below sea level—the lowest grave in North America (Death Valley). Above his grave on the big rock is the epitaph Shorty wanted, and it is most fitting.

Here Lies Shorty Harris
A Single Blanket Jackass Prospector

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"UNCLE DAN" DRUMHELLER TELLS THRILLS OF WESTERN TRAILS IN 1854.....

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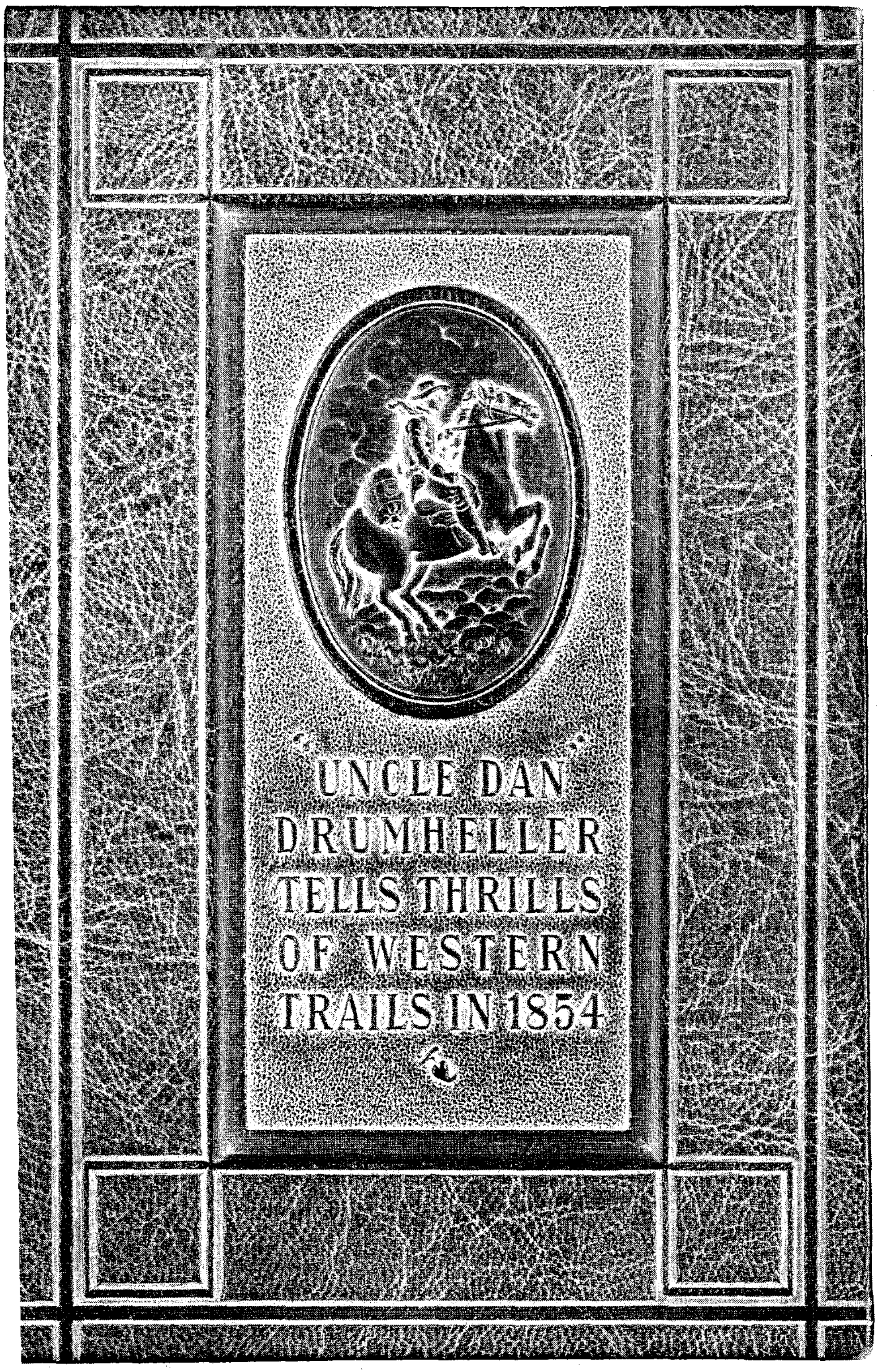

FOREWORD

From Cariboo to Hermosillo and from Bitter Creek, near the summit of the Rockies, on west to the Golden Gate, there is hardly a cattle trail or a country town that "Uncle Dan" Drumheller did not know intimately. Coming overland from Missouri to California in 1854, he spent his long life on the Pacific Coast. As a rider for the old Pony Express in the days before the Civil War, and later as miner, packer, cattleman, rancher, banker, farmer and investor, he has roamed this country from one end to the other.

More than sixty years ago he passed over the present site of Spokane while driving a pack train laden with supplies, from Fort Walla Walla to the placer mines of Studhorse Creek in the Fort Steele district of East Kootenay. It may well be doubted whether any other man of this century had so remarkable and intimate a knowledge of the resources and the development of the whole Pacific Coast.

At the age of eighty-one, he recorded some of his recollections in a series published in *The Spokesman-Review.* Those who knew Uncle Dan best are astonished at the accuracy and the extraordinary scope of his memory. These chapters were written without reference to texts, but it is believed the errors that may have crept in are of the most trifling sort. This autobiography covers a range of interest and human life such as has seldom been experienced.

Daniel Montgomery Drumheller died in Los Angeles, California, on February 28, 1925.

MY NAME is Daniel Drumheller and I was born on a plantation near Gallatin in Sumner County, twenty-six miles from Nashville, Tennessee, March 25, 1840. My father's people were Virginians and he was born at Monticello in sight of Thomas Jefferson's home, so I'm a natural-born Democrat, but parties are getting so scrambled up that it doesn't mean much what you think you are. Father was a machinist, and built a cotton gin for my mother's father who was a prosperous Tennessee planter with a hundred slaves.

Our family left Tennessee when I was a baby, and settled down in southwestern Missouri near Springfield in the Ozarks. When I was three, Father died and left Mother with a big brood of children. It was a rough and primitive country. Our people farmed and raised a few cattle, some corn and a little cotton. There was nothing else to do. I never saw a cookstove until I was twelve years old. All the cooking was done around a fireplace, and we lived pretty much on hog and corn and sweet potatoes, with some game and peaches and berries.

The women folks had a hard life. They spun the wool and wove the cloth and dyed it, if it happened to be dyed, and they made our clothes, every stitch, by hand. I never saw a sewing machine until I came to California. For lights, when we celebrated, we used tallow candles, but mostly we depended on the blaze of the fireplace and a flat lamp like a saucer with a cotton wick floating in grease that fed the flame. You could have found the same lamps 4,000 years ago when they were building the pyramids, and I don't know that down in Missouri we had progressed very much ahead of the pyramid builders.

In the early '50s folks built a little railroad running forty miles from St. Louis down to Iron Mountain, but it was just a legend to most of us. We'd have been afraid to ride on the train if we'd had a chance.

The only teaching was in pay schools. The master earned $15 a month and was boarded around among the pupils' families. I went to school maybe three months at a time during three or four winters, and we got clubbed regularly to help us along the road to wisdom. Later, in California, I went to the Santa Rosa Methodist Academy a couple of terms for a few weeks.

St. Louis was the biggest town in the world for us. With the river traffic and the fur trade of the Northwest that centered there, it was the headquarters for adventure. When I was 11 or 12, the farmers got me to help them drive cattle and hogs overland, 225 miles to St. Louis. I would make the whole trip one way on foot. The drovers would sell cattle at two cents a pound, hogs at three or four cents and oxen at fifty dollars a yoke and would invest the proceeds which they would load up with merchandise to freight home.

I always got to ride back. I got pretty good wages for a youngster in those days—$9 a month and board. Once a chap named Norton paid me off with nine silver dollars, but when I got back to Mother she found three of them were bogus, and I rode thirty-five miles over the hills to Norton's to have him make good. There was a lot of bogus silver in circulation.

I saved my money and bought two steers—scrawny Arkansas critters that cost $3 to $4 each. A St. Louis wagon, of the cheaper variety, cost $40, but the better kind, such as was used for the overland trip to California, cost $75 to $100. It was largely made of prime hickory with narrow tires.

EVERYBODY then was crazy over the California gold rush. Everybody wanted to sell and go west. You could buy the best farm in that part of Missouri for $10 an acre. My brother Tom came to California in 1850 and made some money in placer mining around Hangtown and Red Dog. He died on a farm near Medical Lake, Washington, 15 years ago. Another brother named Jesse—who was always known as "Curley" throughout the Northwest—came to Oregon in 1852 in the same train as Ezra Meeker. He worked in Governor Abernethy's sawmill on the Columbia River at Oak Point. Of course I wanted to strike out west, too, and as a result of my trips to St. Louis, I thought I was a regular globe trotter.

About this time Joe McMinn was planning to start for California. He had crossed the plains two years before and knew the trail wonderfully well. He was the same breed as the pioneers that McMinnville, Oregon, is named after. He wanted to venture to California again with a bunch of 175 head of cattle that he picked up for around $20 apiece. In California he would get $90 each for good steers three or four years old.

He had three wagons, each drawn by four yoke of oxen, and there were three families with six men in his party, three women and a little child or two and a couple of boys. They had half a dozen horses for handling their cattle. I got Mother's consent to go, and McMinn was glad to have me for I was a handy youngster at handling either horses or cattle.

He let me put my two Arkansas steers with his bunch and he provided me with a wonderful pinto saddle horse named Arch. The old pinto breed was a small, round Percheron quarter horse that came originally from England to America. I rode her behind that bunch of cattle all the way from the Ozarks to the Sacramento River. Oh! she was a lovely animal, with a crease down her backbone that you could roll a ball along. Fifty years later, in the Santa Rosa Valley in California, I met some of the McMinns who were driving a beautiful mare. "Why, that mare looks like old Arch," I said. And they told me that she was the granddaughter of Arch.

We struck out for California April 22, 1854, and we crossed the Missouri River south of where Kansas City now stands —but there was no such thing as Kansas City then. We crossed the Rockies at Sweetwater Pass on the Green River and went on to Box Elder (now the site of Ogden) where we met some Mormons, the first whites west of Fort Laramie except the emigrants. Striking west, we got into the territory of Utah—then followed the Humboldt River to its sink and went forty miles farther to the Carson River. Then we went on to the Truckee River where Reno is now.

We crossed over the Sierras at Donner Pass, and saw where the ill-fated Donner party was caught in 1845. You got some idea of the depth of the snow from the stumps twenty feet high where they cut trees for firewood. Those stumps are still standing. Most of the Donner party perished in camp. The rest were rescued by pioneers from Sutter's Fort. On the west slope of the Sierras we went through Hangtown, now Placerville, which was a camp of 2,500 people with a few women, and we crossed the Sacramento River at the mouth of the Feather River, September 22, 1854, just five months to a day after we started. The trip was nearly 2,200 miles long. We had moved every day and we didn't lose a single animal.

I LEFT the McMinn party at the mouth of the Feather River and started up to Colusa, forty-five miles away, to get a job on a ranch. The fare was ten cents a mile, so I walked most of the way. At Colusa I found a rancher named E. C. Singletary who was raising cattle and a little grain—mostly barley. He gave me a job at $40 a month and I made my headquarters at his ranch for over five years. McMinn sold my steers for me at about $90 apiece, and I did a little trading in cattle on my own account and managed to make some money, for I saved pretty much all I earned.

It was a primitive farming country. There were wild geese by the millions in the tule swamps, and there were Indians by the thousands—peaceful Diggers, who lived on fish and geese. They set up stuffed stool-geese in the swamps, and caught the birds in nets spread among the rushes. The Siwashes tied long cords to the nets and jerked the snares up to catch the birds when they settled down. Then the squaws gathered roots by the ton that they dug out of solid rock crevices. That was why they were called Diggers. The roots were mashed with a stone pestle and baked. The tribe has been nearly exterminated by disease.

"Uncle Dan" Drumheller

To the north were the Modocs. They were an alert and warlike bunch who later went on the warpath under Captain Jack, but in the '50s they were not so bad. Many of them talked good English and Spanish. Then there were some Rogue River Indians in southern Oregon near where Medford is now, an intelligent tribe, but as mean as Apaches. The Coast Indians who had an easy living were peaceful, but the mountain tribes that had to rustle made trouble.

The whites along the Sacramento River were mostly living on Spanish grants—and many of them were forged. One of the big estates was called the Cambustian Grant. It purported to comprise an immense tract twenty-five miles long claimed by this Cambustian. Some of the squatters, including Singletary, were fighting Cambustian and took his title into court. His grant was a majestic looking document, all written out in Spanish, with seals and signatures supposed to have been executed by some Spanish viceroy down in Mexico.

The settlers were represented by a smart rancher named Jones. In court he got to pawing over this grant, and holding it up to the light he saw a watermark in the foolscap showing that the paper was made ten years after the time when it was dated. That ended Cambustian. Among the squatters on the Cambustian Grant was Mayberry Davis, grandfather of Harold and Jim Davis, now sheepmen and bankers of Colfax, Washington. They were born there.

I went to San Francisco first in 1855, when I was a boy of 15. It was a town of 25,000 people and Montgomery Street was the principal thoroughfare. There was nothing south of Market Street. There were not many Spanish or greasers, but the country even then had many Chinese. They were operating deserted placer camps and were cooking and doing domestic work all over the country.

GOING BACK to our trip overland: Up the beautiful valley of the Kansas or the Kaw River, to its junction with the Blue River, near Fort Riley, we passed an occasional Indian who was trying to farm, but I don't remember a single white rancher that we struck on the trip from Missouri to Box Elder, Utah. That was before the days of squatter settlement on the plains and before John Brown of Ossawotamie started in to make Kansas a free state. The creek bottoms were covered with wonderful groves of walnut. There was no trouble following the road.

The gold rush for California started in '49 and continued furiously until 1852. Those were the years when the greatest emigration went over the plains, and the wagon tracks made a trail you couldn't miss. Besides, there were bones of dead cattle and abandoned wagons and graves of pioneers along most of the way. Fremont had gone out in '43; Whitman in '36. Captain Bonneville had gone out over the Continental Divide as far as southeastern Idaho in 1832. He was the first man to cross the Rockies by wagon. Whitman, as I recall, did not finish his trip with a wagon. He had to cut it in two and finish with a cart.

At Fort Riley, which was about 130 miles west of the Missouri River, we found a little pioneer garrison where one or two companies of cavalrymen were stationed to protect the emigrant trails. There were whitewashed log cabins with a little flagpost in the center of the plaza, and a sutler who traded a little with the Indians, but there was no sign of a town.

Here the trail struck northward up the valley of the Blue River into Nebraska, and we met the Platte River near Fort Kearny and turned west. There we got into the buffaloes and we were in buffaloes until we got to Fort Cheyenne in Wyoming. The animals were in a continuous line of travel that stretched from the Canadian River in Texas far up through Montana clear into the Peace River country in Canada. I suppose that north and south they occupied a range of 2,000 miles, and twice during the year, in their spring and fall migrations, herds were in motion across the whole territory.

It is impossible to give an idea of their numbers. On those level plains of western Nebraska and eastern Wyoming one can easily see twenty miles away to the horizon, and for days as we drove westward there were clusters of buffaloes in every direction just as far as the eye would carry. I don't mean to say that they were there in solid mass. Instead, they were stretched out in little bunches as close together as they would normally graze. Hour by hour they were working their way northward in advance of the summer sun.

Once, in camp on the bank of the Platte River, we found ourselves in a stampede of buffaloes. Something started them to running and the noise was frightful—the roaring of the bulls, the bleating of the calves and the thunder of those thousands of hoofs. We were pretty badly scared, for if they had started in to cross our camp nothing could have saved us. By some good luck the herd split and passed on each side of our wagon, while they swept by for an hour and a half.

So far as I know, there has never been a trace of buffaloes found west of the main range of the Rockies, except one report that I got thirty or forty years ago from a pioneer named Jonathan Keeney. In 1843-4 he wintered near the sink of Lost River, in central Idaho, near where Mackay now stands. He told me a bunch of thirty or forty head perished there that winter. Montana and Alberta were probably their greatest headquarters. What are now known as the Wintering Hills east of Calgary were originally known as the buffalo wintering hills because the grass was so fine and the snow so light that it was a famous winter rendezvous for the herds.

Old wet-plate photograph of Hangtown, California (now Placerville), was made in 1850. Hangtown was one of the most successful gold camps which dotted the northern California country after the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill Race in 1849.

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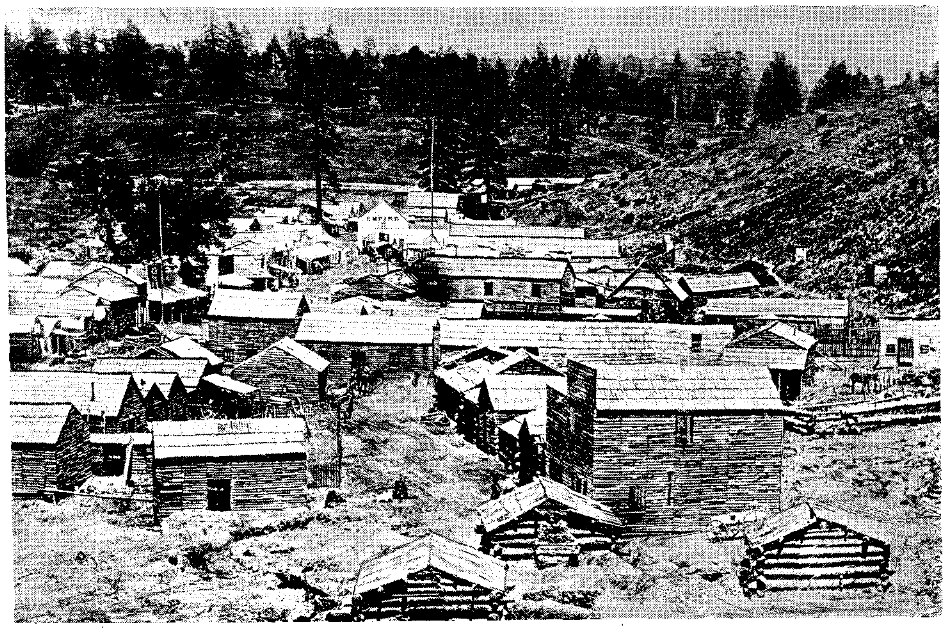

The Indians from Walla Walla and the Spokane country, as I found out afterward, used to go on annual hunting trips for buffalo on the east slope of the Rockies, over Lolo Pass, or around Pend d'Oreille Lake or over the Indian trail that Lieutenant Mullan subsequently followed. After jerking the meat by drying it in the sun, they would load up their cayuses and come back home with their winter's provisions.

There were antelope on the prairies of Kansas and Nebraska—pretty little fellows that would slip along beside our wagons just outside of gunshot, and follow us for hours. Their color changes while you look at them. I tried to shoot one, but was hit by buck ague. The meat is the finest game I ever ate, very dry, much like chicken rather than venison.

Occasionally we would travel for a little while with other emigrants, but we seldom stayed together for any length of time, for everybody was anxious to get to California just as soon as possible. We were up at 4 o'clock in the morning to round up the cattle, and would strike out as soon as we could get the breakfast over and the cattle yoked and we would drive on till we got to a good camping place for the night. Usually we made about 15 miles a day, starting by 7 o'clock and keeping on until 4 or 5 in the afternoon, with maybe an hour at noon, making about two miles an hour.

On the whole trip to Sacramento Valley, 2,200 miles, which took just 152 days, we never laid up a day, and while the water was often bad, we never failed to find water for the night's camp except in our trip through the Nevada desert. We made two dry camps in the sinks of the Humboldt. On the treeless plains we made our fires of buffalo chips, or maybe we found an abandoned emigrant wagon or a scrawny tree along the trail, and we picked up the wood and carried it in to the night's camping place.

WE HAD TO learn to make fires without paper or kindling, but we had matches in blocks like the old Chinese match. They were stinking affairs, but were a recent discovery and were considered very much up to date. When I was a child we had used flint and steel with punk. Usually we would dig a little hole in the ground and start the blaze with the buffalo chips. They made a wonderful fire, much like clear coke, and there were millions of tons to be had for picking them up.

We had coffee regularly for breakfast and some tea, but tea wasn't common. We lived on home-cured ham and bacon, dried peaches and apples, and wheat bread which we baked in a Dutch oven on the trail. We had milch cows, and the trail was so rough that we put the sour cream in a churn and set it in the wagon, where it would churn itself into butter. Then, of course, we had fresh buffalo right along, and we would jerk the meat.

We were dressed in jeans dyed brown with butternut or, if we were very fashionable, we had them dyed indigo.

The wagons that we used were in design much like the farm wagons of to-

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A 1937 photo of Pony Express barn in St. Joseph, Missouri, from which first rider was dispatched in April 1860.

day, except that many of them had beds that curved up at each end, something like a boat. The better ones had watertight boxes, which we raised on the standards to protect the contents when we made the fords of rivers and creeks. The axles were of hickory, covered top and bottom with a thin sheet of iron on the skein where they rested within the hub of the wheel. There was a linchpin that fitted in a hole at the outer end to keep the wheel in place. For grease we used tar, and a tar bucket swinging under the tail of the wagon was almost as necessary as the oxen. We had eight oxen to the wagon and the four yokes were strung together on a long chain attached to the tongue. The cattle were trained to guide to the command of "gee" and "haw."

The main interest in travel was to overhaul the immense freight outfits of Majors & Waddell. They were the pioneer transportation men of the great West, and they were credited with having hundreds of wagons in their employ. They moved government freight for the army posts from the Missouri River clear across the continent to Santa Fe and Salt Lake. The usual freight outfit consisted of twenty-six wagons, with twelve oxen to each, in charge of a wagon master, and sometimes they had guards of soldiers through the more troublesome Indian country, although usually they depended on the teamsters standing guard at night.

This was long before the days of the overland stage. As I remember, the stage commenced running through the South first in 1857, via Texas and Arizona to San Francisco, and was moved to St. Joe, Missouri, on through Laramie and Ogden to Sacramento in 1860, about the same time the Pony Express started. The Pony Express could take shortcuts on bridle paths where the cumbersome stages could not possibly follow. In a general way the stage route is the present line of the Union Pacific system from St. Joe through Cheyenne and Ogden on to Sacramento, but the Pony Express route, which started first, used some shortcuts to the Carson Valley over the Sierras. The stage road followed the Humboldt Valley. Neither went through Virginia City, Nevada, which was six or eight miles south. Sacramento was the western terminal because from there to San Francisco, ninety miles, the trip could be made by fast steamers. One boat, the *New World*, made the run in five hours.

The installation of the stage route was a tremendous job. Wherever possible the stage stations were built of stone in the form of a Spanish hacienda. The camp-tender's house formed part of the outer walls, which were extended in a hollow square to include the stables. There were fireplaces where the cooking was done. Ruins of these old stage stations, which were set maybe twenty miles apart, are still standing across the country in Wyoming.

The stagecoaches were immense affairs. As I recall, there was room for nine people inside, and there was room for two more with the driver in the front boot, and then there were cross seats on top. The Wells-Fargo express messenger, who rode with the gold shipments, sat up in the boot with the driver, with his artillery at hand. There was a boot of solid cowhide in the rear where mail was supposed to be carried, but as a matter of fact mail and express were packed in everywhere over the stage, and the passengers inside were lucky to have leg room.

I have seen as many as thirty people inside and out on those stages. The more they were loaded the easier they rode on their long leather thoroughbraces — a cradle of leather thongs stretching from one axle to the other, on which the body of the coach swayed and rocked like a cradle. It was a nice job for the driver to get his load adjusted to his liking. Sometimes on a long downhill grade, if he was out of balance we would invite a stray Indian to take a ride in the rear boot. Then, having trimmed ship, he would turn his horses loose and all six of them would go tearing downhill with the great coach swinging behind them at a pace that took your breath away.

The fare from the Missouri River to Carson City, Nevada, in the early days, was $250 gold. These huge red coaches, which cost $1,200 to $1,500 were pretty expensive to operate, for they were frightfully heavy. Later on in many parts of the West a smaller stage, or mud-wagon as it was called, came into use. It was of the same design as the old thoroughbrace coach from Concord, New Hampshire, but it could be hauled by four horses, and it carried eight or ten people instead of the crowds that they piled up on the overland stages.

IN LATER YEARS, in 1862, a string of the big coaches was brought from California up to Walla Walla by George H. Thomas, formerly president of the California Stage company. He was the father-in-law of George Cosgrove of Spokane. He had a dozen coaches and a string of 200 magnificent horses. They were put on the run from Walla Walla to Lewiston and later they were operated to Boise by way of the Grande Ronde Valley and Baker City. They ran night and day to make time and the livestock was kept in the pink of condition. John Hailey, after whom Hailey, Idaho, was named, and a chap named Henry Greathouse started a line of opposition mud-wagons that carried cheap freight and made maybe five miles an hour, and they put the Thomas stages out of business.

That was about the end of real stagecoaching in the Northwest. The Mackay and Central Idaho Stage Company, under the management of Charley Hanson, is still running mud-wagons back into Custer County, Idaho, on maybe 180 miles of lines. Even Hanson has abandoned his coaches in the summertime and runs Ford trucks covered with canvas like a Mormon hack, but in bad weather, when snow piles up, they have to stick to the horses and then they run either coaches or sleds.

There used to be a big stage outfit running in the Southwest and into Montana, run by Boomer & Parsons. I thought once it was the same bunch as Boomer & Parsons, the contractors of Spokane, but I was mistaken. The old stages way-billed the passengers by name like freight, and the agents at the stations entered them by name in the records. I remember one very fat woman who was charged a fare and a half because she took up so much room.

I am sorry over the passing of the Concord coach. There was never anything finer than to see the stage gallop out of the station with fresh horses in place and the driver fingering the ribbons to give his outfit its head. The driver was a prince along the old trails. He had good clothes, and he had plenty of money, and he would scorn touching a horse when the changes were made. He usually wore a broad black leather belt, ten or twelve inches in width, strapped tight around his waist. The belt was an emblem of office, but even more it was decidedly useful in supporting his back—and he needed some support, for it's hard work to sit all day high up on a swinging seat with one foot on a brake outside the coach while you hold up a string of heavy reins that keep half a dozen restive horses in line.

There was a rail around the top of the coach and you could stretch out in the flat on top of the rig and take a nap in the sun. You might think that you would lurch off in those wild rushes around the mountain roads, but you always managed to grab that little rail in time. I got so that I was as comfortable inside a stagecoach as I am in a Pullman car, but it is a curious fact that the roll of those Concords made many people actually stage-sick. The last of the overland stage drivers that I knew was old Ed Paine, who came up with Thomas and died a few years ago in Ruby City in the Okanogan.

WHILE THE overland stage was a wonderful institution, it never compared with the Pony Express. All things considered, the present travel of the limited trains that go from Omaha to Sacramento in three days is an easy exploit compared with the service of the pony riders who made that same run of 1,950 miles from St. Joe to Sacramento in from eight to ten days. It happens that I had a little part in the founding of the express.

I was still working for Mr. Singletary in Colusa County in the winters of '59 and '60. I was always dickering and trading around on my own account, and I had a few horses that I had bought. About the first of February, 1860, a man named Finny came along in search of horses, and I sold him four or five head of nice saddlers. He liked the bunch and asked if I could get him fifty or sixty head like them—gentle, fairly well broke critters of good bottom. I told him I thought I could if I could square matters with my boss, Mr. Singletary. He let me off and I picked the horses up.

Mr. Finny was so well pleased that he gave me $200 in gold—ten double eagles—as a present, and asked me to drive the horses with the help of another man across the Sierras to Genoa in the Carson Valley, fifteen miles south of where Carson now stands. He was assembling a bunch of horses there for the Pony Express. Already they had men at work building stations and collecting feed and supplies for the pony service. We got the horses over the range, and I was ready to start back for the Sacramento when in came Finny.

"You stay with me and sort of look after things," he said. I was a youngster twenty years old, ready for any excitement, and it was all one with me whether I was working for Finny on the express run, or whether I was punching cattle for Singletary, so I stayed. He paid me, I remember, $150 a month gold, which was more than the Pony Express riders were to get. They had $100 a month for their wages. The Pony Express service started about March 25, 1860. The overland stage route was started later in the same year.

It wasn't expected then that I would ride, for I was a little overweight—they did not like to take on riders who weighed more than 130 pounds, and I weighed 150 pounds—but the second day after they got the service started a young rider came into the station nearly dead from loss of blood. He was carrying a six-shooter tied around his thigh and it happened to explode, with the result that he got an awful wound in his leg. I happened to be there, and so I jumped into the saddle and started to ride the Pony Express route.

Our equipment was very simple. In the front of every station when the driver was due, the horse stood out at the rack, bridled and saddled and ready to go. The saddle was a very light tree with a single cinch. The mail was carried in a *machero* [*mochila*]—two pieces of pliable harness leather, each about two feet long and eighteen inches wide, spliced together along the top with rawhide thongs. There were holes in the top of the *machero* to fit over the pommel and the cantle of the saddle tree, and a cinch around the horse's belly held the rigging fast. The rider used it as a covering for his saddle.

On each side of the *machero*, behind the rider's leg, was a big leather pocket ten inches wide and twelve inches deep, with a smaller pocket of leather in front on each side of the pommel. Here the mail was tucked away. The through mail was padlocked in one set of pouches which could be opened only at the terminals—St. Joe and Sacramento. Local mail was carried in the small pouches. As I remember, we carried about thirty pounds of mail and it consisted entirely of letters written on the thinnest of paper. I believe the special editions of some newspapers printed on tissue were also sent through regularly.

THERE WAS reason for economy of weight, for the rate of postage was $2.50 for a half ounce. The rates were exorbitant, for that little bundle had to provide the revenue for a string of stablemen, to say nothing of superintendents and horses and supply outfits, which were required to keep the service in operation. The stations were usually eighteen or twenty miles apart. We aimed to make one hundred miles in a day's trip of ten hours with five relays of horses. Then we would lay off at the station for a little more than thirty-six hours before starting back with the opposite mail. We averaged about ten miles an hour. Changing horses at the stations, we would unbuckle the *machero*, throw it onto the waiting animal and off we would go.

The section that I rode was only ninety miles long, but it was in one of the roughest and most dangerous parts of the route, from the Carson River ranch to the sink of the Carson River. It was infested with roving Piutes, including old Winnemucca's bunch of lazy pirates. One night, coming into a station, instead of my fresh horse tied up and waiting for me, there was neither horse nor camp tender in sight. The cabin was a little affair, made out of quaking asp logs with a gunnysack door. I walked into it in the darkness, and there was the corpse of the station tender, dead and mutilated by the Piutes. I had to push on to the next station for a fresh horse. I had been riding the Pony Express for a month, beginning with the second day that the service began out of Genoa, in the sink of the Carson.

I got tired of the Pony Express and quit about the first of May 1860, and struck out for Virginia City. The service was never profitable, and I believe that Majors, Waddell and Russell, who were behind the deal, lost half a million dollars on it. It only ran a little more than a year.

Every once in a while I read about the death of the last of the Pony Express riders. Buffalo Bill claimed to have been one of the early riders. Maybe he was on the east end, but I never knew anything about him. I remember reading of a rider named Appleby who died in Salt Lake about two years ago. I remember meeting a lad of that name at the east end of my run. Then there's a story of Pony Sam, who claims to have ridden out of Virginia City. He was a faker, a pie shop gambler. I knew him well, and I don't believe he ever rode the express.

The line which was maintained by the Central-Overland-California & Pikes Peak Express Company only lasted about a year. It went out of business in 1861 upon the completion of the Pacific Telegraph Company's line across the continent. As I recall, the fastest time ever made by the Pony Express was a trifle more than eight days in carrying the news of Lincoln's nomination.

SOME FOLKS are natural-born heroes. Nothing in the world tickles them so much as the prospect of getting into a scrap. If there is no war handy they go out hunting for anything from chipmunks to moose. I admire the energy of these bloodthirsty citizens, but me, I'm a man of peace. I don't believe I ever went hunting in my life except to rustle some meat. However, right after I left the Pony Express, I started on the warpath after Indians, and the only reason I am left to tell about our campaign is because I was such a good runner that the Siwashes never had a chance to catch up with me.

Here is the inside history of the strategy, tactics and results of the battle of Pyramid Lake. I was only a kid twenty years old, but I had enough soldiering then to last me if I live to be a hundred. I was telling you about the raid by the Indians on a Pony Express station in the Carson River Valley. There were two old duffers at the Carson River ranch, and the Indians murdered them also and then burned their shack before running off with the livestock.

There had been so much trouble with Winnemucca's band of Piutes that the folks in the territory decided it was time to clean up the Indians. A small company was formed at Genoa, a little Mormon town east of Carson, and when the news reached us at Virginia City, we formed a battalion of thirty-eight men with Henry Meredith as captain. Carson City sent on some troops, and all told we numbered 105 men with Major Ormsby for commander in chief. He was the man that Ormsby County in Nevada was named after, and we looked upon him as a seasoned warrior on account of his having been among the few soldiers who escaped after trying to capture Nicaragua under Walker. The troops were miners, stagemen, prospectors and a few hay farmers from the Mormon settlements and many professional gamblers and cutthroats. Of course, we all had horses, and there was one lonesome pack-mule to transport the commissary department.

Being as we were about to annihilate the Indians, we had a council of war and decided that the first step in our campaign should be to establish contact with our victims. This looked to us like the hardest part of our job because we felt sure the cowardly red men were undoubtedly in terrified retreat before our onslaught. Somebody suggested that the best plan would be to go down to the scene of the murder and look for clues. So all of us—106 counting the commissary mule—cantered over to the stage station and found the bones of the station-hands among the ashes of the cabin.

As we were looking for clues to show where the Indians were going, we got our money's worth. There was a trail fifty yards wide left by the dragging lodge poles of the Siwashes as they rode north along a bluff beside the Truckee River. We started after them, and the very first day of our campaign—it was about May 10, 1860—we found the Indians camped along a little grassy bottom beside the Truckee River. The Siwashes promptly disappeared back into the sagebrush. Pretty soon Indians bobbed up maybe a quarter of a mile away, and one of them was waving something. I and my partner, Ab Elliott, were close beside Major Ormsby. Ab had a big gun with a telescope sight.

"Take a peep at that buck and see what he's doing," said the major.

Ab took a good look and found that the buck was practicing with a battle ax. The major then said, "Take a crack at him." Ab drew a bead, fired, and missed, so far as we knew. Then the best muzzle-loader on the Pacific Coast couldn't kill a man at more than 200 yards and Ab might just as well have turned his artillery loose on the moon.

The only result was that the Indians disappeared and a shower of arrows began sizzling down our way. I didn't know that an arrow could carry so far or be so sharp. Major Ormsby decided on a charge. One man out of every four or five was left to hold the horses.

"Charge," said the major, and with much whooping and hollering we started forward up a precipitous trail alongside the bluff. In no time at all several of the boys had fallen, hit by arrows, but as there wasn't a single Indian in sight we retreated, lined up again and made another attack.

The result was just the same—no Indians visible, but plenty of our boys unsaddled. With the third charge we managed to reach the first bench where the Indians should have been, but the cowards had sneaked up to the top of the second plateau while we weren't looking, and kept taking pot-shots at our bunch. Anybody could see they had no idea of fighting fair, and we made a strategic advance to the rear without bothering Major Ormsby for orders. We went back so far we thought there would be no more trouble with the dastardly red men, and when we had caught our breath we had a conference of everybody in sight.

The rear guard, in charge of the horses, reported that five of our comrades in arms never stopped in their retreat after the first assault, but had kept going right on for Virginia City.

THE MORE we talked about the matter, the more sure we all became that these comrades were men of sound judgment, and we started out to congratulate them if we could overtake them. With that we hurried up the trail alongside the bluff, on our way home. It was a narrow trail—only wide enough for one horse—and I was caught in the crowd so I couldn't do better than get half way up to the front. That trip up the bluff was the roughest experience of my whole life.

The Indians who had been hiding in the sagebrush came right after us and there never was a finer target in the world than our line of horsemen scrambling single file up the bluff. I don't know how many there were—it looked like thousands—but anyway there were enough to take the last bit of nerve out of us. Our men were falling on every side.

Half-way up the bluff I overtook a little Mexican named Juan, whose horse had been killed. I put him behind me and we plunged up the hill. At a particularly steep pitch I got off to let the horse have a chance, and when the greaser got on again alone, he gave me the slip and ran away with my horse.

I ran out into the brush to get away from the Indians and there I found Joe Baldwin, a prince of a boy, seventeen years old. Together we hid in the sage a quarter of a mile from the trail, and by some miracle we kept out of sight until dark. Meanwhile the Indians were beating up the brush on every side in the hope of finding wounded or dead that they could scalp.

We stayed there until one o'clock in the morning, when the Siwashes seemed to have disappeared, and then we started out by starlight for the Carson River. It was a thirty-mile trip, but we made it the next morning just after sunup, which is a record for speed I have always been proud of. Our feet were in frightful shape, and we bathed them in what water was left after we had nearly drunk the Carson River dry. Well, there we stayed, hiding in the brush all day long. That night we started again for Virginia City, and we found a relief party that had started out to save the Ormsby expedition. There were 800 to 1,000 California volunteers, all mounted, with plenty of pack animals.

Later I went back over the battlefield and we found thirty dead. All told, only thirty-three ever reported back at Virginia City and Carson City, plus five people from Genoa. That left forty-two unaccounted for out of our original company of 105. Out of our own company of thirty-eight men only four or five survived—mostly old Mexican volunteers like Three-Fingered McDonald or Sam Brown, who was a desperado with an established reputation. He had certainly killed about thirty people.

AMONG the chaps that we never discovered was Ab Elliott, who fired the first gun in the battle. His father's family had come overland to California in 1843 or 1845, and Ab had helped Fremont raise the Bear flag in Sonoma when Fremont captured that place. I passed him on the trail up the bluff, standing beside a little mule. He wouldn't retreat, and while I was trying to get him to come on, he was hit by a musket ball. It was a cause of wonder that we couldn't locate his body.

Years afterward I ran across a chap named Gurney, a veteran of the Sebastopol campaign, who was along with me in the Ormsby expedition. Gurneyville, California in the Russian River country, was named after him. He told me that several years after the battle, he was crossing the Sierra Nevadas on his way to Virginia City when he met Ab Elliott on the trail. Elliott told him that he had been saved by a young son of old Winnemucca, who had worked on the Elliott cattle ranch.

The Indians kept him prisoner for two or three years before he escaped and then he started back for California to join his wife and his children. Of course he wanted to know all about his family and Gurney had to tell him that his wife had given him up for dead and had married again. The news was a terrible shock to Elliott.

Instead of going on over the divide for home he decided to leave his wife in peace and the last Gurney saw of him he was riding through the woods off the the trail toward the Carson River. And that's the end of the story about poor Ab Elliott, except that his brothers in California spent many thousands of dollars without success searching eastern California and Utah Territory for their lost brother. Gurney knew Elliott well before they went to Utah. The question now is: Did Gurney lie to me about seeing Ab on the trail? You can't tell. There were almost as big liars running loose in the '60s as there are now.

It may be inferred from what I have said that I considered Major Ormsby's little army to be largely composed of rank cowards and cutthroats. However, this was not my intention, for I firmly believe Major Ormsby's followers were made up largely of men of the highest type and as brave a lot as ever banded together. The causes that led to our defeat were over-confidence, underestimating the number of Indian warriors we might have to contend with, and miscalculating how well the Indians were equipped. Later on it was a well-known fact that there were at least 600 warriors engaged in the battle of Pyramid Lake and they had many more guns than we.

But the greatest blunder made by Major Ormsby and his advisers was in attacking the Indians on ground of their own choosing. When we first caught sight of the Indians they were on the brink of a high plateau overlooking short stretches of the Truckee River and Pyramid Lake. The Indians were encamped about four miles away on a little grassy bottom on the banks of the Truckee River. Our viewpoint was perhaps 1,500 feet higher than the river to the north of us. Here we held what they called a council of war, or at least Major Ormsby and about six other men picked by him, did. It was then the middle of the afternoon. We had marched thirty miles that day across a deep sand desert. The sun was extremely hot. Many of the men were not accustomed to the saddle. They were badly used up, sore and tired. Our horses had not had any water since early that morning and were jaded.

When the select council had outlined its program, Major Ormsby called his men around him and made a stirring speech. He told us that he and his advisers had agreed practically unanimously that we should march down the trail to the river and if the Indians interfered with us we would clean them before night, but if they let us alone, we would take a good rest that night and lick them the next day. Other speakers made addresses advocating the major's plans.

THE LAST MAN to speak was my friend Ab Elliott. He was not an orator but a fighter. He said it would be suicidal to undertake to march down that long, narrow, rocky, hazardous trail. He said he knew enough about Indians to know they would not fight us unless they had ten to one the best of it, and most likely the Indians then were lying in ambush along the trail in the most advantageous places to pick us off when we tried to pass them. Mr. Elliott said that from the looks of the country he believed that fifty unarmed men could prevent a thousand Indians from reaching the river by rolling rocks down the precipitous mountainsides. Mr. Elliott said that even though we did reach the river without trouble the Indians would surely have a trap set there from which none of us could escape.

He pleaded with Major Ormsby and others not to attempt to reach the river by that trail. He insisted that a small scouting party first be sent down the trail and finally offered to make the trip alone provided he was furnished with a good horse. Mr. Elliott concluded his talk by saying sensible Indian fighters in our situation would pick out a good safe camping place, rest their horses, reconnoiter the country thoroughly and then attack the Indians from high ground.

A vote was taken, but Elliott's followers were beaten and the order was given to march. Major Ormsby led the way down that horrid trail into a death trap. The five men who made their getaway never even started down the trail, but remained on the high ground in plain view of the Indians. As Elliott and I started down the trail he said to me, "If

Dan Drumheller. Photo taken in San Francisco, January 1864.

we succeed in reaching the river there will not be one of our party left to tell the tale. The only hope for us is that the Indians concealed along the trail near the river may begin picking off the men in advance. This would call a halt and a retreat back to the high open country, where we could protect ourselves, anyway until nightfall."

The river was not visible after we started down until we were in a few hundred yards of it. The Piutes did not interfere with us on the trail, well knowing that they had a far better ambush fixed for us on the little grassy bottom, which was surrounded by steep bluffs and deep gorges, with the whole surface covered with big boulders and brush, too thick for a coyote to crawl through. There was not a place on that little bottom that was not in gunshot range from some point to be reached by a Piute concealed behind a big rock.

The five brave lads who sniffed the battle from afar were in view of what was doing around the slaughter pen. They could see the Indians moving back to high ground. They said later that at one time they could see a thousand warriors and could see our men when they began their final retreat back up the trail. These five braves made a bee line for Virginia City and reached there the next day. There were 100 or more Siwashes evidently hidden in the canyon along the line of our retreat and perhaps the first of our men to stampede were as badly punished as those in the rear.

I am not sure that more than one Indian was killed and he got caught after we had been driven back to the mountains for the third and last time and just before the stampede began.

We were nearly all dismounted when a Piute brave ran out of the brush. A big German was nearest to the Indian and the notorious Sam Brown next. Brown yelled to the Dutchman to shoot the Indian and the Dutchman hesitated. Brown pointed his gun at the Dutchman and threatened to shoot him, but decided to kill the Indian first, which he did.

When the stampede was well under way I noticed a rich young Comstocker on foot that I knew very well. His horse had just been shot from under him. He was frantic and willing to give his kingdom for a horse. He said he would pay $5,000 for a ride. I was mounted on a good horse. This young millionaire ran up to me and said, "Young fellow, you know me and you know I am good for any amount. Get down and let me have your horse. You can name the price."

I told him he was very generous, but I had no horse to sell just then. That fellow made his escape all right. I was talking the situation over with him afterward at Virginia City. I told him that I was sorry I did not let him take my horse, for I lost the horse shortly after starting out.

There were at least twenty prominent men with that expedition and all that I had any knowledge of were slain. Major Ormsby, the leader, had been a colonel in the United States Army and served through the Mexican War. He had a good record. Then there were Captain Hawkins and Captain Armitage. Both of these men were captains of volunteer companies in the Mexican War. Henry Meredith, my captain, was one of the leading young attorneys of California, and about the finest man I ever met. There were many others almost equally prominent.

THEN THERE was my chum, young Joe Baldwin. He was a prince and had the highest ideals of any lad I had ever known. He first attracted my attention in the camp on the Carson River at the burned station where the men had been murdered. That evening three nice pigs came into our camp and some of the men killed them. These pigs had belonged to the dead station keepers, but in some way had escaped the Indians.

When young Joe discovered the pigs had been slaughtered by our men he was raving mad. He denounced the men who had killed the pigs and said that to take private property and convert it to public use was one of the blackest crimes known. His friends tried to convince him that under the circumstances there was nothing wrong about it, but he could not see it that way. Finally when we were thrown together by chance, I found him to be a wonderful boy. He was then only in his eighteenth year, and having never undergone any hardships was as tender as a baby, but notwithstanding all we afterward endured, that boy never whined.

When we were wandering across that sand dessert Joe kept saying, "Poor Henry."

"Who is Henry?" I said.

"Henry Meredith, my dearest friend, and if one of us has to die I would rather it would be me."

Joe said his parents had entrusted him to Mr. Meredith's care for an outing to Virginia City.

When the boy was almost exhausted he said to me several times that he believed Mr. Meredith was dead, for a vision with a bleeding scalp had appeared before him. He got so footsore and famished for water that several times he gave up, but I would encourage and help him all I could. Finally, he caught sight of the green cottonwood trees on the Carson River, three or four miles away, but he said that he could go no farther and for me to go on and try to save myself. I told him I would do nothing of the kind. I told him I would rather perish than to leave him alone, and that he was strong enough to reach the river. He said if I felt that way he would get up and try again.

When he got within a mile and a half of the water he gave up completely. I decided to mark the place and go to the river and bring back my hatful of water. But after starting away from him I feared he would get up in a delirium and wander away so that I could not find him. I jollied him again and almost dragged him along for another mile. He then got up courage and made good time to the river.

His feet were a solid blister; his neck and face were covered with blisters; his tongue was swollen and his eyes almost closed. When we reached the water I had to use force to keep him from drinking too much. After I had bathed his head, face and neck for half an hour, and he had soaked his feet in the cold water, I led him across the river into a thick cluster of cottonwood trees, where we kept hidden for the remainder of the day.

When we had gotten settled down in our hiding place I opened all the blisters I could find on the lad. We then stretched out and fell asleep. About the middle of the afternoon I was awakened by the boy and asked him how he felt. He said he never was so thirsty in his life. I slipped to the river and carried half a gallon of water in my hat to him. When he had a good drink he was much refreshed. We then put in what was left of the day talking over the events of the last twenty-four hours and many other subjects.

He told me all about Henry Meredith. He said Captain Meredith was engaged to be married to his sister the next September. The boy said if Mr. Meredith had been slain it would break his sister's heart. Then for the first time the poor boy cried.

I spoke to him about his own family. His parents lived in Sacramento. His father was a lawyer and at that time was one of the justices of the Supreme Court of California. Young Joe was preparing himself for a lawyer.

When dark came we began trudging up the road in the direction of Virginia City. Considering what I had passed through I was in pretty good shape in every way except my feet were frightfully sore. In a pinch I could have covered thirty miles before sunrise next morning, but poor Joe was dreadfully used up and with all the assistance I could give him we could only travel about a mile an hour.

Although the lad did not complain, I knew every step he made pained him, but we trudged along all night. At daylight the next morning we were picked up by a rescuing party and taken to Virginia City. When young Joe was able to travel again he was taken back to his home. I never met him after he left for home, but for a time I occasionally received a letter from him. The last I heard from him was some forty years ago. He was practicing law, I believe somewhere in Utah.

ABOUT TEN DAYS after the battle of Pyramid Lake 800 volunteer cavalrymen and 200 United States infantry arrived in Virginia City from California. The infantry was in command of Captain J. E. B. Stuart. These troops came over to bury the dead and kill all of the Piutes who participated in the battle of Pyramid Lake. I went out with the expedition, not as an Indian killer, but in charge of a small bunch of beef cattle. After all those killed in battle had been buried the trail of the Indians was picked up and followed north twenty miles. It appeared the Indians had split up into small squads and scattered in every direction.

There were several little skirmishes between a few dozen Piutes and a few crazy volunteers but no scalps were taken on either side.

There was one little skirmish where more than 100 Piutes were engaged. It looked for a short time that this might be a lively scrap. That day all of the troops were in camp. I was half a mile away in a little valley with the beef cattle when all at once I discovered 100 or more Piutes in plain view not more than half a mile away. This bunch was evidently meandering around to get a chance to stampede the cattle. I sent a cowboy to camp in double-quick time to sound the alarm and immediately started the cattle toward camp. In a few minutes out rushed 200 of the wild California volunteers. The Indians dropped back a short distance to higher ground. The volunteers charged up the ridge, but the Piutes held their ground.

Pretty soon the volunteers wavered and fell back a short distance and in the excitement about one-fourth of the volunteers had been thrown or fallen off their mustangs and the riderless broncos went flying back toward camp. Other mounted volunteers went rushing to the fray, but were not anxious to approach too near the Piutes, for the boys were trying to encircle them. When Captain Stuart came around a point of the hill with his 200 soldiers within a quarter of a mile of the Piutes the soldiers charged the Indians and the Indians beat a hasty retreat, but the soldiers got close enough to fire a volley into the retreating Siwashes, killing and wounding four or five.

From where I was sitting on my horse I could see the whole show. When the Indians retreated they broke up into bunches of half a dozen and went in many directions. The brave Californians were chasing furiously everywhere, but they were all back in camp that night. The only ones who were badly hurt were the ones that fell from their horses and were run over. These brave lads that night were tireless in telling what wonders they had done in killing half the Indians and driving the other half out, and they swore there would never be any further trouble from the red men. I said to one boisterous bunch of these brave chaps that it was customary with volunteers to scalp the Indians they killed. I said, "Where are the scalps?" The truth is these wild lads never killed an Indian and it is doubted if they even wounded one.

A few days later Captain Stuart permitted me to return to Virginia City. He told me nothing further could be accomplished, as his men on foot could not run fast enough to catch Piutes who were mounted on ponies, and the California mounted volunteers were a failure. Captain Stuart and his infantry shortly afterward were back in Virginia City. He was then ordered to build a government post near the sink of Carson River. This he did and named it Fort Churchill. Captain Stuart afterward became a famous cavalry officer in the Confederate Army.

After our disastrous campaign against the Piutes at the battle of Pyramid Lake I went back to Virginia City and drifted into mining.

VIRGINIA CITY, Nevada, in the spring of 1860 was a sprawling camp of perhaps 600 people, with a few scattered over the surrounding gulches. I don't believe there were more than twenty real buildings and they were mostly mere walls of rough stones, roofed over with canvas. Aside from them it was a tent town. Timber was scarce and expensive and the shortage subsequently made mining operations difficult. The place was growing fast, with prospectors crowding in and walking about and maybe there were 4,000 people in the district the following winter.

The town was named after "Old Virginia" Comstock, a placer miner from the Coast who had drifted into Nevada. Placer gold had been found at Dayton, on the Carson River at the mouth of Gold Canyon, in the summer of 1849. Comstock prospected up the gulch maybe seven miles west from the Carson and ran into a curious mixture of decomposed rock that wasn't like anything he had ever seen. It was rich ground but he kept piling up dumps of a black stuff that he couldn't pan.

One day in 1859 a Mexican prospector came by and, on looking over the dump, told Comstock that the black stuff looked remarkably like silver ore that he had mined down south. They shipped a specimen to Sacramento for assay and it returned $5,000 a ton. That was the discovery of the Comstock lode, the most remarkable gold and silver ledge ever discovered in the United States and, so far as I know, in the whole world. In sixty years this lode, four miles long, has produced about half a billion dollars. In one year, 1877, it yielded $36,000,000 more than all the rest of the United States.

The California placers had commenced to shrink a little in their output—the peak was reached in 1852 with a production estimated at $82,000,000—and the gold boom was dwindling in 1854, but still during the ten years prior to the Civil War the production of the state reached a vast sum and it was calculated never to have dropped below $50,000,000 in any year. The total production of gold in California has reached a billlion and a half, which is two-thirds of the entire gold stock of the United States at present.

Well, the discovery claim was named the Comstock and the next one, as I recall, was the Mexican, and then came the Ophir and so on. Every camp made its own mining laws and fixed the size of the location. They made the claims there 200 feet long and either 25 or 50 feet in width along each side of the center line. In no time at all the whole country was just a patchwork of locations.

Comstock made some money, but lost it again and died a pauper about twenty years ago in a little camp in central Idaho—I think it was Pierce City—where he was trying to get a fresh start in life.

When I got to Virginia City in the spring of the following year I staked a claim on the Comstock lode. The lode itself was a peculiar proposition. The ore came in huge lenses, and if you opened one up you might make a tremendous killing, and the adjoining claim might be almost worthless. By the way, the original location at the head of Gold Gulch seemed to mark the northern limit of the pay ground. Any amount of money was spent in trying to get ore north of the gulch toward Mount Davidson, but it was all a failure. The discovery of the lode was one of those accidents due to following up a placer prospect.

In those days there was no such thing as an incorporated mining company in Nevada. The owners of a claim held so many feet, which was presumed to run along the lead, and they would sell undivided fractional interests called feet. The transfer was made by simple bill of sale, and there was not even the formality of recording the transfer. It was up to the seller to see that he didn't dispose of more feet than he owned. Sometimes he would get mixed in his figures or maybe pressed for money, and put out a little inflated frontage, but that wasn't common. Anyway, the danger was no more serious than the danger of over-issuing shares nowadays in a stock company. As the mines grew more valuable they began selling not feet but inches, and finally fractions of an inch. It was a wild and glorious gamble.

The Overman didn't look to me like a particularly promising property, which is where I got badly fooled, for it has since produced millions. I got an interest in a property called the Sucker, which showed a ledge of free milling gold quartz that ran at right angles into tthe Comstock lode. You could pan out the metal and it assayed about $15 a ton by fire tests. I was crazy to develop it. All my life I have been hankering to own a good, reliable little gold mine. I have just missed out several times. Here lately rheumatism is bothering me once in a while, and my children raise quite a fuss whenever I talk about doing any prospecting, so I am getting a little fearful that maybe I never will get just the kind of a gold mine that I want. But it would be a pretty sore subject with me if I never should.

I started to sell out the Overman foot by foot to raise money for the development of the Sucker. I kept putting up the price as the boom kept growing, and I must have taken out $5,000 or $6,000 from the Overman all told, which I put back into the Sucker.

ABOUT THIS TIME along came a chap named Admiral B. Paul, who was supposed to be one of the smartest mining engineers on the Coast. He looked over the Sucker, and he made no bones about wanting to buy it, but he said he couldn't afford to pay our price because it would take a lot of money to develop the property. He kept coming back time and again until finally he made a trade with us. He said that over in Sacramento he had a magnificent new stamp mill just shipped in from the states. He offered to install that mill for an interest in the Sucker. We took him up and he sent over orders by the first Pony Express to ship the outfit to Virginia City. Pretty soon it came, on ox teams, over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and it was a beautiful plant.

Meanwhile he had rustled around to put up buildings, and although timber was mighty scarce and costly, he had a fine layout, painted white, all ready for the machinery, and he got the plant to running in a couple of months. It was called the Pioneer, and it was the first mill to be erected in Nevada. It was quite a celebrated affair. When the miners got roaring drunk, one of their favorite songs was a bunch of doggerel:

I've got two feet in the Deadbroke lead,
Over in the land of Washoe,
Washoe,
Washoe,
Over in the land of Washoe.
There's the Roaring Jack and the Pioneer Mill,
Over in the land of Washoe,
Washoe,
Washoe,
Over in the land of Washoe.

There's a lot more to this hymn, and a good deal of it was as raw as anything you hear nowadays in the most refined vaudeville show, so naturally I shouldn't care to repeat it before ladies. But what I started out to say is that this Pioneer mill was so well known that it was a byword over the Coast.

When we started up the mill, the troubles began. The gold was so fine that it seemed to float away with the tailings. We couldn't make an extraction like we expected and the cost of mining and milling was higher than Mr. Paul calculated, so there was a loss of maybe $1.50 a ton on $15 ore. We worked away for months and then when I was about all in financially, I turned over my interest to Mr. Paul, and left for San Francisco.

Later on, it developed that the end of our claim, where it joined onto the Comstock ground held some wonderful silver-gold ore at depth, and in subsequent years the Sucker people sued the Consolidated California and Virginia for something like $10,000,000 on account of silver-lead ore extracted from the Sucker. And we had been fooling away our time and money with the free-gold quartz prospects at the other end of the claim!

THE OPHIR, in the Virginia City camp, was owned by a young fellow named Jim Gatewood. His father was a Campbellite preacher from Iowa, who had come west with two or three sons to try their luck at placering. They saved up maybe three or four thousand dollars and were on their way to San Francisco to start back home when Jim put on a private party by way of farewell before leaving California. Late that night when his father and brother started out to round him up, they found him bucking a chuck-a-luck game.

That is a simple pastime with a layout consisting of a board on which there are the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6. The dealer has one big die that he rolls in a leather box. The dealer bets that you can't guess what number will come up on the roll of the die. This Jim Gatewood had been watching the game long enough to make sure there was something crooked about it, for he noticed that the die hardly ever turned up a number on which most of the money had been bet.

So Jim kept away from the favorites, and after most of the bets had been laid he would put his dust on any numbers that weren't proving popular. He was getting along pretty well, when in came his father to drag him away from this sink-hole of hell. Now his father was carrying the main bankroll of the family—a poke of gold with maybe 150 ounces, worth around $2,500. His father said it was an awful thing to gamble and a disgrace to the family, and it would be a curse to them to carry away any tainted money even if that wolf of a chuck-a-luck dealer should make a mistake and roll 'em straight once in a while.

The more the Rev. Gatewood pleaded with his prodigal son to cut it all out, the more Jim argued that this was no business for a Campbellite preacher to mess up with, and if his father would just leave him alone, Jim promised to end up the evening's entertainment with a poke that would make the family bankroll look like a sun-dried fishing worm.

During the ruction the dealer found out that father was toting some easy money, so he rolled the die casual-like, and before taking off the box he pretended to be looking away at a dog fight. Just then a capper at the chuck-a-luck game lifted up the cover and showed a six-spot on top of the die. It looked like a sure thing to the Rev. Mr. Gatewood and before Jim could stop him he had thrown his poke with $2,500 on the table as a bet on the six.

The dealer got busy and pulled off the box, but instead of a six-spot here was a deuce, and the gambler hauled in the Gatewood family fortune. It made the Rev. Mr. Gatewood awful mad and he hollered that he had been robbed because he had seen with his own eyes that there was a six-spot and he wouldn't have bet under any other conditions. But he couldn't get any satisfaction from the crowd, for everybody said the parson was trying to cheat the house and got just what was coming to him.

It was hard luck for the Gatewoods, for they didn't have the price of transportation home. But Jim told his father and brother that he had $500 cached with a merchant down at San Francisco which he had won at faro on a former celebration and he would give them an order for the money to take back to Iowa, where they could return to the practice of agriculture and baptism by immersion. Jim said California was good enough for him and he would stay there and stew in his sins. The Rev. Mr. Gatewood and the brother went back home, and Jim drifted over to the Comstock where he got hold of the Ophir and we all agreed that he was worth a million.

Practically all the business of the country was carried on in gold dust. Everybody carried a poke of buckskin filled with dust, and everybody who did any business at all carried some little gold scales. They were set up on every bar and in every store, and the bartenders would take out a liberal pinch for a drink. It wasn't good form to drink alone, and as everything cost at least two bits, by the time you had ordered drinks for a whole barroom it didn't take any assay scales to measure your bill.

California gold generally was worth around $17 or $18 an ounce, and it was currently at from $1 to $2 an ounce below its real value. The storekeepers and the bankers had a rake-off of $1 or $2 an ounce in handling it and shipping it out of the country. The gold in the Idaho camps was not quite so pure. In Florence camp it ran about $12 an ounce, with a higher percentage of silver.

There was a private mint conducted at San Francisco by Kellog & Co., who coined the old eight-sided California slugs worth $50 in pure gold. They were yellower and softer than standard gold coins minted by the government, for the latter contain alloy of silver and copper and are only 90 per cent pure gold. Occasionally you can still see some of those octagonal California slugs.

I LEFT Virginia City late in the fall of 1860 and went back to my old home in Colusa County, California. Mr. Singletary appeared to be pleased to see me, said he needed me, and if I would stay with him he would help to start me in life. I then went back to my old job. My authority was extended, permitting me to buy as well as sell. I had always assisted in marketing the beef cattle. Our market was in the various placer mining camps in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. I did all the driving and distributing of the cattle.

Mr. Singletary was a large dealer in cattle as well as a cattle raiser, and his stock was a very good grade of Durhams or Shorthorns. He was the best judge of cattle I have ever known and it was from him I gained my first real knowledge of the cattle business. Born and raised in Massachusetts, he was a shoemaker and learned his trade in his father's shop. When he was eighteen years old he made a dicker with his father to make a certain number of pairs of shoes for his liberty and by the time he reached the age of twenty he had paid his obligation to his father. He then went west and settled in Sangamon County, Illinois, where, although he was a Democrat, he and Abraham Lincoln became warm personal friends. This friendship, to my knowledge, existed until the career of Mr. Lincoln was closed so untimely. Mr. Singletary, who died ten years ago at San Jose, California, left a large fortune.

The winter of '60 and '61 passed along in the usual way with me. We occasionally read news items from the newly discovered placer diggings at Pierce City, in what is now known as the Orofino district of Idaho. My brother, Jesse, who had been in the Walla Walla country since 1855, had visited me in California in the spring of 1859 and had told me a lot about that country, of its healthy and fine climate. He predicted a great future for the Walla Walla country, but said that it would not likely reach its greatness during our lives.

I liked California, my home and Mr. and Mrs. Singletary, but that particular section of the country was full of malaria and ague and I had contracted the fever the first season I was there. I had a chill every other day for four or five months each year. This I disliked very much. I had returned from Utah strong and healthy, but when the warm weather came on in April the same old chills and fever caught me again. Then I began to reason whether it would not be better for me to find a country where I could at least enjoy good health rather than remain there and feel miserable so often. One of my brothers died in the Sacramento Valley and it was believed fever and ague was the primary cause of his death. I continued to shake.

One evening after I had a hard chill I told Mrs. Singletary if I had another chill I was going to quit them and leave the country. She sympathized with me and said she was very sorry for me, that they would very much dislike to have me leave them, but if I were her own son she would prefer to have me go where I could be healthy rather than stay there and suffer as I had. They continued to feed me quinine, but that only made my fever higher. Then I settled up my little business affairs, which were not much, and boarded a boat for Sacramento. At Sacramento I took a larger boat, the *New World*, for San Francisco.

There is one thing that may long identify my name with the early settlement of Colusa County—a dead slough thirty miles long and terminating in a big swamp. This slough runs through a level plain four miles east of the Sacramento, parallel with the river. Often in the rainy season the water was deep enough to swim a horse. Mr. Singletary, my employer, built a shack near a pond of water in this slough. I occasionally occupied this shack in order to look after the cows and young calves. This shack was called the Drumheller cabin and afterward the slough became known by the same name, and I understand it still bears that name.

After a few days in San Francisco, I bade farewell to California and went aboard the rotten old steamship, *John L. Stephens*, bound for Portland, Oregon, on my way to the Pierce City placer fields.

After a long rough voyage we landed safely at Portland. I was seasick from start to finish. We spent two days in Portland. Some of my young traveling companions advised me that the way to get rid of my seasickness was to keep out in the open air and walk.

I walked the muddy streets—of course it was raining—for two days, and I grew gradually worse right along. We left Portland on a steamboat for the Cascades of the Columbia where we walked for miles across a portage, and then went by boat to The Dalles, Oregon. We landed at The Dalles late in the evening of the same day. I managed to reach a shack of an old hotel and went to bed.

The next morning I was unable to get out of bed and was a very sick man. Some of my friends who stayed over with me that day called in a Dr. Hogg who, however, was only hog by name. While Dr. Hogg could not tell what ailed me, he insisted that seasickness was not the cause of my trouble and he began treating me for lung fever.

A nurse could not be found for love or money to take care of me. The little town was completely upset, full and running over by prospectors rushing to the mines. The only care I had during six days of serious illness was what little the doctor could give me, assisted by a chambermaid who would occasionally drop into my room. I was dangerously sick.

The doctor called early one morning and asked me how I felt. I told him I had slept a little the night before and was feeling better. While the doctor was talking to me I felt a little itching on one of my arms. I took my hands from under the covering and began rubbing the itching spot.

The doctor said, "Let me look at your arm." He said he thought he could see a little rash appearing, and after examining me carefully he said, "You have been suffering with a severe attack of measles." He believed the worst was over. He went out into the hotel kitchen and made a pitcher of stew out of whisky and ginger and told everyone he met I had the measles. The doctor brought back the stew and told me I could drink all I wanted to, the more the better.

In a few minutes the landlord sent me word that I would have to leave the hotel, as he could not afford to have his business ruined by a measley guest. I was up against it good and hard until a young man came into my room and told me that he had just overheard the landlord say he was going to throw me out.

The lad asked me if I had any friends in town, and when I told him Dr. Hogg was the only soul I knew, this chap, Charley Mansfield, went out among the families in town to see if some of them would not take me. But pretty soon he came back to report all the families he had met were afraid of the measles and would not take a chance on me.

Mr. Mansfield said he had a little store across the street with a good bed in it in the rear that he occupied himself, and with my consent he would have me moved into his room. I said it would be fine but I didn't like the idea of crowding him out.

Mr. Mansfield said, "Young man, forget about it. I can find another place to sleep."

It was not long before Dr. Hogg and Mr. Mansfield appeared with clean sheets and blankets. They rolled me in between the sheets, wrapped me up well in the blankets, packed me over to the room and placed me on a good clean bed. From that time on, the doctor and Mr. Mansfield gave me the best attention possible. Mr. Mansfield spent every moment of his spare time with me and I improved very rapidly.

Then came a surprise for me. One evening Mr. Mansfield was in my room talking with me. It was the first time he had ever asked me anything about myself. He asked me where I came from and where I was going. When I told him, he asked me if I had any friends in the Walla Walla country. Pretty much all of eastern Washington was then known as the Walla Walla country. I said I had a brother at Walla Walla usually called Curley. Mr. Mansfield said he and Curley were close friends and were once in some kind of partnership on the lower Columbia and Curley had lent him a little money when he started his Dalles store. He said he was sorry he had not known who I was sooner. I told him that no man could have done more for anybody than he had already done for me.

WHEN I was convalescent, Dr. Hogg asked me one day if I had taken all the medicine he left for me. I said I had not. He asked me why and I replied that from the start I did not believe he knew what disease I had. He said, "Now that you are all right it's just as well you did not take the medicine."

I told the doctor that while he had cautioned me only to take a little sip of water at a time, just enough to moisten my mouth and tongue, I had drunk at least a gallon of water every day. The doctor said it was a wonder that I was alive.

After being with Mr. Mansfield a few days he said a family by the name of Brown, friends of his, were living on a farm a few miles out of town and that their home would be a good place for me to recuperate. I thanked him and replied that if arrangements could be made I would be pleased to go out there. The next day Mr. Brown came to town with a load of wood and I climbed onto the woodrack and away we rattled to the ranch. I went to bed at once.

Mrs. Brown made me feel at home. Woman-like she asked me all kinds of questions and wound up by asking where I came from. I told her.

"Heavens," she said, "why I came from that same place." She said her name was Sarah Jones before she married Mr. Brown.

When I told her my name she said, "Don't you remember me? We used to go to school together."

She told me she married Mr. Brown in the spring of 1852 and they went across the Plains to Oregon, where they settled on their little farm in the fall of the same year.

Mrs. Brown's cooking and good care soon enabled me to get out into the open air. I helped to do the chores and in less than two weeks I was able to resume my journey to the mines.

I went back to The Dalles, paid my doctor, and dropped in to pay Mr. Mansfield for his trouble and bid him goodby. He would not take a dime from me and asked me please not to mention it again. Mr. Mansfield did not have a yellow streak in his makeup. He was surely a prince of good fellows and one of God's noblemen. I never had the opportunity to meet him again. Selling his Dalles store the next year he settled in Eureka, California in 1864. There he was elected a delegate to the national Republican convention but was stricken and died during the convention.

I rode on a wagon from The Dalles fifteen miles to the steamboat landing on the upper Columbia River. Then I boarded the little steamer *Wright* for Wallula. From Wallula I traveled on a six-horse stagecoach to Walla Walla and arrived there June 16, 1861. I have been identified with the great Inland Empire for all the sixty-odd years since then.

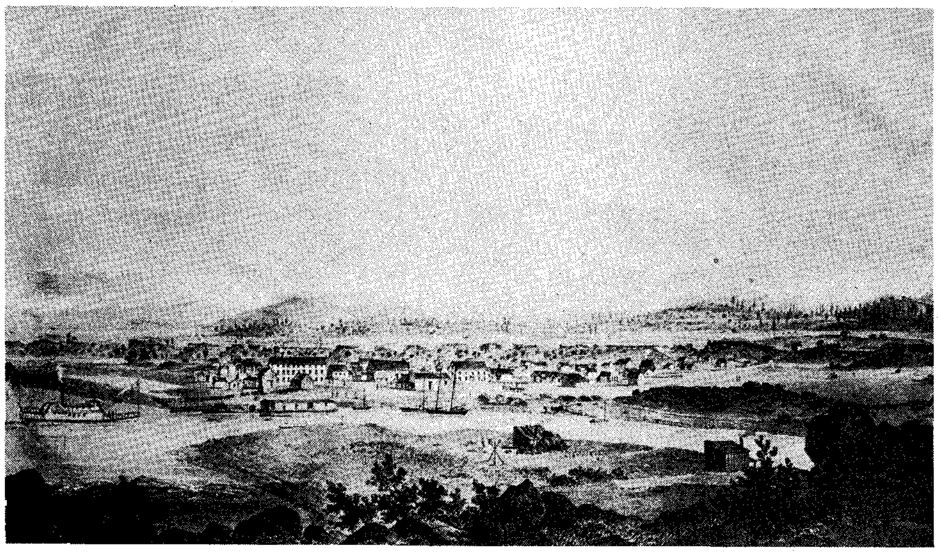
My brother, Jesse, was living on his farm a few miles south of Walla Walla and when I visited him he said I was in no condition to go to the mining camps. Anyway, he said, there were no claims left to be staked. All of the camps were overrun with idle men and he did not think much of the mining game anyway. He said he could give me plenty of light work to do on the farm until I could regain my strength and health, and I concluded to stay in Walla Walla and work through the harvest season.

There were 4,000 to 5,000 acres of grain, wheat and oats in the fifteen-mile circle around the town of Walla Walla, and that was about all the grain then grown in eastern Washington. In fact it was about all of the grain in what is now called the Inland Empire. The grain had to be cut, bound and stacked before it could be threshed.

The greater portion was cut with old-fashioned hand cradles. A few of the larger farmers used the old-style McCormick reapers. This was before the self-binder came into vogue. Necessarily, the process of harvesting was very slow. The farmers did not get all their grain in the stack until the 15th of September. Virtually all the grain in Walla Walla County was grown on the creek and river bottoms.

I worked in the harvest field until the grain was in the stack ready for the thresher. Just at that time John A. Simms, among the best known and respected old pioneers of this country, had received the first grain threshing machine ever brought into eastern Washington. Mr. Simms owned a good farm two miles south of Walla Walla and was then building a flouring mill on his farm. He wanted me to manage his threshing machine and offered me $8 per day or one-fourth of the net profits. I told him I would accept any kind of an honest-paying job, but if there was anything I did not know a thing about it was running a threshing machine.

He said he did not expect me to feed the machine or attend the separator, but wanted me to hire the help, collect the bills, and take complete control over operations. I told him if that was what he wanted I would accept either one or the other of his propositions, and asked him how long he would give me to decide which one I would take. He said until



Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

The Dalles, 1858.

the machine started to work. I asked him if he knew of a man capable of running the machine. He said he did not and I would have to look one up. There were very few men in this country then who knew anything whatever about threshing machines.

I hunted up two bachelor brothers who had operated my brother's reaper during the harvest. I thought they might know something about threshers. I told them of Mr. Simm's two propositions to me and asked which one I should take. They said by all means take one-fourth of the profits. I asked them if they knew anything about feeding and taking care of a threshing machine. One answered, "You bet your life. We know all about it. That was our last work before leaving Illinois."

I asked them if they would look after the machine for me and they said yes, if I would promise to thresh their own grain early. I told them they could consider themselves engaged, but we would have to arrange their pay later.

These men, "Swearing" Jack and Tom Walters, raised 10,000 bushels of grain that year. They did know how to run a threshing machine. Ours was run with ten horses. It was maunfactured by Aultman & Taylor, then at Canton, Ohio. The same class of machine is still being made by the same old firm and no better grain separator is made today.

After a successful run we finished the threshing at the beginning of winter. When all expenses had been paid we cleaned up a net profit of $4,400 with not a bill unpaid. When farmers could not pay cash for their threshing I placed their grain in Mr. Simms' granary at his mill.

AND THIS reminds me of the terrible winter of 1861 and 1862. No winter for the last fifty years has come anywhere near approaching that one in severity and deep snow. This frightful winter began at Walla Walla on the 22nd day of December, 1861, with a big snowstorm followed by severely cold weather. One snowstorm followed another for forty days. Seventy inches of snow fell, but it settled down to about forty inches deep.

The night of January 23 a strong, warm chinook wind set in. It was a real chinook that continued for six or eight hours and melted the snow down to about twenty-eight inches deep. This thaw formed a heavy crust on the snow that in places would bear the weight of a cow, but on the whole made it impossible for cattle to move around, and thousands perished. This heavy crust also made it impossible for the horses to paw the snow away sufficiently to permit them to reach the grass. During that severe winter practically all the horses in that country, except those that were fed, perished.

The Umatilla cayuses, belonging to the Walla Walla Indians on the Umatilla Reservation, were estimated in the summer of 1861 to be 10,000 head. In the fall, the Indians, as had been their custom, moved all their horses and belongings across the mountains to the Willowa and the Grande Ronde Valley. On the return of the Indians late that fall to their winter quarters on the reservation they got caught in a big snowstorm on the headwaters of the Umatilla River and only succeeded in getting about half their horses through. Nearly all of those died before the next spring.

When the snow had disappeared from the valleys the Indians went back up the Umatilla River and found nearly all of the horses they had left in the mountains still alive. The weather there had been much milder. The snow did not disappear from Walla Walla until March 20. On the south side slopes of the ridges at the foot of the Blue Mountains the snow went off a couple of weeks earlier.

There were weeks at a time during that winter when the thermometer registered forty degrees below zero. It was so cold that tanks of quicksilver at the placer mines congealed. Teamsters and packers paid as high as $100 a ton for hay, 25 cents a pound for oats and 30 cents a pound for bran and shorts, and flour went up to $50 a hundred. Even after feeding out every pound of feed that could be found, the ox teamsters lost at least 75 per cent of their oxen.

No outside mail reached Walla Walla for ninety days. The Columbia River was frozen over for a long time to a point below Vancouver. Major R. R. Reese and his brother Sewell commenced the publication of the Walla Walla *Weekly Statesman* in the summer of 1861 and in the middle of the winter of 1862 their white paper gave out. They printed several issues of their paper on brown butchers' paper. These old papers are now to be found on file in Walla Walla.

Some people may think that what I have said about the awful winter is only a fairy tale, but really it was more severe than I have described it. Any person now living who passed through that season will verify what I have said.

I have but little knowledge of what that terrible winter was like in the Spokane country. The late James Monaghan was operating a ferry across the Spokane River where LePray's bridge now stands. Mr. Monaghan told me that for four months not a white man crossed his ferry going north. On the 4th of May he walked down the river ten miles from his ferry and on the north sides of the gulches the snow was still four feet deep. Mr. Monaghan must have reached a point about four miles east of Reardan.

Lewis Neace, a well-known pioneer of the Northwest and one of the men who assisted Captain Mullan in building the military road through this country, told me he left his ranch April 15 on horseback from Mountainview, Pend d'Oreille Lake, and he was snowbound for several days at a point twenty-five miles south of Spokane.

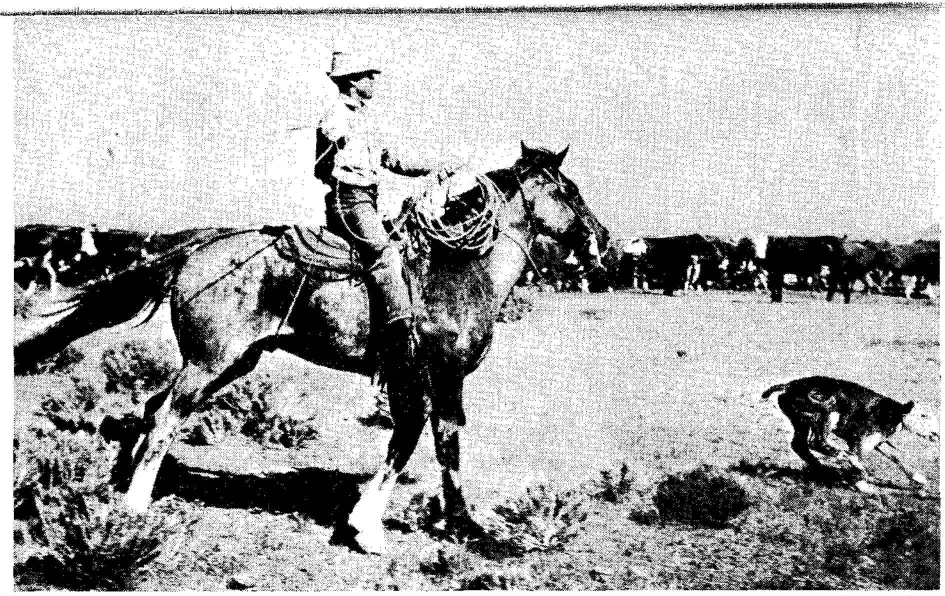
THERE WERE about 1,000 permanent residents in the town of Walla Walla in the winter of 1861-62 and about 1,500 transients made up of miners, teamsters, packers and gamblers. About the middle of that winter the fuel gave out. Usually the firewood had been hauled from the Blue Mountains, but the snow was so deep the mountains could not be reached, and for a time it was feared the people of the town might freeze. Finally a road was opened to a French settlement down on the Walla Walla River, ten miles from town. There were at this French settlement miles of fences built of rails split out of cottonwood trees. Thousands of these rails were hauled on bobsleds to town and saved the people from freezing.

My friends at Walla Walla told me they never had any cow-killing winters in that country. I was anxious to enter the cattle business again in connection with my friend Louis McMorris. In the fall of 1861 we bought a bunch of 300 head of nice cattle at $16 a head, good stuff, mixed. I put every dollar I had into this enterprise. There were at that time in Walla Walla County, Washington, and Umatilla County, Oregon, about 10,000 head of cattle, and on the first day of the next May there were not 1,000 of them left alive. McMorris and I, out of 300 head to start with, ended up either with 8 apiece, or 8 together; I don't remember which. They were calves that had sucked their mothers to death and managed to pull through.

Notwithstanding the losses and hardships I went through in the Walla Walla country during the winter of 1861-2, I am still attached to that country and believe it to be the garden spot of the Pacific Northwest.

The cattlemen of this region seem to be of the opinion that range cattle in the early days of the industry were veritable scrubs. In this they are badly mistaken. It is true that all the cattle in the early history of California were of the longhorn Mexican breeds. A few of these were driven into Oregon prior to 1850.

In the early '50s a great number of well bred cattle of the beef strains had reached California. By 1860 there were but few of the full blood, longhorn Mexican cattle to be seen in California. Governor Gains, one of the early governors of Oregon Territory, brought with him to Oregon some splendid Durham cattle. A few years later Sol King of Benton County, Oregon, made several importations of choice shorthorn cattle. Besides there were many other early set-



Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

Calf roping on Oregon range.

tlers of Oregon who owned full-blooded cattle of beef strains. These cattle came from a source unknown to me.

Still farther back in the history of this country, nearly 100 years ago, the old Hudson's Bay Company made a shipment of Durham cattle from England to Vancouver, now in the State of Washington. The Hudson's Bay cattle must have been a superior breed judging by the imprint they made upon the beef animals of the Northwest.

Beginning with the spring of 1850 and covering a period of ten years, tens of thousands of good American cattle were driven across the Plains to the Pacific Coast. In my opinion the range cattle in Oregon and Washington were as good sixty years ago as they are now. The good grazing at that time may have been accountable for this to some extent.

IN THE SPRING of 1862, in connection with Samuel Johnson and my brother Jesse, I bought 240 head of cattle, remnants left from the winter. That spring I drove this bunch of cattle to Fraser River, B. C., to supply the placer gold miners of the Caribou district. I got through to where the town of Ashcroft, B. C., now stands without any loss, and the only trouble I met with was in swimming the cattle across the large streams. The Snake and the Columbia Rivers that season reached the highest stages of water ever known.

I did not succeed in finding a market for all my cattle that season. This compelled me to remain in that country until the following spring. I wintered the cattle I had left over about eight miles from Ashcroft. They went through the winter in fine shape out on the open range. I furnished beef that season to Issac and Charles Oppenheimer, who had the contract for building a government wagon road from Lytton on the Fraser River to the Caribou mines, a distance of 300 miles.

Issac Oppenheimer now makes his home at the Westminister Apartments in Spokane. Mr. Oppenheimer, fine old gentleman that he is—I would say at a guess he is ninety years old—appears to be hale and hearty. He and I, to my best knowledge, are the only ones left out of 5,000 men that were on the upper Fraser River in 1862.

I spent a pleasant and restful winter near Ashcroft. A young man by the name of William Gates from The Dalles, Oregon, had a little herd of cattle running with my cattle on the range. Mr. Gates and I spent the winter together. We built a cabin of rough pine logs near a little spring in a well protected cove at the foot of a range of mountains. In dimension this cabin was 12 x 16 feet. We dragged the logs on horseback with a rope, one end of which was tied to the log, the other end made fast to the horn of the saddle.

The roof of the cabin all sloped one way and was made by, first, a tier of poplar poles. On the top of the poles we placed a covering of dry rye grass cut with our knives, then covered over the rye grass with earth about a foot deep. We built a fireplace in one corner of the shack to provide warmth, and for cooking.

We daubed the cracks between the logs with mud. There were no windows and but one door in the cabin and the lumber used in making the door was taken from an old drygoods box. That old stopping place of mine has been known ever since as the Drumheller place, and the little valley lying out in front of the old cabin under irrigation has proved to be first-class alfalfa land. My old log cabin, built in 1862, was still standing five years ago.

We lived well that winter on plain food consisting of good beef, bacon and beans, dried fruits, sugar and coffee and potatoes obtained from the Indians. The only work we had to do that winter was keeping the watering places open for the cattle and rustling firewood.

Our nearest post office, Lillooet, was sixty miles away. During the winter I made a couple of trips to the post office. In a radius of 10 miles around us there were a few hundred head of cattle, at least 500 pack mules, and perhaps 50 men were wintering. Some one of my neighbors would go to town about every week, and in this way we kept in touch with what was taking place in the outside world.

There were thousands of Indians in that country then, but they were most peaceable. They had contracted the smallpox that season and hundreds of them died. When an Indian was stricken with the smallpox he would go into a sweat house, take a big sweat and then plunge into the river. This usually settled it in a few hours with the Siwash. Several of the packers around me had the smallpox that winter, but after a long siege they all recovered.

ABOUT the first of December of that same winter, one evening at dusk, I noticed a little bunch of cattle being driven along the main traveled trail running through the little valley a quarter of a mile from my cabin. I rushed out to see if my cattle were being swiped, but found they were not. There was an old man and his half-Indian son driving these cattle. I asked the old man where he was heading for, and he said he was driving the cattle up into the Kamloops country, where he intended to leave them with someone for the winter, and then he and the boy were going on to their home in The Dalles.

The old man then asked me where I belonged and what my business was. I pointed to a light in my cabin and said that I was wintering some cattle here. The old chap said, "The grass looks to be pretty good here." "Yes," I said, "the best in the country."

He asked if I would take care of his cattle until he returned early in the spring. I told him I would if I were not held in any way responsible for them. He said all right, and then separated his packhorses and two loose horses from the herd and said there were forty head of cattle and four horses that he would leave with me.

I asked the man and the boy to stay overnight at the cabin with me and we would talk the matter over. The old duffer said "no," and started on. I then yelled after him and asked him his name. He said his name was Jackson. It was strange but that man never asked me my name or requested me to write to him.

In the latter part of the following March I sold my cattle to a shrewd Yankee trader named A. S. Bates. I delivered the cattle to Bates at my place and he moved them away. I had rounded up Jackson's with mine. Bates wanted to know what I was going to do with old Spokane Jackson's cattle.

I told him I would leave them where they were, that the old man would likely be along in a few days and he could easily find them when he came. Bates wanted to know how much I was going to charge Jackson for taking care of his cattle. I told him I thought about $40 a month, and that I wanted him to collect the bill. Bates then wanted to know how many there were of Jackson's cattle. I told him forty head and two head of horses. Jackson had left four head of horses with me, but two of them had died during the winter.

Bates said he knew old Spokane Jackson and that he was a hard old case, and I was not charging him a half of the regular charges in that country for ranching stock and if I would turn the stock over to him he would pay me $100 for my trouble and take the chance of collecting it from Jackson. I said, "All right."

He paid me the money and took a receipt for the stock. I then started for Lillooet. It appeared shortly after that Bates went away from his home and left some Indians to look after his cattle and at about the same time when old Spokane Jackson showed up and found I had left the country he rounded up his forty head of cattle and two horses, sold them and left the country before Bates returned, and thus tricked the shrewd Yankee.

By the fall of 1865 old Spokane Jackson, for that was his name, had worked his way back into the Spokane country and had built a shack where the Mullan road crosses Hangman Creek, ten miles from the city. He and his Spokane squaw-wife and children were then living in this shack. That same fall I went from Montana to Walla Walla with a friend. We traveled on horseback and camped out near old Jackson's shack. The nights were frosty and we built a big blazing fire to keep warm. Old Jackson came into our camp just after dark and sat around the campfire for hours spinning yarns.

He told of his travels and the wonderful acts he had performed and told also of having had a band of cattle in the Fraser River country in 1862. I had never seen him but once before and it was dark at that and, of course, I did not recognize him, so I finally asked him his name. He said he was known by the name of Spokane Jackson. Then I knew who he was.

I began by quizzing him and told him I had understood him to say that he had a band of cattle in the Fraser River country in 1862. He said he had. I then asked if he succeeded in disposing of all his cattle that season. He said, "All but forty head."

He said he left them with a young stranger near Cache Creek for the winter and that he went home to The Dalles. I asked him if he went back to British Columbia. He said he did early the next spring. I asked him if he found any of his stuff alive. He said he found all fat and fine, but the young fellow had left the country before he got back. He said he failed to find two of his horses and supposed some one had stolen them, but said he made no kick about that, as it just about squared the ranch bill. I asked him if he knew the young man's name in whose care he left his cattle. He did not know, but believed he was raised away down in Oregon in the Callaposia Mountains. When the old snide had gone I told my friend I was the man that had cared for the old fellow's cattle. He laughed and said I was the man that was raised in the Callaposia Mountains and stole the old man's horses. My friends often joked me about this.

I do not know what became of Old Jackson, but in the early '80s I often saw his squaw-wife around Spokane. Jackson's boy, as I have mentioned heretofore, later became the notorious Bill Jackson and was killed here in 1883 by Joe Warren or one of his deputies.

I LEFT my winter quarters on March 31 for Walla Walla. A friend accompanied me to the town of Lillooet on the Fraser River where I had a little unsettled business to attend to. When we arrived there I noticed a red-handed robber then known at Brockey Jack. This fellow I knew by sight. I was very suspicious of this fellow and was on the lookout for him again in that town.

He and a half dozen other desperadoes had drifted into that country the year before from the Salmon River mines in Idaho. There had already been a number of murders and robberies in British Columbia attributed to this band of cutthroats. At least three of this bunch were afterward hanged, namely: Boone Helm at Virginia City, Montana; George Lowery at Lewiston, Idaho, and Brockey Jack near Wallula, Washington. This particular bunch of robbers always killed their man before they robbed him.

On my trip from Lillooet to Victoria I went by what was known as the lake route. It was about 100 miles from Lillooet to Port Harrison, at the head of steamboat navigation on the Fraser River. To reach Port Harrison I had four land portages to make and three lakes to cross. I was carrying with me about 100 ounces in gold dust.

At that particular time there were few people going out of the country, but many coming in. I made this journey from Lillooet to Harrison alone, and it afterward developed I came nearer being robbed on this trip than I ever had before in my life.

This fellow, Brockey Jack, found I was leaving the country and was carrying a lot of gold with me. Brockey left Lillooet two days ahead of me. He did this in order to have time to pick out a safe place for him to kill me and get away with my money. I left Lillooet in the morning on a contrivance called a stage to the first lake, which I crossed on a small boat, then by stages across portage No. 2 to lake No. 2, which I crossed on a light draft steamboat and then by stage about twelve miles to within one mile of where I crossed lake No. 3 to what they called a hotel.

That night the hotel was full of drunkards and some tough looking men. After getting something to eat I concluded it would be safer for me in the brush than around the hotel. I walked down to the end of the lake where there were a few shacks, but I could see no one around. I then went into the timber and spent the night. At daylight next morning I went to the end of the lake. It was a small lake, about four miles long by one mile wide.

This rig was used to haul ore into Virginia City, Nevada.

Western Publications Photo File

Passengers were transported across this lake in rowboats. I roused a boatman out of a shack and asked him if he would row me over the lake. He said he would. I asked him how long it would take him and he said, "Less than an hour." I told him I was anxious to catch the stage that morning. He said I would have plenty of time as that stage did not leave the hotel until eight o'clock and that I could easily walk from the lake to the hotel in thirty minutes, as the distance was only one mile.

We then pulled out. There was a strong head wind blowing and we were about half-way across the lake. The wind was blowing at a rate of at least thirty miles an hour. The man was working hard, but making little headway. Finally I said, "You are not going to reach the end of the lake in time for me to walk a mile and catch the stage."

I asked him if there was a trail running along the side of the lake. He said there was a trail along the west side. Then I requested him to land me on the west side and I would try to make it to the hotel in time to connect with the stage. We were then much nearer the east side than the west. The man pulled for the west side but the wind was against him. I told him to land me on the east side. He said, "All right, but it will be very difficult for you to reach the hotel from that side."

He pointed out to me about where the hotel stood. I discovered I was much nearer the hotel than I would have been if he had succeeded in landing me on the opposite side of the lake.

I found it was impossible, on account of rocks falling into the lake, for me to travel along the shore line, so I climbed the steep bluff and took as direct a course as I could for the hotel, which seemed to be about two miles. On account of fallen timber it was the longest trip I ever tackled.

I finally reached the trail leading from the lake which was only a few hundred yards from the hotel. When I looked at my watch it was just eight o'clock and I thought I was left, but when I neared the hotel I discovered the stage pulling out. I yelled at the driver but he did not hear me. The horses struck into a gallop and I chased them for about 300 feet but without gaining headway over them. I could see a steep hill ahead, however.

Then I exerted myself hoping to get in hailing distance of the driver before he reached the top of the hill. This I did and the driver waited for me. I got onto the old spring wagon hitched behind two old plug horses. It was twenty-three miles from there to Port Harrison. I had to stop over there until the next morning to take the boat for Victoria. Late that evening, to my surprise, Mr. Brockey Jack walked into the hotel where I was staying.

AT THAT TIME I had no idea where Brockey Jack came from. Very shortly after the gentleman had entered the hotel a constable arrested him on suspicion and threw him into jail. This was a great relief to me. That evening I had a talk with the constable and told him I knew Brockey Jack by sight and that he was considered to be a bad man and the vigilance committee of Walla Walla had him on its list of bad characters.

The constable said he had no positive evidence, but thought Brockey Jack was connected with the murder of a man in the Caribou country the previous year and the authorities would lodge him in jail and try to get evidence against him. If not, they would banish him from the country. I told the constable I hoped he would hold the man until I could get out of the country as I had some gold dust with me and had just arrived from Lillooet and that I believed the fellow had followed me from there, but had no evidence. I was greatly relieved to know they had him in jail.

Brockey Jack was hanged by a vigilance committee near Wallula in the spring of 1864. He made a complete confession before he was executed. The confession was reduced to writing. Several years afterward a friend of mine handed me a copy of it to read. The fellow apparently confessed to every crime, murder and attempted murder he ever committed. He said he knew me and told of his attempt to murder and rob me.

He said he had been in touch with me two weeks before I left Lillooet. He told of concealing himself on the trail between the lake and the hotel for the purpose of killing and robbing me, but a wind on the lake forced me to land on the side instead of the end of the lake and I managed to reach the hotel by going through the woods instead of by way of the trail. He continued by stating that after he believed the stage had departed he went to the hotel and ascertained that I had caught the stage and then he followed me to Port Harrison. He said that if he had not been arrested he intended to follow me to Walla Walla and try to get me on the way. This once, an ill wind saved my scalp.

If this fellow's confession were true, he and Boone Helm killed and robbed a Jew on the trail leading out from the Caribou mines in the summer of 1862, and therefore the constable was justified in arresting Brockey at Port Harrison.

I left Port Harrison by boat for New Westminster, then the capital of British Columbia. After transacting some business there I went on the old steamship *Otter* to Victoria. At that time Victoria was booming and was the liveliest town on the Pacific Coast. I sailed on a little steamship from Victoria direct to Portland, Oregon. This little boat was not seaworthy and the sea was fearfully rough and, as usual, I was mighty seasick. Besides, my nerves were unstrung from worry and carrying thirty-odd pounds of gold dust on my shoulders. There were a lot of young sports and toughs aboard the boat returning from gambling expeditions to Victoria. This bunch added nothing to my comfort.

There happened to be traveling in the same stateroom with me a middle-aged man who had been living in the vicinity of Portland for many years. This gentleman told me his name was James Bybee. I knew Mr. Bybee's reputation was good and then told him of the strain I had been under with the gold dust. Mr. Bybee said he knew what it meant and if I could trust him he would see there would be no danger from them until we arrived in Portland. He said that he would stay with me until I had deposited the dust in a place of safety.

When we landed in Portland Mr. Bybee went with me to the Wells Fargo Express office and introduced me to the manager. When the gold had been placed in the safe the manager asked me what I was going to do with it. I told him I lived at Walla Walla and intended to ship it there by express.

The manager said, "Young man, I can save you some money by shipping your gold dust from here to the mint, or if you will have the dust melted and run into bars and ascertain their value I will pay you the coin for them at almost their assay value."

I asked the manager how long it would take to have the assays made. He said that if the assayer were not busy it would not take more than one day. When the assayer weighed the dust it came within a few dollars of weighing 400 ounces.

At noon the next day I found the gold bars at the express office with certificates of assay. I was pleased to find the value of the dust ran higher than I had expected. Wells Fargo & Co. discounted the bars ⅛th of one per cent of assay value. I then shipped the gold coin to Walla Walla by express. I arrived in Walla Walla about April 20, having spent nearly one year in British Columbia.

AFTER SETTLING with my partners I began looking around for something to do. The Boise Basin placer gold fields were at their height, and public opinion was directed entirely to that country. I got the gold fever and decided to try my hand at placer mining, and get rich quick. Fearing I might go broke I lent my half of my money, taking a note payable in one year with interest at the rate of 24 per cent. That was the going rate of interest at that time. I then started on horseback for the land of old, the land of gold, the land of '49.

When I reached the promised land I found that all the ground of value had been staked and the only thing for me to do was to buy a claim. After looking the country over a few days I met three men who went into the diggings with the first rush. The three were holding two claims located on Moore's Creek. One of these men, Buck Strickland, was a friend of mine. Buck told me that one of his partners, by the name of Nuckolds, wanted to sell his interest in the two claims and they were located on a flat mucky creek bottom 300 yards wide and 40 feet long, running up and down the creek. This ground would have made a good hay meadow.

Buck pointed out to me a shaft he had sunk in the ground in December the year before. He figured the shaft was 14 feet deep to pay gravel and that he was only able to pan a few pans of dirt before the water forced him out of the shaft. He said it panned $2.50 the pan. I believed him and bought the interest. I then employed a force of miners and started to develop the ground. We found Buck's shaft was about half filled with water and badly caved.

We decided it would be best to sink a new shaft a rod from the old one. We found this a hard as well as an expensive problem. We had to timber the shaft with heavy timbers. The ground was full of water. When we had dug a few feet it required four men to bail the water out of the shaft and one man working with a shovel in it. There was not a pump in Boise Basin. It cost $1,000 to sink this shaft 15 feet deep to bedrock. After sinking two more less expensive shafts, without finding any gold, I feared Buck had lied and I was ready to quit. I believe Buck also came to the conclusion that he had lied.

We then sold the two claims for a song to a little merchant named John Ingersoll. Ingersoll, next season, in connection with the adjoining claimholder, ran long draining ditches at a heavy expense through the claims. That pretty well drained the ground. There were five narrow streaks of pay found running through the claims. In a narrow and very thin streak of pay gravel at the bottom and on the bedrock of Buck's old shaft $100 to the pan was often washed out. A few years later Ingersoll, after cleaning up something like $100,000, returned to his old home in Galesburg, Illinois.

THE HISTORY of the discovery of the Boise Basin placer fields was related to me in 1863 by Joe Bransteter, one of the discoverers.

Mr. Bransteter said he joined a party of prospectors, numbering about 15 men at Walla Walla in the spring of 1862. It was the intention of Colonel Fogus, Moses Splawn, Jack Westenfelter, Jack Reynolds and himself, and perhaps some others of the party, to prospect and explore the country lying between old Fort Boise and the Salmon River mining districts.

Mose Splawn, who was mining on Salmon River the year before, told them of a Bannock Indian who came to his mining claim, and while watching Splawn panning out gold the Indian told him that when he was a boy he had seen plenty of that kind of stuff. Splawn asked him where he had seen it.

"Long way," said the Indian, and pointed toward the Boise country.

This Indian could speak a little English and appeared to be interested in the gold dust. He came to Splawn's mining claim again and repeated the story. Splawn got excited and asked the Indian if he would take him to the place where he had seen the gold.

"No," said the Indian. "It was in Bannock country and the Indians would kill every white man that entered."

Splawn asked the Indian to describe the country where he had found the gold. The Indian drew a rough sketch to show the place he had seen the gold and marked the easiest way to reach it, which would be by way of old Fort Boise on Snake River.

The Indian, in his imperfect way, described his find to be in a basin surrounded by high mountains that could be reached by going in a northeasterly direction, two days' ride from old Fort Boise.

The Walla Walla prospectors headed for old Fort Boise, but before they reached that place they fell in with a big prospecting party from Oregon in search of the lost Blue Bucket diggings, which they felt certain they could find within less than ten days, and that they all could load their pack horses with gold dust.

The two prospecting parties joined together and went on a hunt for the Blue Bucket mine. After chasing over the sand and sagebrush plains for six weeks without finding anything worth speaking of, except rattlesnakes, they all became disgusted and split up. Six of the Oregon party, including George Grimes, joined the five men whose names have been mentioned, and those eleven men started for Snake River at Fort Boise, and after some of the men came near being drowned, they followed up Snake River to the mouth of the Owyhee where they whip-sawed lumber from cottonwood logs, built a boat and finally succeeded in crossing Snake River at that point.

They then traveled in a northerly direction until they came in sight of high ranges of mountains. They headed for the highest mountain in sight, reaching the summit later one evening where they camped for the night. Here they had a fine view of the whole surrounding country. Looking east from this point they saw a basin between ranges of mountains. But the next morning, before breaking camp, they discovered what appeared to be a big camp of Indians in the direction of the basin. George Grimes insisted on turning back down the western slope of the mountain toward the Payette River.

Splawn wanted to go in the direction of the supposed basin. It was then left to a vote of the men which way they should go and they decided to follow Grimes. Shortly afterwards the men changed their minds and said they would follow Splawn. Indians or no Indians. They went down the mountain and through the Indian camp, having decided it would be better to act bold than try to evade the Bannocks. They found no Indians in this camp but in a very short time they sighted a dozen Indians stripped ready for battle.

THESE eleven prospectors, among the bravest who ever chased the fleeting gold, were in the summer resort of many bands of roaring Bannocks, one of the most treacherous tribes of Indians on the American Continent. These prospectors were then on the outskirts of what proved to be the Boise Basin. They then began prospecting for gold, but were beset and harassed by the Indians continually. They prospected for a few days and then reached a good-sized creek, where they camped. This creek was known after as Grimes' Creek.

They had not been in this camp an hour when Colonel Fogus discovered the first gold in paying quantities in the Boise Basin. They prospected up this creek for five miles and found pay dust in every hole they sank. These men, in prospecting, worked two together, carrying their firearms with them and while one man prospected the other was on the alert for Indians. Three men constantly guarded the camp and horses.

When they had about satisfied themselves of the extent and richness of their find, George Grimes was shot and killed by the Indians and Mr. Splawn was slightly wounded. The whole party was then assembled as quickly as possible. They buried Grimes in one of their prospect holes, and that night succeeded in making their escape. They went to Walla Walla and reported the discovery. This news spread rapidly and in a very short time the discoverers, accompanied by 100 miners, were on their way back to Boise Basin with 500 other miners closely following them. These 500 or 600 miners located all of the most valuable ground in the basin that fall.

This story may not be exactly correct in every particular, but I doubt if ever there will be a truer one told.

Colonel Fogus has the honor of finding the first gold, but Moses Splawn's belief in the Bannock Indian's story and his determination in following up the Indian's story, in my judgment makes Mr. Splawn entitled to the credit for the discovery of Boise Basin.

The placers of Boise Basin perhaps were not the richest found in Idaho, but were the most extensive and probably produced more gold than all other placer districts combined in the state. Colonel Fogus and Marion Moore, a very intelligent young miner, developed the rich silver mining claims called the Poorman and Ida Elmore at Silver City, Idaho in 1862.

Mr. Moore was killed in 1865 in a tunnel at Silver City by a party of claim jumpers. The Poorman and Ida Elmore mineral claims produced several million dollars' worth of ore.

Colonel Fogus accumulated a snug fortune at Silver City, but I understand he died poor in San Francisco twenty years ago.

Moses Splawn was a middle-aged man in the '60s, but he was still going strong six months ago.

I TACKLED several other little mining propositions and the first of August I found myself minus what money I had carried into the camps with me. I then ordered my saddle horse to be brought in from a ranch and one bright afternoon I rode over to Placerville. On my line of travel to Walla Walla I stopped in this camp overnight to see a party that owed me a little money, but failed to get it. There was no horse feed in the camp. My horse was given to a night herder to be grazed and returned early next morning to a horse corral. I slept that night in a little lodging house and was up next morning at daylight.

In going down to the corral to see about my horse I passed in front of a big gambling saloon. The nighthawks were then leaving the saloon. As I walked down that side street I noticed two men walking in front of me. They were about 20 feet apart and apparently quarreling. The man in front was Andrew McKay, known all over the Pacific Coast as "Snapping Andy." The man following him was Jette Hickey. This fellow had been drinking heavily. In front of these men was a little store conducted by Captain Bledsoe. The merchant set some of his wares out on a porch in front of his store. When Andy approached the store he stepped up on the porch and when Hickey came within reach, Andy seized a pick handle out of a barrel and, double-handed, gave Hickey a wallop on the head with it. As Hickey fell, Andy hit him again. Either blow would have killed a bull. As I passed the store Andy said to me, "I had to kill the son-of-a-gun. Do you think the Vigilantes will hang me?" Andy was not concerned about the civil authorities, but he did fear the Vigilantes.

I learned afterward that Andy was given a hearing and discharged. It seems Hickey had been bothering Andy the night before mimicking him and calling him Snapping Andy, and of all things most disliked by him was to be called Snapping Andy. This old fellow was one of the most notable characters in the West. He was never known to ride on a horse or any other conveyance. He never worked and could not gamble. He walked alone, without a cent in his pocket, from Salt Lake to Virginia City, Nevada. He was never known to have more than $10 at any one time. He spent all of his time in gambling saloons, and the gamblers in a way supported him. They believed he was a hoodoo and if a gambler was playing at a game and losing he would look over his shoulder to see if Snapping Andy was behind him, and if Andy was there it meant a five or ten spot for him to move along. Old Andy was considered only a harmless old crank. He finally met his death by drowning while floating down the Missouri River on a raft.

After witnessing the tragedy I rushed to the corral, saddled my horse and proceeded on my journey without my breakfast, fearing I might be detained as a witness. I made this trip alone until while descending the western slope of the Blue Mountains I overhauled ten men, all fairly well mounted and driving a few pack horses before them.

I was acquainted with two of these men, Alex Carter and Jeff Hankins. Carter had been a cargodore or boss of a big mule pack train and so far as I know had a good reputation. The other man, Jeff Hankins, was a gambler of the better type.

I looked the other fellows over. Some of them I knew by sight. They were in appearance surely a band of scoundrels. I soon learned they were all on their way to Montana. I chatted along with Carter and Hankins until we were within four miles of Walla Walla. Then the whole party turned off the road and bore east, Carter explaining to me that they were aiming for a camp on the creek above town. It was known afterward some of these men were afraid to be seen in town.

On the arrival of this band of rogues in Montana all of them except Jeff Hankins joined Henry Plummer's robber band and were all hanged by the Vigilance Committee within a year. The last known of Hankins he was in Chicago and was said to be a respectable citizen.

WHEN I reached Walla Walla I began looking for something to do. I met Governor Cole, then a candidate for delegate in congress. Mr. Cole introduced me to Lieutenant Charles P. Egan, quartermaster at Fort Colville. The lieutenant was in the market for beef cattle for Fort Colville. Governor Cole told the lieutenant that I was a cattleman and that I could supply him with anything in that line he wished.

Lieutenant Egan explained to me that he had looked at a band of cattle that he wanted, but he could not buy them from their owners for the reason that they would not sell for anything but coin, and that he could only pay in greenbacks. He told me how much a pound he was willing to pay and take the cattle at an estimated weight of so many pounds per head. This looked good to me. The lieutenant told me the cattle belonged to a man by the name of Hardman and his son, and that they lived on the Touchet River, eighteen miles north of Walla Walla.

I went out the next day to see if I could make a dicker for the cattle. I found they were a nice lot. The owners said they wanted $30 a head, gold coin, for the cattle. I could see then a net profit on the cattle of $1,500 to $2,000 and the seller's and the buyer's price had both been fixed. I told the owners I would take the cattle and be out next day to receive them. The old man said that would be all right.

The son then spoke up and said, "Father, don't be too fast. I sold the cattle at $30 a head six weeks ago and received payment of $25 down."

The father said the son was under age and had no right to sell the cattle without consulting him and that he would not stand for it. The son said the next day would be the last day his man would have to pay for the cattle. I felt then that I had suddenly lost about $1,500.

I asked the young fellow who he had contracted to sell the cattle to. He told me and I felt a little relieved, for I did not believe the man would be able to pay for the cattle and would most likely have to forfeit the $25 he had paid. It then developed that the young Hardman had bought the cattle the year before and given his note payable in gold coin and the father had indorsed the note. The father was determined the cattle should be sold and the note paid in gold coin when due. Finally the father, with my consent, agreed to let the matter stand for another day. I told the owners to round up the cattle and hold them and if the other man did not come that I would be on hand and take the cattle.

I then rode back to town and explained the situation to Lieutenant Egan and advised him to be ready to go out with me the next day, and if I did not get the cattle I was confident I could arrange with the other fellow so he would get the cattle. I requested the lieutenant to be prepared to pay for the cattle on the spot for if I should buy them I would need assistance. The lieutenant promised to pay on a moment's notice.

The next morning the lieutenant sent his agent Morris and three enlisted men out with me. When we reached the ranch the cattle were all rounded up and they were holding them out on the prairie. At noon the father insisted on turning the cattle over to me, but the son claimed his man had all that day in which to make the payment. That was an anxious afternoon for me. When the sun set the boy said his man's time was up and I could have the cattle. We then drove the cattle down a lane and counted them carefully. We agreed the count was correct and satisfactory.

Morris and his men were with us, but did not undertake to count the cattle then. We drove the cattle into a corral, and I demanded a receipt for them, and told Morris there were 151 head. Hardman said the count was correct. Morris said he would not accept our count. I told him to satisfy himself. Morris told his men to count the cattle in the corral. It was then dark, and it would have been impossible to have counted the cattle correctly in the corral. In the daylight the men counted the cattle, or attempted to, and said according to their count there were 160 head.

Morris said, "All right, boys." He then began to figure up the pounds based on 160 head. I told him I was only paying for 151 head. He said he knew his business and wrote me a receipt accordingly. I just had one $20 gold piece in my pocket. I gave that to Mr. Hardman, and explained to him why I did not have more money with me. This explanation was not entirely true. I went into town that night to receive payment for the cattle, but told Mr. Hardman before leaving his house he could hold his cattle in the corral until I returned with the gold coin.

NEXT MORNING at 9 o'clock when I returned to Walla Walla I found Lieutenant Egan playing billiards and having a good time. I told him he must settle with me and that I had delivered the cattle to his agent and held his receipt for them. The lieutenant said it would be impossible for him to pay before the next morning; that his money was in the quartermaster's safe at Fort Walla Walla. I asked him what time he could settle with me next morning. He said, "Any time after daylight."

I then asked him where I could find him. He said he slept in the quartermaster's office at the fort. I fiddled around with him until midnight. I told him finally he would be boozing around all night and I might not be able to rouse him out of bed when I found him. He told me to come to his room and if necessary to knock his door in.

I then went to bed, but was up and at the quartermaster's office at sunrise. I found a man sweeping out the quartermaster's office. I asked this man if Lieutenant Egan was there. He said he was sleeping in a back room. I told this fellow that I must see Egan. He said it was impossible at that unusual hour. I watched my chance and bolted into Egan's room and found the door locked. Then I began banging on the door. I then got into a row with the janitor, but I finally broke into Egan's room and found him in a fearful state, but finally got him up and partly dressed. Then he discovered he could not get into the safe.

We finally had to go to the quartermaster's quarters and found the quartermaster drunk and harder to handle than Egan, but we persisted. Finally Lieutenant Egan became vexed and told the fellow if he did not get out and open the safe he would report him being drunk and unable to attend to business. The quartermaster then rolled out of bed and managed to dress himself and went stumbling and grumbling and opened the safe. The lieutenant then settled with me quickly for the cattle, paying in government vouchers, which were payable at face value in greenbacks at San Francisco.

It was now seven o'clock and I had a ride of twenty miles to make to reach Hardman's ranch on time. Besides, I would have to stop in Walla Walla to borrow the gold coin on my warrants. The firm of Baker & Boyer was at that time conducting a general store in Walla Walla and doing a little brokerage business on the side. I rode up to this store and found Mr. Boyer just entering. I immediately approached Mr. Boyer and told him I wanted to borrow $4,500 in gold coin. I then handed Mr. Boyer my vouchers and told him I was in a hurry.

Mr. Boyer counted out the coin and I put it in a big buckskin purse and I started away with it. Mr. Boyer called me to stop and sign a note. I said to him, "You are all right. Hold the vouchers and I will arrange it with you later." Mr. Boyer was all right and a fine gentleman, he was.

I mounted my horse and arrived at the Hardman ranch on time. When I came in sight of the cattle corral there were no cattle in sight, and at first I supposed the cattle had escaped from the corral during the night. When I entered the Hardman home Hardman and his son were out. I asked Mrs Hardman what had become of the cattle. She said the men had taken the cattle out of the corral and had gone with them at daylight. I told her they let the cattle go before they were paid for. She said they were not alarmed about their pay. I then said to Mrs. Hardman if they had known how hard up I was it might have been different with them. Mrs. Hardman prepared a good breakfast and I surely enjoyed it.

When the Hardmans came in, I paid them and returned to town and then went to see Mr. Boyer. I met Dr. Baker in the store and gave him my note and told him to hold the vouchers until the note was paid. The doctor asked me how much I wanted for them. I knew the doctor would drive the hardest bargain with me if he could, so I said 75 cents. They were worth about 71 cents on the dollar and

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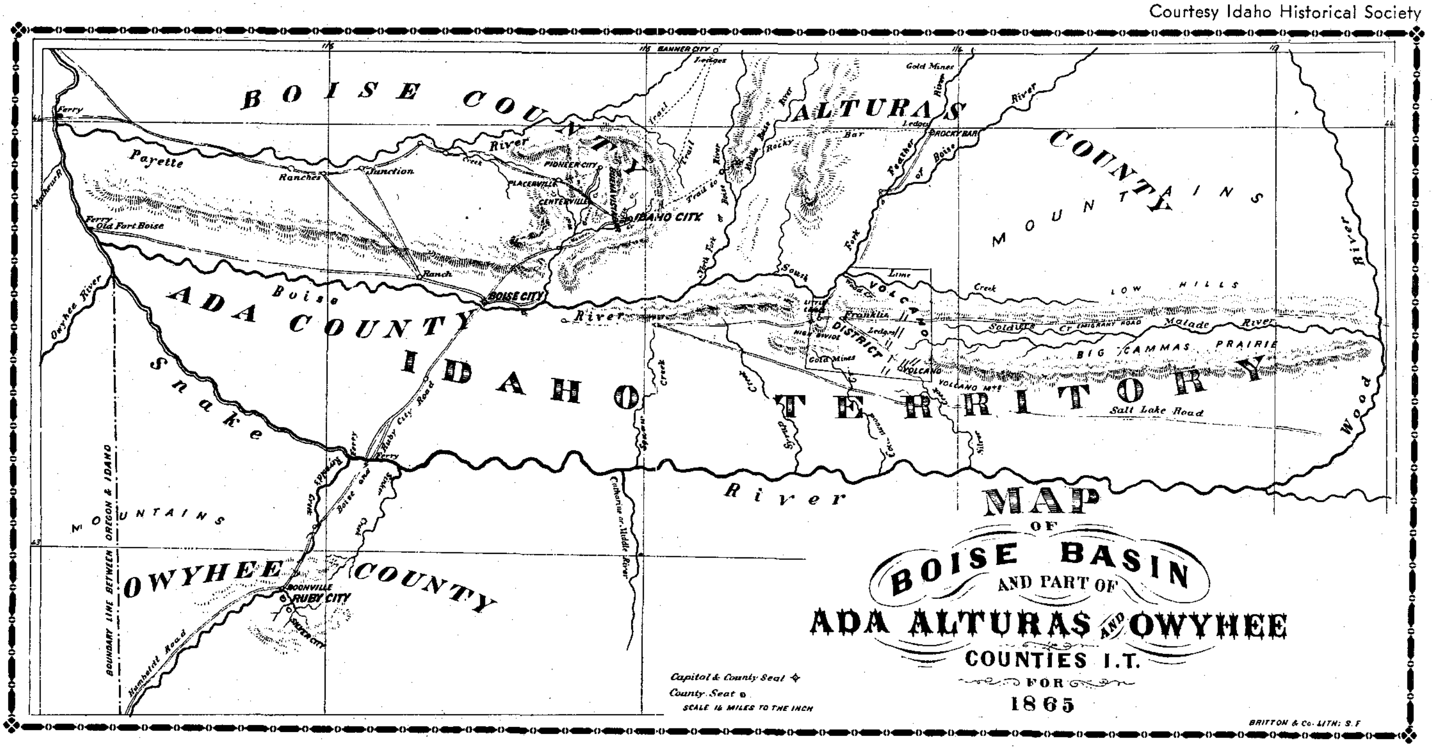


the doctor offered me 70 cents. For several days, every time I would meet the doctor he would bother me to buy the vouchers.

One morning I was in the store and Mr. Boyer was getting ready to start for San Francisco. The doctor again tackled me to buy the vouchers. I stood firm and asked him 75 cents. The doctor said he would split the difference with me. I asked him how much that would be. He said he offered me 70 cents. I said: "All right, doctor, you can have the vouchers at 72½."

BAKER AND BOYER were dealing in government paper and sending it to San Francisco for some purpose. Government vouchers were more desirable for speculators to handle on account of being less bulky than greenbacks. Mr. Boyer immediately started for San Francisco. Greenbacks had declined in price and were only 68c in gold. Greenbacks continued to decrease gradually in value until they were only worth about 45c on the dollar in gold. Every time I would meet Dr. Baker for years afterward he would scold me for cheating him. However, the doctor did not lose any money on greenbacks for he converted them at their face value into good government four per cent gold bonds.

Lieutenant Egan was still enjoying himself in town and in the meantime we had become pretty good friends. One day the lieutenant said to me that a lot of government supplies had piled up on the north bank of the Snake River near the mouth of the Palouse that he wanted hauled to Fort Colville, and if I would promise to display the same efforts in hauling and delivering the freight that I did the cattle he would give me the contract, but the freight would have to be delivered at the fort before the winter set in.

I said, "All right, Lieutenant, I am the lad that can turn the trick if the price is right."

He then gave me the estimated number of tons of freight there would be to move and said he was permitted to pay for the hauling of the freight on a gold basis. I told him it would require four big ox teams to handle that amount of freight before winter and that the teamsters all seemed to be busy. He said he realized all that and if I would tackle the job he would allow me 15 cents a pound in gold. He said other parties had offered to do it for less, but he doubted their ability to do so in the required time. I told the lieutenant I would accept his proposition and would guarantee to have the last pound of the freight at Fort Colville before the first day of December.

I then went out and saw two big freight wagons with six yokes of oxen hitched to each wagon. I asked one of the drivers who the teams belonged to. He told me that I would find the owner in a certain saloon. I then went to the owner and asked if the teams were for sale. He said they were and his price was $2,000 for the two teams. I looked the outfit over and found them to be what I wanted, paid for them and took possession. I completed this transaction in less than thirty minutes.

I had a good friend by the name of Sam D. Smith, who had two good ox teams and if he would sell I knew I could buy them on time. Smith told me when I found him that his teams were not for sale, but that they were idle and he would like to have a couple of months' work for them to do. I told Smith I had a certain amount of freight to move and that I would give him 10 cents a pound in gold for two trips with both from the mouth of the Palouse to Fort Colville.

He said he was willing to make one trip at that price. I then told him if he would agree to make two trips I would allow him 11½ cents per pound and that I owned two teams and was going to drive one of them myself and would make a round trip from the Snake River to Colville in twenty days, and if necessary I would make four trips to Fort Colville before winter. Smith accepted my proposition and asked when I would start. I told him the next day, to which he consented.

I then located my friend Egan and asked him for an order on his agent at Snake River for the freight. The lieutenant wanted to know how I was getting along. I told him I would be starting out the next day with four big ox teams. He looked at me with astonishment and said I was a wonder. I replied that when grass was getting short I had to rustle.

When all was in readiness the next day I picked up a bull whip and we moved out. Everything went smoothly with us. When we reached the Snake River on the second trip I sent Smith's teams home.

When I began loading my two wagons for the third trip I discovered the weight of the freight was not holding, the government having estimated in measurement instead of dead weight, so I did not have quite two full loads. My expenses after crossing Snake River were very small, only the wages of one bullwhacker and grub for two of us and ferry costs across Spokane River, where the Lepray bridge now stands.

My late friend, James Monaghan, was owner of the ferry. He charged me for ferrying a loaded wagon and team $20, and for an empty wagon and team $10, but I did not begrudge it to Jim, living as he was then, alone, his nearest white neighbor being to the south of him at Snake River, 100 miles away.

I found whacking bulls was not as tough a job as some people might think it was, especially through a country like that between Snake River and Colville. Good grass everywhere and nice camping places were all along the road. I enjoyed it. Of course, it was a little slow and tedious to walk alongside of an ox team eight or ten hours a day.

My ex-teamster's name was Multitude, and if he had any other name I don't believe he knew what it was. He was the most wonderful man with a bull whip I ever knew and could crack his whip oftener and louder than any other man and delighted in touching off his fireworks whenever he could attract an audience. He was the most generally known bullwhacker in the Northwest.

When the last load of freight under my contract had been delivered at Fort Colville I received government vouchers, payable on a gold basis in San Francisco. We returned to Walla Walla with our two ox teams about the middle of November and immediately after our arrival there I sold the two teams for exactly what they cost me, $2,000 in gold coin. My earnings in the three months were very satisfactory, considering my investment of one $20 gold piece.

LIEUTENANT CHARLES P. EGAN'S career was quite remarkable. He was a waif bootblack and newspaper boy in San Francisco, it was said, when his intelligence and tenacity attracted the attention of a wealthy Californian by the name of James Hudspeth, who gave the boy a good education.

When the first Washington Territory regiment of volunteers was being raised in California in 1861, young Egan enlisted. The regiment was enlisted to relieve the regular troops stationed in Washington Territory. On the organization of this regiment Egan was appointed first lieutenant of his company. This company, with another company of the regiment, was sent to Fort Colville to relieve the regular troops.

At that place Lieutenant Egan was made quartermaster and served in that position at Fort Colville for three years. He was then transferred to Fort Lapwai, Idaho. While stationed there Lieutenant Egan married a nice, intelligent young woman of Lewiston.

Egan was a scrapper. It appears that Mrs. Egan and all of the commissioned officers at Lapwai dined at the same table. One morning at breakfast Egan was absent when a smart-alec captain made some remarks that insulted Mrs. Egan. When Egan came in Mrs. Egan told him of what happened at the breakfast table. Lieutenant Egan, without waiting further explanation, took his riding whip from the wall, went out on the parade grounds and horsewhipped his captain, and while so doing was heartily cheered by all of his buck privates. Egan was ordered tried by court martial, but was acquitted.

At the end of the war Lieutenant Egan was mustered out of service. He then bought a road tavern, but was not successful. Egan then came to me for assistance, telling me his business was a failure and that he was a failure himself.

He said the only place for him was in the army, and that if he had money for his expenses to Washington, D. C., he felt he might be able to secure a commission in the regular army. He said if he was in Washington he could rely on the assistance of Senator McDougall of California and Delegate Cole of Washington. He said I had before assisted him when in trouble and that he felt compelled to ask me again.

I asked him how much money would be needed to pay his way to Washington and return. He said it would take about $300 in gold or $500 in currency to pay his way to Washington, but nothing to return. He said he would land something—maybe in jail—before he returned. I lent him the money or, if you please, made him a present of it.

I then asked him what was to become of Mrs. Egan and the baby boy while he was away. He said that God only knew, but that they would have plenty to live on for a while and in the meantime Mrs. Egan might be able to dispose of his holdings for a few hundred dollars.

I never saw Lieutenant Egan again. Egan reached Washington at the time the Senate was trying to impeach President Andrew Johnson. Senator McDougall and Governor Cole were both active in the defense of the president. Cole's time in Congress had expired, but he was still in the East. President Johnson was acquitted. Then Governor Cole presented Lieutenant Egan to the president and told him what Egan desired. The president called an attaché, who reported there was a vacancy for a second lieutenant at Fort Churchill, Nevada.

Egan, with the commission in his pocket, started the next day for Fort Churchill, and was shortly afterward promoted to first lieutenant and made quartermaster. Lieutenant Egan did active service in the Modoc, or Klamath, Indian war, and for bravery shown by him while fighting in the lava beds was promoted to a captaincy. From then on he must have climbed very rapidly, for the next I heard of him was during the Spanish-American War. He was then quartermaster general of the United States Army, and was mixed up in the embalmed meat scandals.

I have no idea now whether Egan is dead or alive. He had two sons some twenty years ago. They owned a big sugar plantation on the Hawaiian Islands.

CAPTAIN P. B. JOHNSON of California and a member of the First Washington Regiment, relieved Captain Dent of the command at Fort Walla Walla. Captain Dent was in command at Walla Walla when I first reached that country. I knew him very well. He was brother-in-law of General Grant.

When Captain P. B. Johnson was mustered out of service he settled down in Walla Walla and began the practice of law. He was a good friend of mine. He afterward founded and published the Walla Walla *Daily Union.* The captain died in Walla Walla some twenty-five years ago.

Grove L. Johnson, father of Senator Hiram Johnson of California, was a brother of Captain P. B. Johnson. Grove L. Johnson, in the early '60s, was a citizen of Walla Walla and practiced law there for a short time, and I remember one of his children was born there.

The freighting business now appealed to me and I decided to go to California and buy a good mule pack train. After searching all over northern California from the Golden Gate to Yreka, I failed to find the kind of mules I desired. I went to San Francisco on Christmas day, 1863, and remained there until the latter part of the following February.

San Francisco was lively that winter, good theaters presenting such great actors as Booth and Barrett and Joe Jefferson. The town was full of transient people, mostly miners from all parts of the Pacific Coast. They all had money to burn and they found the flames to burn it. The town was wide open—horse racing by day and every known gambling game running all night. I had the time of my life there that winter.

When the middle of February came I was getting ready to quit San Francisco, but where to go or what to do the coming season was undetermined. I finally decided to buy miners' supplies and ship them to Umatilla Landing on the Columbia River. There I would have the goods packed into some of the flourishing mining camps. When my goods had been paid for and ready to ship I boarded the old steamship *Pacific* bound for Portland. (The old tub on its return to San Francisco via Victoria went down while crossing Cape Flattery and every living thing on board perished except one man.) When my goods arrived at Umatilla Landing I engaged three pack trains to pack them into Silver City, Idaho, promising to pay 35c a pound freight. The weather was yet cold and stormy.

A few days after the pack trains had loaded out I started to Silver City via Boise City on horseback. When I reached Boise City I learned of a placer mining camp that had been discovered a few months before. The new discovery was reported to be important and 500 miners were in this new camp practically without supplies. This sounded good to me so I went back, met my packers, and persuaded them to pack my goods to Rocky Bar than to Silver City, but the packers held me up for 15 cents a pound additional freight, making altogether 50 cents a pound for packing goods from Umatilla to Rocky Bar, a distance of 380 miles.

I went with the pack trains to Rocky Bar. The trail was covered with snow all the way and we had to shovel the snow off the trail for many miles in order to get through. When we reached the camp I found more than 500 prospectors. Seventy-five per cent of them were broke and out of grub. About fifteen prospectors had discovered the camp late in the fall and had done sufficient work on their claims to know they would pay, but none of the remaining prospectors reached the camp until the ground had frozen so hard they could not work their claims. They had nearly all made locations and it was believed many of them would prove to be good.

I was up against a hard proposition. If I held my supplies until the ground was proven, other supplies would have come into the camp at a freight rate of less than one-half of what I had paid. Moreover, it would have been impossible for me to have held my provisions from 300 hungry men. In less than ten days I sold all of my goods except some mining tools. I received about one-half cash—all the money there was in the camp—and to protect myself for what I sold on time, I formed the busted prospectors into groups of about fifteen each, and took each group's obligation for the goods they had purchased.

WHILE WAITING for spring to come and the ground to thaw I went on a wild goose prospecting trip. In the fall of 1863, three prospectors on their way on foot from Montana to Boise discovered what appeared to them to be a good placer prospect. They were short of grub and only sank one hole to bedrock. This was in a little dry gulch in the mountains 35 miles north of Soldier Creek and about 135 miles easterly of Boise City. These three prospectors agreed to keep the discovery to themselves until the next spring, when they expected to return and investigate their find. Then they went on to Boise. One drifted into Rocky Bar and in April he heard of a big prospecting party, headed by his two partners at Boise City, who were getting ready to go on a prospecting trip.

He came to me with a story that his partners had betrayed him and offered to lead me to the place they had discovered the gold. This prospector, myself, and two others started for the new find. We were all on foot with one pack horse to carry our tools and a little grub. We estimated the distance to the new Eldorado would be about seventy-five miles without a trail, through a rough and mountainous country. It was a trip to be remembered. The country was covered with snow except an occasional south hillside and in many places for miles we waded in the beds of creeks to avoid the deep snow.

When we were within about seven miles of our destination, we ran into a big Boise City party of some seventy men, well mounted and well equipped. That night three of our party, including Oregon John, myself, and the discoverer slipped out of camp. We were first on the ground and made the original selections, including the discovery claim. This claim, which had a little streak of rich dirt, proved to be the only claim in the vicinity worth staking.

After prospecting a couple of days and finding nothing, both parties fell in together and we crossed over the divide to Soldier Creek. The Boise City party was composed largely of gamblers. We all camped together one night at Soldier Creek. The next morning a gambler they called "Red" said if he had a good horse he would go to Salt Lake. His friends said to him that he was joking as he did not have the courage to make the trip.

Red said, "Give me a good horse and I will show you."

Somebody produced a strong horse, and Red saddled him and tied his faro layout behind. He had started away when he remembered he did not have any money to pay for being ferried across the rivers. One of the gamblers piped up, "What difference does it make which side of the river you are on if you are broke?" That was the first time I ever heard the expression, which has since become famous.

That same morning, while we were eating breakfast, a very old Indian rode into camp on a skinny old horse. We gave the Indian something to eat. Some of the young gamblers said they were going to kill the old Siwash. The others protested, but those braves said they were going to kill him just the same for, no doubt, he had been a party to killing emigrant women and children.

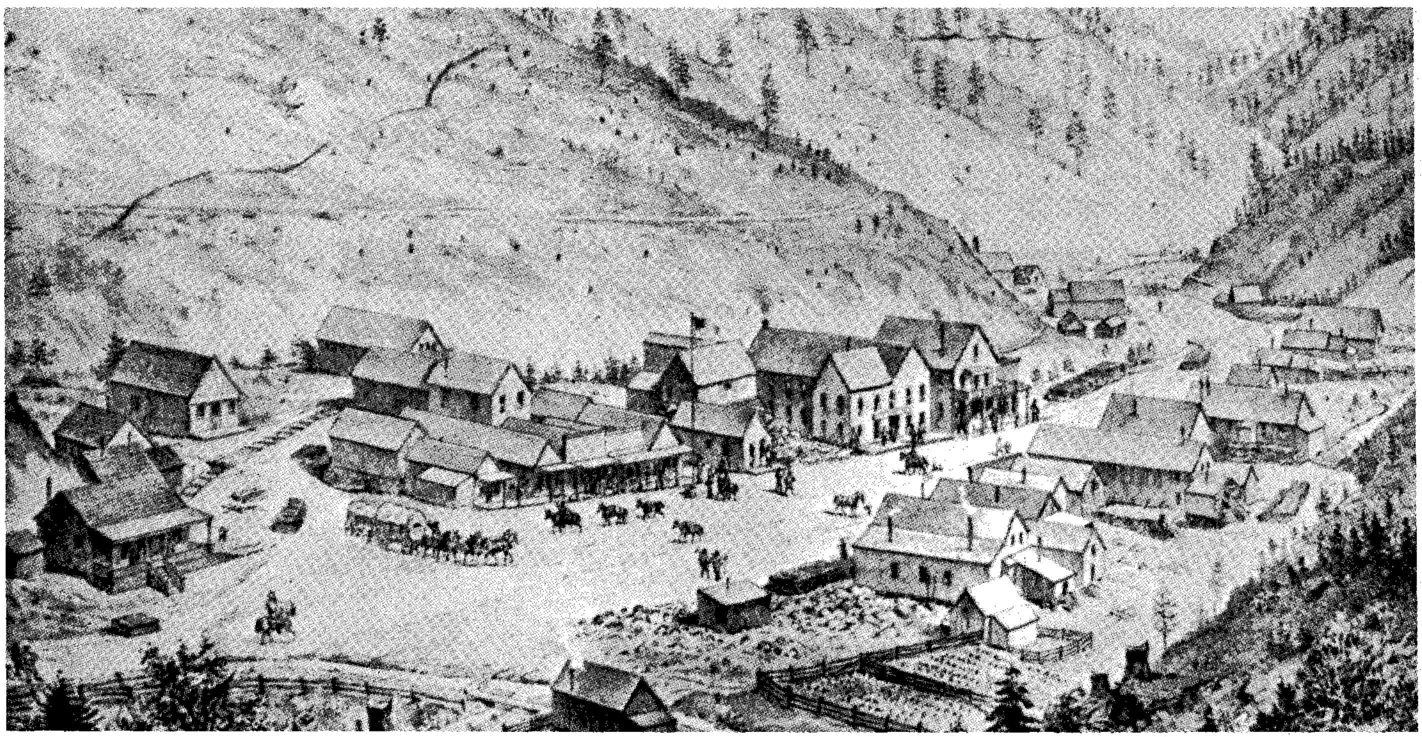
As the old Indian rode away about a half dozen of those braves jumped on their horses and took after him. He did his best to escape, but they overtook him and killed him. This brave bunch returned to camp with Secesh Jimmy carrying a double-barreled shotgun on the saddle in front of him. When West Jenkins rode up against the muzzle end of the shotgun from some cause one barrel of the gun was discharged, and Jenkins received a full charge of buckshot in the thigh. I did not think the fellow would live an hour, but they made a litter and packed him between two horses to Boise City, and I understand the scalawag recovered. Secesh Jimmy, shortly after returning to Boise, was killed in a gambling row by Jim Buckley.

WHEN I returned to Rocky Bar I found that half of the men who owed me money had already left the camp, and that not more than forty placer claims in camp would pay to work. I collected a few hundred dollars, all that I likely would ever get. The miners who owed me money had located all the good gold quartz ledges in that country, and they willingly and voluntarily conveyed all of their interest in these locations to me but I did not even bother to have the quit claim deeds recorded.

Had I placed them all on record and then held the claims for a few years they would have made me a fortune. Among these claims was the Ida Elmore at Atlanta, the Red Warrior at Rocky Bar and many others. There were afterwards many millions of dollars in gold extracted from the Ida Elmore and Red Warrior claims, and there were many other claims that I had title to that were nearly as good. But such is life in the Far West.

When my affairs had been arranged at Rocky Bar we were receiving flattering reports of the rich placer discoveries on Wild Horse Creek in the east Kootenays of British Columbia. I bought a half interest in a pack train from Charley Allenberg. We started for Lewiston via the Weiser route, but when we reached the headwaters of the Weiser River we found the snow was so deep we had to turn back and go around by Walla Walla.

Reaching Walla Walla we bought our goods, packed our animals and started for Wild Horse Creek, British Columbia. We followed the old Mullan road to a point six miles east of what now is the center



Courtesy Idaho Historical Society

Rocky Bar, thriving mining town in the South Boise district, was county seat of Alturas County. A series of rich quartz mines in the steep valley yielded millions in the 1860s and the later boom in 1886-88. This drawing, dated 1880, looks south down the road toward Mountain Home.

of Spokane. On this trip I had my first glimpse of Spokane Falls and Spokane Prairie. We camped one night on Moran Prairie where Mrs. J. J. Browne's residence now stands. The next day's travels brought us to the south end of Seltice Lake, where we camped for the night.

Many Coeur d'Alene and Spokane Indians visited us in this camp. They all spoke the Chinook jargon. I spoke to an Indian in Chinook of the beautiful grass on the Spokane Prairie. The Indian replied, "All same wheat field."

I asked the Indians if they knew what the word Spokane meant in English. Several of them replied at the same time, "Wheat fields, wheat fields." These Indians pronounced Spokane "Spokaine" with the accent strong on the last syllable. In later years I was speaking to a Coeur d'Alene Indian and asked him why they called this country Spokane. He said when the bunch grass on Spokane Prairie was in seed and turning brown the whole prairie resembled a big wheat field and I am inclined to believe that Spokane or Spokane Prairie really means wheat field.

We forded the Spokane River near the present Spokane bridge. We crossed the Pend Oreille River swimming our animals and ferrying our goods across in Indian canoes at a point ten miles below where the town of Sandpoint now stands. We followed alongside the lake to the spot where Sandpoint is located. From there we followed practically the same route now followed by the Spokane International Railway to Cranbrook, which is within fifteen miles of Wild Horse Creek.

When we reached the Kootenay River, where the town of Bonners Ferry now stands, I met E. L. Bonner, R. A. Eddy, Dick Rackett and John Walton, all old friends of mine. They had left Walla Walla a few days in advance of me bound for Wild Horse Creek. When they reached the Kootenay River they saw a chance to make some money by putting in a ferry boat. They had a whipsaw with them and were engaged sawing lumber to build the boat. Bonners Ferry and Bonner County were both named in honor of Mr. Bonner. Bonner and Eddy both accumulated large fortunes. Mr. Bonner died some twenty years ago at Missoula, Montana.

When we finally reached our destination, Wild Horse Creek, June 15, 1864, northeast of where Cranbrook now stands, we found about 1,500 miners already on the ground, and about 200 straggling miners arriving daily. We built a little shack of logs a few rounds high and covered it with canvas and then opened up a little store. My partner, Charley Allenberg, was more merchant than packer, so he took charge of the store. I sold our little pack train and then devoted myself to prospecting and mining.

WHEN I was ready to go prospecting I met an old California placer miner by the name of Steve Babcock. I asked Mr. Babcock what he thought of the camp. He said he had done some prospecting, but found nothing, and believed the diggings were going to prove quite limited. The camp was on the widest part of a high flat or bar. This bar was about one mile in length and its widest place was 300 yards. The creek running along the side of this bar was the richest ground in camp.

One morning Babcock and I took our mining tools and what grub we could pack on our backs and started to go out about six miles to prospect a stream called Stony Creek. We had only proceeded a few hundred yards when we stopped to arrange our packs. We were then near the upper end of the bar on which the camp was built.

When we had our packs arranged I said to Bab, "I'm a poor packhorse and why not prospect this bar before going farther?"

Bob consented and said several times he had had in mind to sink a hole in this bar. Without further ceremony we went to work. The bar at this point was perhaps 300 feet wide. We put down five prospect holes to bedrock across this bar about fifty feet apart. It was from four to six feet to bedrock. We found but very little gravel in any of our prospect holes, even on the bedrock, and no gold.

The bedrock was of slate formation, craggy and checkered with deep seams. Neither Bab nor I had had any experience in mining on that kind of bedrock. After finishing our fifth hole we went out and prospected Stony Creek, but found no gold.

We were gone about ten days and, on returning to camp, when we came in sight of our five prospect holes, hundreds of men were standing around them. I said to Babcock that very likely some drunk had fallen into one of our prospect holes and broken his neck. When we approached these men I asked one of them I knew what was causing all the excitement.

He said, "Haven't you heard the news?"

I said, "No."

When this man was able to speak again he said, "This morning Jobe Harvey, the barkeeper, was looking down into one of your old prospect holes and saw something glittering in a deep crevice in the bedrock. When he got it out it proved to be a nugget of gold weighing $56."

We were too late to secure a location. This bar produced more gold than all the balance of the camp.

The Wild Horse Creek discovery was made by a bunch of prospectors numbering about sixty men during March, 1864. Many of these prospectors had been ordered to leave Montana by the Vigilance Committee. They headed for the Walla Walla country late in the fall of 1863. When they reached Frenchtown, a Canadian-French settlement, near where the city of Missoula now stands, they decided they were out of reach of the Vigilantes and concluded to spend the winter in the French settlement and hit the trail early

Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

Main Street, Walla Walla, Washington, 1864.

the next spring for Walla Walla. I do not pretend to say all these men were bad, but many of them were hard cases.

During the winter there came a mixed-breed Indian of the Finley tribe from the upper Kootenays of British Columbia to visit the French settlement. This breed had some small nuggets with him which he exhibited to this bunch of prospectors and of course they were interested. He told the prospectors he picked the nuggets out of seams in the bedrock at the bottom of a small clear stream of water flowing into the Kootenay River forty miles above where Fort Steele now stands. The prospectors employed the halfbreed to pilot them to his find. They left Frenchtown the first of March for the upper Kootenays.

When they reached what is now Wild Horse Creek many of their horses were fagged out. Here they left their worn horses and the greater portion of their supplies and three men, Pat Moran, Mike Brennan and Jim Reynolds, to take care of their stock and supplies. The balance of the party went on up the Kootenay River to Finley Creek. They did not find sufficient gold at Finley Creek to satisfy them. While the main body of men were at Finley Creek, the three men left with the supplies had begun prospecting on Wild Horse Creek at its mouth. They found a little gold there.

They then prospected up the creek some four miles to a box canyon and a perpendicular fall in the creek, but still without success. Then Pat Moran worked his way around above the falls and struck rich pay dirt. When the party returned from Finley Creek the discovery had been made. Then these men called a miners' meeting and made their own mining laws according to the American custom, notwithstanding that they were in British Columbia, Canada. They made their claims large enough so the sixty prospectors could cover all of the rich ground on the creek.

ABOUT the 10th of July a British Columbia gold commissioner and two English constables rode into camp and hoisted the British flag. There had been a great feud existing between the miners from the east of the Rockies and those from the west, and the night before the commissioner arrived there was a free-for-all fight in a saloon. One man, Tommy Walker, was killed. Overland Bob was hit on the head with a big hand spike, and a fellow by the name of Kelly was stabbed in the back with a knife.

A mob was quickly raised by the friends of Tommy Walker for the purpose of hanging Overland Bob and East Powder Bill. Then a law and order organization, numbering about 1,000 miners of which I was a member, assembled. It was the purpose of our organization to order a miners' court and give all concerned a fair trial. Our organization took charge of the four wounded men and put a strong armed guard around them. The next morning we appointed a lawyer by the name of A. J. Gregory as trial judge and John McClellan sheriff, with authority to appoint as many deputies as he wished. That was the condition of things when Judge Haines, the British Columbia commissioner, rode into camp.

"Fifteen hundred men under arms in the Queen's dominion. A dastardly usurpation of authority, don't cher know," remarked Judge Haines. But one little English constable with knee breeches, red cap, cane in his hand, riding a jockey saddle and mounted on a bob-tailed horse, quelled that mob in fifteen minutes.

Judge Haines tried, as far as is known, all connected with the scrap, but the evidence was so contradictory all were acquitted. Overland Bob, under a Dr. Case, was in a serious condition for three months, but finally recovered. As soon as East Powder Bill's stub fingers healed he left camp. Kelly soon recovered, but poor Paddy Skie, who was hit on the head with a hand spike, did not regain consciousness for months and I am not sure if he ever recovered entirely from the blow.

A fellow by the name of Neil Daugherty was tried for braining Paddy Skie. In fact, I saw Daugherty assault Paddy. It was dark. Paddy was standing in the middle of the street with his hands in his pockets when Daugherty slipped up behind him and hit him on the head with a green pine stick about four feet long and at least two inches in diameter. I heard the evidence in this case. The judge examined the witnesses himself.

Daugherty testified in his own behalf. When the judge asked Daugherty to explain why he assulted Paddy Skie, Daugherty arose and said, "If Your Honor plaise, it happened just like this, Judge. When I saw Paddy Skie standing upon the strait, Judge, I was so distracted over the killing of Tommy Walker, the top sawyer, I picked up a bit of a stick, Judge, as long as your arm, about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and gave him a slight rap over the head."

Daugherty was acquitted, but a few years later was arrested and accused of robbing some Chinamen. He broke jail and while hiding in the mountains it is claimed he perished.

I PUT IN the balance of the season in that country, trying my hand at different things, but mostly prospecting without success. My partner also had lost money in his enterprise. After my partner and I had divided up, I did succeed in making a couple of thousand dollars out of a mining ditch I had located, but left the camp no wiser, and much poorer, than when I entered it.

There were many noted characters in that old mining camp, among them being an old fellow by the name of Cuddy. He was Irish. Cuddy operated a little store in the camp and succeeded in buying an interest in a group of rich placer claims and by fall had succeeded in getting together about 1,000 ounces of gold dust. He had closed out everything and was getting ready to quit the country as soon as he could collect a few outstanding bills.

He still occupied his old store building where he kept his gold dust. Cuddy loved to play poker but did not like to pay. He had the habit of sitting down in a poker game and if he lost he would leave the game without paying. Cuddy had been practicing this kind of business for months. It was unlawful to gamble in that country and therefore none of the sports dared complain of Cuddy's system of gambling.

Cuddy had a trusty old Yankee who guarded the gold in the old building day and night. Finally old Cuddy one midnight was in a saloon engaged in a game of poker. The old Yankee had spread his blanket on the floor and had rolled in with all of the gold dust under his head. Just then two men approached the front door of the store, fired their pistols and called to the Yankee to get out quick and run to Cuddy, who had just been shot. The old Yankee jumped up in a dazed condition and ran to Cuddy. The two men then entered the store and carried the gold dust away and hid it and afterward managed to carry it out of the country. When the old Yank reached Cuddy he found him busily engaged in playing poker.

At that time there was an export duty of 50 cents an ounce on gold dust being carried out of British Columbia. The constables watched the trails for a few days to see if they could detect any one carrying gold dust out of the country without paying the duty. The constables made up their minds that it was only a trick of old Cuddy's to slip his gold dust out of British Columbia without paying the duty, and it was the general belief that Cuddy had not been robbed and no one sympathized with him. However, it afterward developed Cuddy had been robbed by two gamblers who were in camp. One of them was named Hugh Donahue and the other man's name was Bowen. Bowen was hanged by a Vigilance Committee in Montana and confessed to this robbery. Donahue met his death by drowning in the Missouri River.

When November was approaching, I decided to quit mining forever and go into the cow country and follow the cattle business in some capacity for all time to come, feeling that I was competent at least to make an honest living handling cattle.

In the early part of November I returned to Walla Walla. When I reached there I met a friend indeed, Samuel Johnson, who owned a stock farm ten miles southwest of Walla Walla, in Umatilla County, Oregon. Mr. Johnson invited me to go out to his ranch with him, which I did. In the spring of that year Mr. Johnson bought 400 head of fine four-year-old steers in southern Oregon and had them driven to his Walla Walla ranch. These big steers, he told me, were giving him too much worry in keeping them on his range.

Mr. Johnson asked me what my plans were. I told him my plans were to go to work at the first thing that showed up. He said, "Good for you, Dan. I need you and will make you a proposition tomorrow."

The next day I rode out over the range with him and looked his cattle over. They were surely a nice bunch. Mr. Johnson asked me if I thought I could keep the cattle on the range. I told him yes and also told him how I would manage it. He then wanted to know how many herders would be needed. I told him I would want one man for a time and then I would herd them alone. He thought that would be impossible and said he had three men busy with the cattle all of the time, besides he helped all he could himself.

He said he had about thirty head of saddle horses up, feeding them grain and hay, and then some cattle were getting away and the way things were going he would make no profit out of the cattle.

That night Mr. Johnson said, "Dan, I want you to buy a half interest in those steers. Take complete charge and relieve me of my trouble."

"You need not pay me a dollar until you sell the cattle," I told him.

He would sell them to me at just what they cost him to date. He had not kept books, but we figured it out within a few hundred dollars. That made it about $30 a head. Very cheap at that.

I then asked him about the saddle horses and he said he furnished them. I told him I had money to pay for horses and the expenses for the cattle. I picked out sixteen head of saddle horses and four pack horses. He made a low price on them and I paid him in cash. I asked him what the interest would be. He said my time would balance the interest.

MR. JOHNSON proved to be the best friend I ever had. I took full charge and relieved the old gentleman from bother. I kept one herder for a short time and then tended the cattle on the range alone until I started them to market the next spring. I had good saddle horses, and was in the saddle on an average of twelve hours a day. I went to town but once in four months.

Our cattle came through the winter in fine condition and without the loss of a single animal. April 15 I had 400 head of magnificent steers all rounded up, and with the help of three cowboys and a man to drive the sadde and pack horses we started with them for Fraser River, British Columbia.

When we reached Moses Coulee with the cattle the most remarkable Chinaman I have ever met rode into our camp. He said his name was Chesaw and that he had a store on the Columbia River near the mouth of the Okanogan. Chesaw stayed overnight with us. The next morning he was going up to his store on the Columbia River and would help along that far.

This Chinaman was a daring horseman, and could handle a rope equal to a Mexican. It was five days' travel for us to the Columbia, and when we got there we found the river rapidly rising, with large quantities of driftwood running. This made it very difficult for us to swim the cattle across, but with the assistance of some Indians in canoes and Chesaw's help we finally succeeded in landing all the cattle safely except one big, red, white-faced steer.

We had this big fellow in the middle of the river several times, but he would manage to turn back and land on the same side of the stream whence he started. A cow swimming the Columbia at this point would drift downstream about one and one-half miles. Chesaw roped the big white-faced steer. We forced the steer into the river. Then the Chinaman threw the end of the rope to an Indian sitting in a canoe and another Indian in the canoe paddled into deep water. When the Indians in the canoes leading the steer were in midstream they became entangled in a big drift of floating timber. The steer got away from them and swam back. I gave up trying to make the steer swim and gave it, rope and all, to Mr. Chinaman for the assistance he had rendered.

At that time Chesaw was employing several Chinese, rocking out gold on the bars along the banks of the Columbia. These Chinamen never left that section of the country. He finally settled down where the town of Chesaw now stands. He died several years ago.

We went on with the cattle into the Fraser River country without any trouble or hindrance. I stopped the cattle on a fine summer range twenty miles southeast of the town of Lillooet. I had only been in this camp a few days and as yet had made no attempt to find a market for the cattle, but had ascertained the market was very dull. In fact, I had been told that catle were unsalable at any price. I felt that I might be in for a long siege in that country. When I was feeling most blue, Jerome Harper came into my camp.

He had heard I was back, and had ridden twenty miles to visit me. Mr. Harper was the largest cattle operator in British Columbia. We had a long and friendly talk. Mr. Harper said he was sorry I had brought cattle into that country and that he alone owned more cattle than could be consumed. He believed it only a matter of time when he would have to drive cattle out of British Columbia to find a market. This last proposition of his actually came true in later years.

THAT EVENING Mr. Harper and I rode out through my cattle. The grass was good and those big steers looked as fine as silk. The cattle were scattered over a half section. I am sure Mr. Harper looked at each steer twice. I knew then he would make me an offer for the cattle before he left my camp, but did not expect it would be more than $55 or $60 a head. Mr. Harper was a good judge of cattle and the next day, after he had bargained for the cattle, he told me they were the best bunch of 400 head he had ever seen.

That evening when we got back to camp we found that my cook, a California Indian, had shot and killed a two-spiked deer. Mr. Harper and I sat around the campfire nearly all that night broiling venison steaks, eating warm frying pan bread and drinking coffee. Mr. Harper rolled in the blankets about 2 o'clock and had a few hours' sleep in the open air. He was a frail, nervous little fellow and seldom slept more than four hours.

Next morning after Mr. Harper had saddled up his horse, he said, "I did not come here even to make you an offer for your cattle and I do not need them, but they are here and will have to be sold and consumed in my territory and I can find a place for them next winter. What price do you expect?"

I told him that all I knew about conditions there was what he had told me and had not even thought of a price. I said I had expected to sell him the cattle and if he would make a fair offer I would at least consider it.

"Dan," Mr. Harper said, "you once gave me some valuable information. I will never forget it and if you will promise not to bring any more cattle into this country I will make you an offer."

I answered I would not bring any more cattle unless the market greatly improved. He said that was satisfactory and he would give me $75 a head for the cattle.

"Jerome, they are yours."

I then asked him about my saddle horses. Mr. Harper said he had more horses than he needed.

"Now you like good saddle horses," I urged. "Come down to the corral and take a look at mine." He took a look at them. They were good ones.

"What do you want for them?"

"Just what they cost in Oregon last year, $60 a head, but I want to reserve six head out of the twenty and I would not take out all the better ones."

He thought they were cheap and said he would take them. I picked out my six head, one of them my fancy saddle horse. Mr. Harper said he would like to have that horse, but was satisfied. He then sent one of my men to one of his cattle ranches at Kamloops to tell the foreman there to come down and receive and take care of my cattle. I led my nice saddle horse to the camp and put Mr. Harper's saddle on him.

"What does this mean?" Mr. Harper asked.

I said, "It means I am going to make you a present of this good horse to ride and you can leave that old crowbait of yours here."

Mr. Harper never did forget that present. I did not intend to reserve but five horses, one pack horse and one for each of my men to ride back to Walla Walla.

Mr. Harper started for the little town of Clinton, where he was operating a flouring mill. He told me when I had delivered the cattle to his foreman to come up to Clinton and he would settle with me. In a few days I had delivered my cattle and started my men home. I then went to Clinton and settled up with Mr. Harper, he paying me part in gold bars, the balance in his check on the Bank of British North America of Victoria, payable in United States gold coin.

Mr. Harper said to me that before he had seen my cattle he did not have the least idea of even making me an offer for them. He said he had handled thousands of head of beef cattle in the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia and that he was in the cattle business in California when he first knew me. He said he intended to hold my cattle to supply his winter trade in the Caribou mines and said he would get 15 cents a pound net weight for them the middle of December and they would be weighing at that time 850 pounds net. He would make about $50 a head on them.

He asked me what I thought they would weigh. I answered that if he would keep them on the good fresh range until the middle of December I believed they would weigh on an average of 900 pounds net a steer. Mr. Harper afterwards told me he had all of those steers slaughtered and frozen for the winter trade in the mining district the following December and their average net weight a steer was 900 pounds. This was the best band of 400 steers I have ever handled and for cattle that had been raised and fattened entirely on grass I do not believe their equal has ever been surpassed on this continent.

IN THE SPRING of 1873 Mr. Harper was in the East and on his way home he wired me to meet him at Walla Walla on a certain day. I met Mr. Harper as requested. He came through some point on the railroad in Utah to Walla Walla on the overland stage. When I met Mr. Harper he informed me that he would have to drive 2,500 head of big steers out of the upper Fraser River, British Columbia country, to the States for market.

He wanted me to buy 70 head of saddle horses for him to be used in this big drive. I got the horses together quickly and sent them to Fraser River by Guy Fruit. This big herd of cattle was started out that spring, but when they reached the Columbia River at the mouth of the Okanogan they found the water in the Columbia at high stage, and notwithstanding that some of the most skilled cattlemen in the West were in charge of these cattle they were unable to swim them across the Columbia River that season.

These cattle were wintered in the Okanogan country and early in the spring of 1874, while the water in the Columbia River was at low stage, they managed to swim them across. These cattle were then driven to the headwaters of the Humboldt River in eastern Nevada and sold for shipment to the East. This only illustrates what the cattlemen of the Northwest in the early days had to contend with.

Mr. Harper was among the most clever men I ever knew. He was born at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, was a full cousin of General Stonewall Jackson. He died at San Jose, California before the big drive of cattle to Nevada had been sold.

When I told Mr. Harper goodbye at Clinton, B. C., and thanked him for buying my cattle, I said to him that I felt he had made me a present of about $6,000 by buying at $75 a head. He said he was pleased I felt that way about it. At any rate he had only partly repaid me for what I once did for him.

"What was that?" I asked.

"I remember," he said, "in San Francisco in February, 1864, you told me where I could buy 1,000 good steers for $6,000. I bought the steers and drove them to Fraser River and I made more than $100,000 on that turnover."

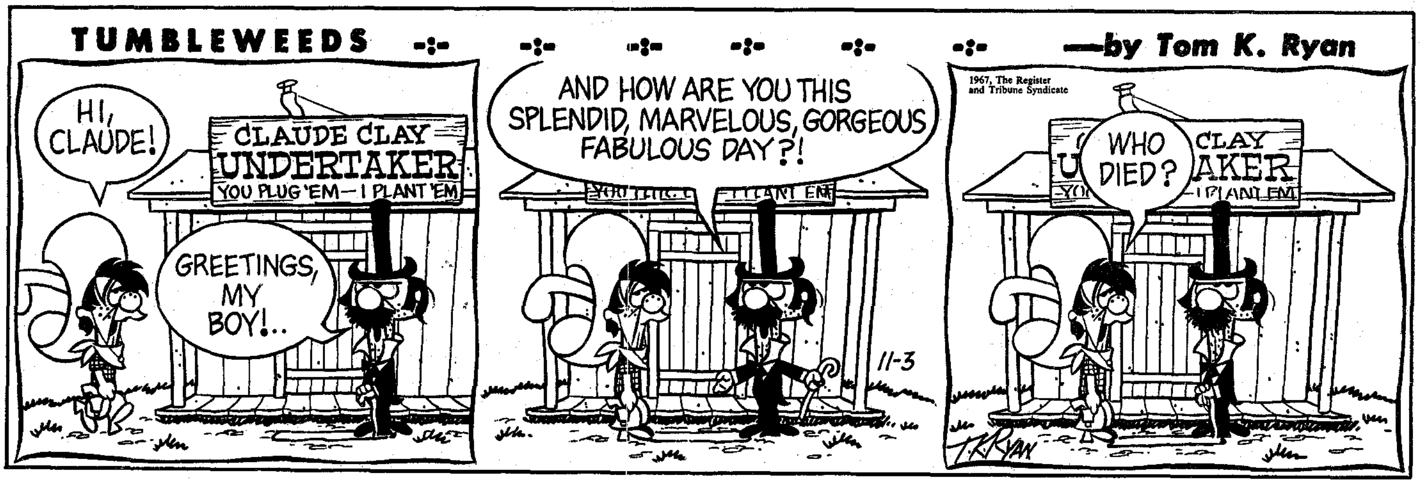
I TOOK the stage for Fort Yale; from there the boat to Victoria, and from Victoria I sailed on a big steamboat plying between there and Olympia, Washington. There were but few people living in the little towns on Puget Sound in those days. Our boat did not even tie up at Seattle. It threw a gang plank out to a little dinky wharf, landed a few small packages of mail matter and took one mail bag aboard. There was not a passenger who went ashore nor one who came aboard.

There were a few little buildings at the old town of Tacoma but not a building on the present site of the city. When our boat landed at Olympia apparently every man, woman and child in town came down to meet it—I believe I was the only passenger who landed there. The only remarkable thing I remember was that all the men and boys were wearing white straw hats.

Olympia was then the principal town on Puget Sound and had a population of from 600 to 800 people. I stopped overnight there in a little hotel conducted by a colored lady known as Aunt Barbara. She did the cooking and had a lot of white trash doing the other work around the hotel. I traveled from Olympia on a jerk-water stage to Monticello, now Kalama, on the banks of the Columbia River, from there by steamboat to Portland, and on to Walla Walla.

When I arrived home Mr. Johnson, my partner, was greatly pleased over my quick and successful trip. Mr. Johnson and I were engaged in the cattle business together for many years, principally in buying and selling, and during that time, I drove cattle over virtually every trail on the Pacific Coast.

I often bought cattle in California and western Oregon and distributed them from the Walla Walla country to the mining camps of British Columbia, Montana, Idaho and parts of Nevada, besides furnishing many work oxen to the lumbering camps of Puget Sound. I did all the trading and work and Mr. Johnson furnished the big end of the capital.


TUMBLEWEEDS
—by Tom K. Ryan
HI, CLAUDE!
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YOU PLUG 'EM— I PLANT 'EM
GREETINGS, MY BOY!..
AND HOW ARE YOU THIS SPLENDID, MARVELOUS, GORGEOUS FABULOUS DAY?!
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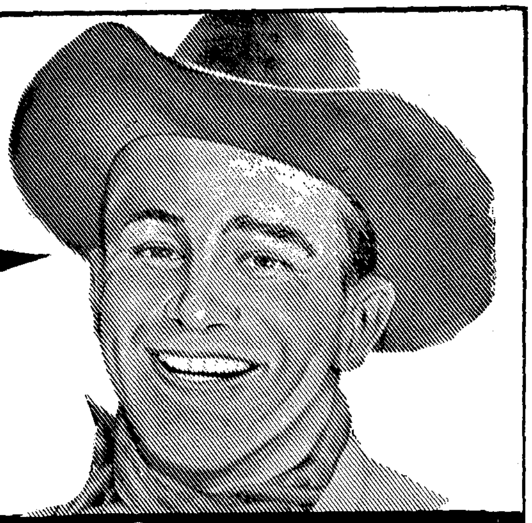
1¼ ACRES



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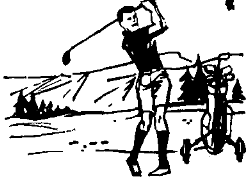

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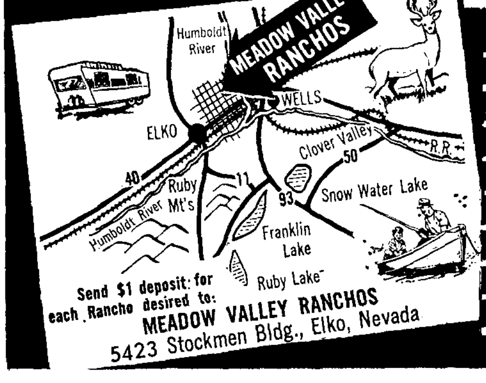

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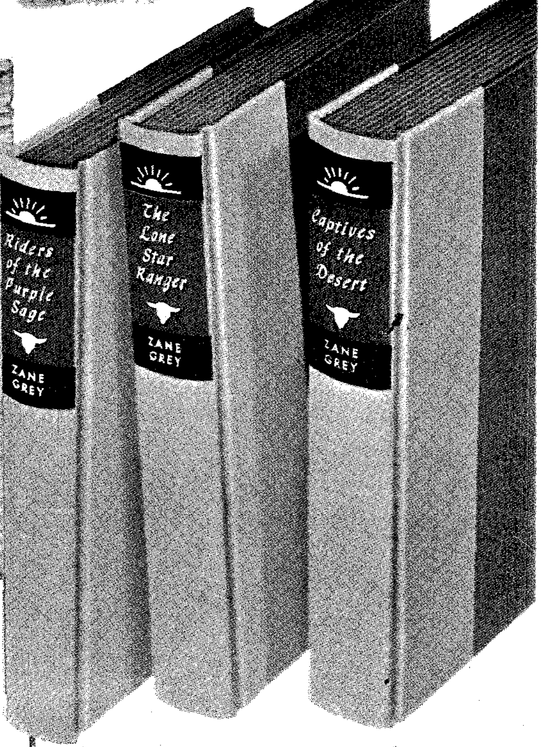

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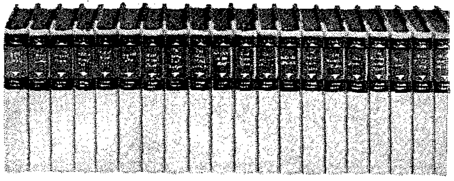

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